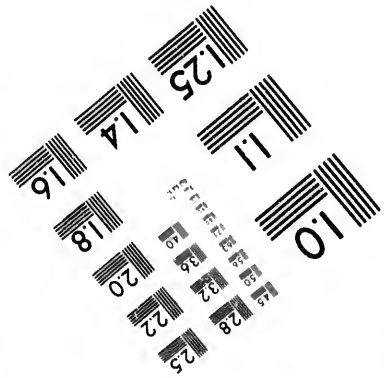
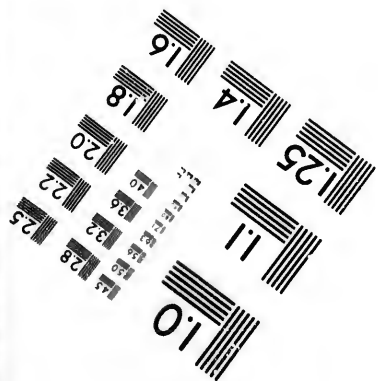
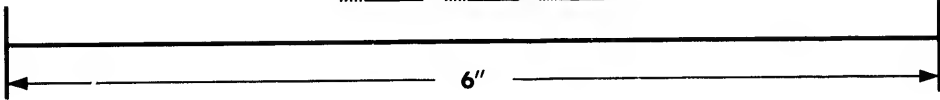
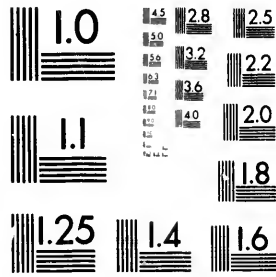


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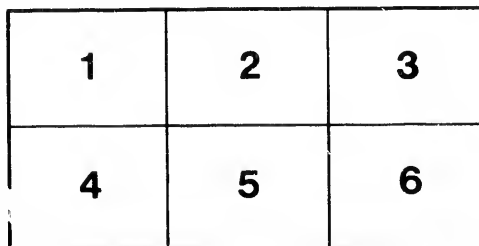
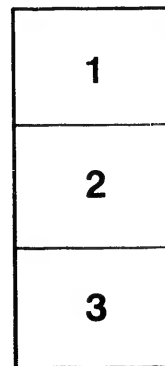
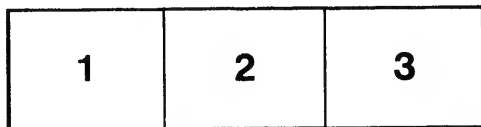
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NOTES
OF A
HUNTING TRIP

WITH THE
Dwight-Wiman Club
IN THE
MUSKOKA DISTRICT,
CANADA.



OCTOBER, 1884.

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Camping and Hunting Notes

IN MUSKOKA.

LOVERS of the chase will best understand the thrill that goes through the nerves of a city man when he receives word to pack up to leave for the woods on a certain day. What anticipations are his. What dreams of landscapes, unknown to the many. What an eager desire for draughts of Nature's balm, best restorative of the human frame. And above all, what hopes that he may actually shoot a deer! So when the historian of this and other trips was invited by the Dwight-Wiman Club to go to the Muskoka woods at the end of September on one of its annual expeditions, the excursion naturally filled many of his waking and dreaming hours. Consultations as to an outfit; anxious enquiries about a gun and its ammunition; hunting up of woollen shirts, camp blankets, rubber sheets and bags; perplexities as to moccasins in comparison with rubber shoes; solicitude on the subject of stiff hats

and white collars—happily dispelled by learning that neither is permissible—debates in the home circle upon what wraps may and may not be taken. All these ended when, on Monday, September 29th, 1884, the writer found himself one of a group at the Northern Railway Station in Toronto, bound for Gravenhurst.

Mr. J. T. Townsend, the most experienced huntsman of the party, had preceded the rest, and taken charge, as usual, of the tents, provisions and "dunnage." Mr. W. C. Matthews was the only member of the Club present on the occasion, Mr. H. P. Dwight being unable, by reason of business engagements, to go, and the New York members having arranged to arrive some days later.

Once on board the 7:45 train, we were pleased to find the Ochtwan Sporting Club fellow passengers, bound for their hunting ground in the township of McClintock: Mr. George Massey, of New York, and Messrs. John Massey, John Henderson, Dr. J. F. W. Ross, H. E. Suckling, C. E. Robinson, all of the Queen City, to be joined when Baysville was reached by Mr. Harvey W. Dwight, the youngest member. Their assortment of boots, corduroys, guns and 'Tam o' Shanter hats surprised us, but not more than the resplendent necktie of Jack, the Bowery boots of "the Judge," or the maroon vest, with bloodhound to match, sported by the stalwart doctor. It was a bright, inviting morning; rain had laid the dust, and the hearts of all beat high.

The moment we had left the city behind us, the changing colors of the foliage became more marked. Along the track, the crimson sumac glowed, the soft maples and the sensitive birches fluttered their red and

yellow leaves, and the mixture of forest colours gladdened while it dazzled the eye. The luncheon at Allandale, where the representatives of the senior club shared in the hospitalities of the other, was an earnest of the *cameraderie* which should pervade such meetings. Reaching Muskoka Wharf at 2 p. m., having passed Barrie, prettily placed on Lake Simcoe, the screw steamer *Kenozha* was in waiting to convey up the Lake and River Muskoka to Bracebridge the crowd of passengers which soon loaded her. Among them were some thirty Italian laborers, an abject, not to say villainous-looking lot, with their pots and pans, their black bread and *et ceteras*, bound for the track of the Ontario and Pacific Junction Railway in the township of McLean, the alignment of which we could see, partly graded, close to Bracebridge, on the north. The railway will, by another year, take our hunters closer to their camp, for by that time it will have reached Huntsville and beyond, designed as it is to tap the Canadian Pacific Railway at Callander. Arrived at Bracebridge, the first person to call upon is always Dr. Bridgeland, who is in himself a storehouse of civility and information.

Matthews and Hedley, pleasantly accompanied by George Massey of the Ochtwans, were driven over from Bracebridge to Baysville by Saunders, most comfortably, in the unprecedented time of two hours and fifty minutes, and when they arrived found, appeasing their hunters' appetites at Jelly's hotel, Mr. Lyman Dwight, of Detroit, and Messrs. Arthur Cox, R. F. Eason and H. W. Dwight, of Toronto, the first three homeward bound. Lyman was in great spirits after his trip, and had shot "one of the biggest bucks ever seen in

this country." After a smoke and a chat, we twain left Baysville at 8, on Capt. Huckins' new screw steamer *Excelsior* (75 feet keel and 30 horse power), for Dwight P. O., at the head of Trading Lake, while the quartette remained, "Budge" to join his Ochtwan party, the other three homeward bound, to take waggon for Bracebridge in the early morning, Ten o'clock at night found us at Trading Lake House, the name given by Mr. Wiman to Mrs. Gouldie's new and commodious hotel, which is post-office, express office, headquarters for all lumbermen, trappers or travellers by this route, while it is in fact HOME for members and friends of the Dwight-Wiman Club. An old country welcome was given to the trio by Mrs. Gouldie, Miss Laidlaw, and "Ed.," the familiar title of Mr. Gouldie, who has been the trusted adviser and chief guide of the Club in these waters for a dozen years.



DWIGHT, Tuesday, Sept. 30th.

HAVING left our club suits in the safe keeping of Mrs. Gouldie, and donned the most approved style of old clothes, we two left Trading Lake House at 8:30 for camp, accompanied by Gouldie, his brother Archie and Tom Keown. The walk to Cooper's Lake served as an introduction to the glories of the woods. "The leaves never colored so early since I have been in this district," said Edward, "and if you had come up Trading Lake by daylight you would have seen colors on its shores you never saw before." No leaves had fallen; and all around and above us was the red and yellow and orange of the soft maple, shading into green

and white, the greyish yellow of the birch, the huge deep-red leaf of the dog-wood shrub, the quivering and twisting foliage of the bass-wood, while our senses drank in the whisper of the lordly pine and the fragrance of the balsam. Launched in our canoes on Cooper's Lake, of which Mr. Cox has given us a faithful sketch in oils, we had time to note, along its margin, in passing, the dull, smoky *nuance* of the alder bushes, the deep, old-country green of the black alder, the cripple-brush, on which deer feed in the spring, greyish green in color, interspersed with nanny-berries, green to crimson; dazzling bits of the rowan tree, the Scottish name for the symmetrical mountain ash, and ferns which displayed all the tints of yellow and brown which a Parisian milliner might attempt to describe as *jaune, cuir, brun foncé*. Then a two-mile portage to Long Lake, a delightful jaunt along a frequented path through a forest of pine, maple and birch, aglow with all the colors of the autumn. Afloat again in our canoes, we had not paddled far up Long Lake before we came within sight of our camp.

Aye, there it was, pitched at a point midway of the lake, on a plateau within forty feet of the water and five or six feet above it, the British ensign with the Canadian shield, also Tom's yachting burgee: "T" in red on a white ground, flying from the top of a burnt pine over all. The children of the nearest settler, little "stoics of the woods" they were, looked curiously at the Red Cross flag, to them, doubtless, a sort of gigantic handkerchief fluttering against the sky—for they had never seen a flag, and knew nothing of the significance of the bits of scarred bunting for the honor of which statesmen scheme and men fight and die. Pity it was

that Robert forgot, at the last moment, to bring with him a starry banner. But that was not needed amongst us to typify

The union of lakes—the union of lands—
The union of hearts—the union of hands—
And the flag of our Union forever.

And we were free, safe, and at home under either, thank Heaven. There were the white tents, with their weather beaten "fly," fastened in ship-shape and Bristol fashion to frame-works that might withstand the storm. There was the wharf, of hemlock logs; there, too, the partly-hewn pine projecting from the shore, fit to be the mast of some tall admiral, which experience has shown to be the best sort of landing-place. And there the authentic sign-board for such a camp as ours, a deer's carcass, hung from a little cedar. But what was this that filled the foreground of the picture and gave a habitable and domestic look to all the place? A log shanty!—I beg pardon, THE CLUB HOUSE. Yes, truly, a log cabin, 18 x 24 feet, with a wing 12 feet by 18 for a kitchen; town-made sashes with real glass in the windows; a projecting roof on the side fronting the west forming, with inch boards laid on the ground, a sheltered verandah, on which were chairs of approved New England colors. "Oh! boys, oh boys."

Here, at last, was the realization of Dwight's and Wilbur's planning consultations, of Tom's suggestions and Gouldie's labors. Here, as well, was the finish of Wiman's doubts and objections, for the chimney did *not* smoke, the bunks were *not* stationary, and the structure *was* chinked up as warmly as need

be. We realized how hard Townsend must have worked—he had come up on the 12th accompanied by Cox, the artist of the company, Mr. Easson and the Messrs. Dwight—to get matters into so complete a state. And we deemed the kitchen no unimportant feature; assuredly the cook, Bill Wilkinson, was a success. How cosy an interior, and how complete. It was a good idea of Mr. Cox to give us a sketch of it in one of his clever sketchings. A fire-place five feet across, with hearth of flat stones and a wooden chimney, ingeniously contrived enough to deserve place in *the Scientific American*. Firewood in one corner, guns in another. Shelving, a double row, running round one side and one end, on which in rows were bottles of creature comforts enough to form a cornice and a frieze, while to make things architecturally complete, the dado was composed of white, blue or wine-colored chairs, and cots with colored blankets. There were a dozen of these cots. Then the kitchen, with its "Telephone" cook-stove, its forest-made dresser and shelves and make-believe cupboard. But we were not to linger examining our domicile. A hunt was announced by Gouldie, and at 12:20 we were off:

Townsend with Alvin Phillips,
Matthews " Ned Gouldie,
Hedley " Archie Gouldie.

The dogs *Scout* and *Dan*. Route northwestward through Long Lake to Buck, which was Hedley's post. At the upper end of Long Lake a tortuous, shallow creek, followed by a portage, leads into Little Twin Lake, separated by narrows from Big Twin, both very

beautiful sheets. A short portage brings us to Crotch Lake, connected by a little creek with Poverty Lake—so named by Gouldie for a like reason to that which induced Robbie Burns to write on the window of a wretched inn in the Highlands :

There's naething here but Highland pride,
Highland scab and hunger ;
If Providence has sent me here,
'Twas surely in his anger.

That is, there was neither feathered nor four footed game nor fish to be had at Ned's first visit. But his experience was not ours. From Poverty Lake a portage leads into Buck Lake, than which we went no further to-day. But beyond, at the end of a long portage, lies Clear Lake, the largest and perhaps the most frequented of all this chain of waters, a sketch of which has been provided, from the observations of Mr. Chandler. Matthews was stationed on Big Twin and Townsend on Little Twin Lake, but saw no game. The dogs having been started in the woods north of Little Twin, put three deer into Clear Lake, where we had placed no watcher, but one of them was killed by a settler, as we afterwards learned. Arrived at camp, supper was followed by a game of euchre. the first of a stirring series. Tom and J. H. beat Wilbur and Ned. We turned in, tired and happy, at eleven.



CAMP CHANDLER,

WEDNESDAY, 1st October.

Townsend to Buck Lake,

Hedley " Big Twin,

Matthews " Clear Lake.

SUCH was our order of march, begun at 8 o'clock. Matthews and his guide went over from Buck into Clear Lake searching for Ed's big dog *Scout*, which had been lost on Tuesday in Little Twin. He shot a fawn and gave the carcass away to a settler. Tom hit a doe on his watch, but disappointed Alvin by failing to shoot a second time, and so failed to get it. Enconced behind a pine log, and under the shadow of a tall cliff, Hedley and his man sat, hour by hour, watching the lake—which was 'as placid as an Anglican sermon,' as John Habberton puts it—especially the mouth of a creek on the east side. They heard the voices of the dogs once or twice but saw no deer. The scribe fell asleep, and had wandered off in dreams into Longfellow's country, lulled by the "ripple—tinkle—plonk" of the water.

Slumbering through the evening twilight,
There among the ferns and mosses
On the Muskoday, the meadow—

"Muskoday," said he as he awoke; "no, no, but Muskoka; what is the meaning of Muskoka?" His guide, not being imaginative, and having no skill in the Indian tongue, could think of nothing less prosaic than the musk-rat in this connection, which, being unpoetic, was scornfully dismissed. An occasional duck or blue-jay was seen or the croak of a raven heard,

pleasantly relieved by the cheery chick-a-dee and the plaintive "mi do" note of another tiny bird. But the shadows growing longer and deeper, and no sign of prey appearing, we paddled slowly homeward, reaching camp in good time for tea.



THURSDAY, 2nd October.

BY dint of Matthews' persistence and mild growling about the late hour of our previous starts, the guides rose at six and ourselves at 6:30. After a good breakfast we were off at seven and took our stations:

Hedley at Narrows near Camp,
Matthews at Big Twin Lake,
Townsend at Poverty Lake.

The dogs were put out on the Big Twin at 7:45, and within an hour or two had chased two deer into Townsend's watch, who killed one of them, a doe, and missed the other. Not only this, but shortly afterward, while watching close in shore, an enormous buck came coasting along the shore of the lake and crouched in the water at the margin among the bushy top of a fallen tree. The trunk of that tree, however, was between him and his hunter, so that the antlers and feet were the only part of the deer that could be seen. Tom, if he had not had the nerve of a veteran, must have been half paralyzed with anxiety, for he could not get a shot and dared not move. Minutes are hours under such circumstances, and the situation was presently relieved by the lordly stag bounding back through the thick underbrush into the woods. "Well," said Alvin, "talk about cool hands; you're one of 'em after that."

Rain came on in the afternoon, defeating any plans for further hunting this day ; so all hands went to work clearing the beach around camp. Alvin and Archie made the long journey down to Dwight P. O. for eggs, and came back at night with letters and telegrams from Toronto. One of these brought the unwelcome news of the serious illness of Mr. Battin, Mr. Dwight's assistant. This was sure to delay the President's coming, and might prevent his joining us at all. With which disappointing prospect our high anticipations were mightily chilled, and we spent a very quiet evening.



FRIDAY. 3d October.

A RAINY day. Though up early, and all full of anxiety—Matthews brimming—to get off to the hunt, this was out of the question, what with fog and drizzle, until after dinner. It was half-past two before we were fairly started. *Fly* and *Dan* were put into the woods back of the camp and went eastward, probably to Ox-Tongue Lake. Matthews and Gouldie stationed themselves at Upper Twin, where they "saw nothing and heard less," as they phrased it. Hedley and Archie were despatched to Devil's Angle; a large odd-shaped lake to the southeastward, some miles in circumference, which, strange to say, is not laid down in the large official map. Here the dogs were heard once, and lost. Townsend stopped in camp, reading and smoking, with the calm confidence of an experienced hunter. But it was not our day for deer. In the morning, we had fashioned and put up little shelves over each bed for our ammunition and "small traps." The men

made an additional table for our soon-to-be-increased company. Ned made a pine boot-jack, Archie fashioned a match-safe out of birch bark, Matthews showed his handiwork in a toilet-shelf, and Billy, the cook, who had gone to Mrs. Gouldie's, came back between five and six with a mirror, which he hung up near the front door. The universally-handy Ned contrived a rude but convenient gun rack, by driving stakes into the logs in the alcove near the chimney, and upon this our rifles were soon placed.

By dint of steady work at odd times, chopping, digging, scraping with a peculiar and ancient-Briton looking sort of home-made mattock, Tom got a marked deal of cleaning-up done around camp. Of course, his good example set others of us to helping him, so that by burning brush, chips, rubbish, and filling up the unsightly holes or hollows of our domain with moss or sand, there was soon no unsightly hollow to be seen. Nor was it true of Tom, as of Lord Byron's typical MAN, that "his control stopped with the shore," for he presently organized a corps of boatmen who, so to speak, "moved Birnam Wood to Dunsinane" by forming a procession of canoes and towing the bushes, stumps and felled trees which dotted the shallows surrounding the point, to where they no longer hindered our view or blocked the landing. Alvin did good work in finishing the wharf of logs, and likewise chopped down a hemlock tree 16 inches in diameter in order to get out of it, by means of his unaided axe, a slab ten feet long, of which to make a bench for our wash-basins. Archie and Ed. added to our supply of firewood, gave us deer-tallow to smear our boots, sharpened our knives, even mended our pipes when broken, using a copper cartridge-cover instead of a silver plate.

SATURDAY, 4th October.

IN the face of a lowering, weeping, unpromising day we started northward at 8 o'clock, *Scout* and *Glen* being freed in the woods on the west side of Poverty Lake. They ran irregularly and with no result; so about 11, Matthews and Gouldie, having left Townsend in the Twin Lakes, went to Clear Lake, whither they had sent Hedley, to learn what he had seen or heard. It turned out that all the adventures of to-day thus far, were Hedley's. After watching a while in Buck Lake, as instructed, the Historian and his guide made the long portage into Clear Lake and stationed themselves at the narrows. Presently they spied other watchers patrolling the southern shore, and partly to relieve monotony, partly out of curiosity, pushed on to the far end where Archie had descried, more than a mile away, a new birch bark canoe. The occupant of this we found to be old Pete Stevens, a grey-woolled mulatto, with an uncovered head, an intelligent face and most miscellaneous clothes.

Pete was mysterious.—“Keep cool,” said he, lifting his hand warningly, “an' git into shoah fur's ye kin; thar's a feller in yer, clost by, these two hours. I've got a little pleg after him, an' she'll stick to him I'll bet a dollar. She's one o' these yer black an tans, an' she'll tan *him* I reckon.” Just then Archie's quick eye spied a doe, a mile off, swimming the lake, making from a clearing to the very point we had left. Away we pulled after her till “the sweat poured down like rain,” and the scribe felt as Tom Brown did in his first boat-race, done-out, all but a little bit of “go” left at the back of his head, discovered when, having rounded the desired point, we could see the bushes on the shore

shaking under the tread of the deer. "If you can see him at all let him have it!" called out Archie, while we were yet at 100 yards distance, but Hedley, his heart beating like a trip-hammer and his eyes full of stars, could see only with the eye of faith, and while awaiting a clearer view, whisk! went the deer, crashing behind alders and cedars along shore, and in among the hemlock woods.

Returning, dejected, to our watching point, we were puzzled to see old Stevens' birch pop out from shore, a flat-boat from another point, a gigantic dug-out from a third, converging upon an object which looked like a loon. It was a deer, and the race became a hot one. One of the other chasers coming unpleasantly close, Pete, suddenly jealous, called out in jerky sentences, between strokes of his paddle: "Heah! yo' man—thish yer's *my* deer—let him alone, I tell yer—what yo' want botherin' roun' yeah?—I'm good for him, yes, indeedy." So he labored on, getting betwixt his prey and the shore. Back into the open lake swims the doomed creature, and with all three canoes close around him, our own and a settler's in addition, at some distance. Pete lets drive, his rifle misses fire; tries again, and this time it is he and not the gun that misses. An ole Virginny sort of malediction follows from the lips of the darky,—he is out of ammunition, surely, and we are ready to see the next canoeist take a shot when, unexpected generosity, the man whom Pete had been railing at, Dick Lee, paddles up and hands Pete his venerable gun, a carabine that carried an ounce bullet. This, too, snaps, and for a fourth time the old man has to paddle closer up, but at last he puts a ball through the neck of the

deer, which rolls over and crimson the water in its struggles.

Back again to our watch, and we presently see Matthews and Ed. Gouldie standing on the north shore, to whom we relate what has just been set down. After being compelled to hear some home-made wisdom from Ned as to the flightiness of young people who leave their posts, and the soft-hearted folly of giving up a deer in the water to *any* one, white or black, we all four portage back to Buck Lake.

Scarcely was Hedley's canoe launched on this sheet when the other boat, fifty rods ahead, began to speed on remarkably. "They see a deer, I guess," said Archie, and when we rounded the first point there, sure enough, were the antlers of a splendid buck which had been leisurely swimming down the middle of the lake but was now making frantic efforts to reach shore. After heading him off, Matthews beckoned us to come on, and generously gave the Historian the chance of killing his first deer. This he did, taking aim with such deliberation as to cause the onlookers to say:

"Certainly, hang it all! take an hour to get your aim."

"Shoot, man, shoot!"

"By the great smoke! he'll be ashore afore you make up your mind."

Then, at last, the long-delayed shot took Mr. Buck behind the ears and put an end to the race. Euchre resumed at night, Tom and Hedley again ahead. Ed. and his brother left for Gouldie's to spend Sunday.



SUNDAY, 5th October.

BY common consent everyone slept late this morning; breakfast at half-past nine. After a light luncheon at one, having written some letters Matthews and the guest started for Gouldie's to post them. Billy accompanied us, and kept up a rattling chat the whole way down the lake and across the portage. Memories of his early life in England; on the ocean—he is the son of a sea-captain at Newcastle-on-Tyne—in the Canadian backwoods with lumbermen, among

“Planks and shingles, boards and lath,
Made by steam-power in its wrath,”

as Mr. A. G. Churchill, termed the Gravenhurst poet, writes or sings; on the Muskoka Lakes, the Petawawa River, the Ottawa, where he had been cook for John Brennan, that rough, dare-devil but chivalrous “boss” for the well-known lumbermen, the brothers Dollar, and for various companies. All this and more Billy told us graphically on the way. Having reached the head of Trading Lake, a telegram awaited us announcing that the New York members of the party would leave Toronto next day and arrive at Camp on Tuesday. So far good, but not a word as to Dwight, and no further news of Battin's condition. We met at Mrs. Gouldie's Mr. Haigh, a handsome six-foot specimen of the Englishman of courteous manners and eccentric tastes, who invited us to visit his floating dwelling on the north branch of the Muskoka. After an early tea with Mrs. Gouldie we came back to Camp and read quietly till bed-time. During the night it blew hard, and rained so violently as to flood the snanty, causing its occupants to move their beds repeatedly, and finally to cover themselves with rubber coats.

MONDAY, October 6th.

THE morning broke fair with a brisk wind on our lake. This became, after we had started at 7:40, a head wind on Twin and the other lakes beyond. Two pairs of dogs were put out at nine: *Fly* and *Scout* on Buck Lake; *Glen* and *Dan* on Little Twin. Townsend, being on Clear Lake, where wind and waves were rough, had no luck. Hedley had a shot at a doe in Poverty Lake, but missed. Matthews gave chase, in Buck Lake, to what was probably the same doe, firing three shots at long range, without success. It would have been surprising, under the circumstances, if he had hit her, good shot as he is, for the lake was rough and the animal was exactly between him and the sun. Comparing notes, an hour or two later, with Hedley, it was determined to return to camp. On the way home, while waiting on Poverty Lake portage for Wilbur, who lingered to listen for the dogs, Ed.'s eye caught a deer swimming straight up the lake so he gave chase, alone, with no weapon but his paddle. The other three, bundling into the remaining canoe, followed, and the doe—the same we had previously seen—kept in the open water, by Gouldie's skilfully "surrounding" it, was shot at three times and twice wounded. It was finally captured, and Matthews rejoiced over his long-headed and long-winded doe, which had led our dogs so wild a chase for three tedious hours.

Leisurely we paddled all three canoes homeward, heavily laden, for we had picked up three of the dogs on the way, and were in sight of camp when, rounding a point of Long Lake, behold! a dainty buck taking the water a few hundred yards ahead. A rapid spurt with the paddles, a hasty shot from Wilbur, and the

deer's head fell forward in token of surrender. Then, the procession of canoes, Tom's added, made its way cautiously against the wind and through the white-capped waves, to where Billy the cook, alone of all his clan, waited for us all at the landing, at half-past one, with his cheery shout and comical smile of welcome.

After dinner, we busied ourselves getting saddles of venison ready to send to our Toronto friends by Ed. and his brother, who started southward at 4.30, to bring up the long-expected remaining members and guests. Next we bethought ourselves of decorating the shanty, and shortly made it resplendent outside with green boughs and inside with autumn leaves or ferns, by way of welcome to our friends. At night, the tables were turned, at last, on Tom and J. H., for Wilbur and the cook 'beat them out of their boots.'



CAMP CHANDLER,

TUESDAY, 7th October.

THE New York party arrived at Camp Chandler, as it was christened for the nonce, an hour before noon; a flotilla of ten well armed and deep-loaded canoes announcing its approach by three shots from the repeating rifle of Kimball, whose birch canoe, surmounted by his clear-cut features, led the van. Here, at last, was Wiman, in bounding spirits and with gleeful face, as of one who had bidden good-bye to business for a whole week. Here was Willie, his smile just as broad, his composure just as great, his digestion just as good as when we saw him last. But where was Theodore? - Our eyes sought him in vain, for he had remained in Gotham, immersed in legal affairs.

"There are some new faces, surely." Yes, and we are presently introduced to Tinker, who makes his first appearance, and we hope not his last, in these regions. The shout of some one, "By Jove! boys, here's Chandler," brings back to memory, in a flash, our Vermont outing of June, 1883. "*A la bonne heure, mes amis,*" is the salutation of a little black-eyed gentleman who raises his hat as he steps from his canoe and discloses the welcome features of delightful Louis Alloo.

The new-comers were carefully led by Tom and Wilbur to the cabin, and regaled with a whiff of venison soup from the kitchen, and a glimpse of the interior fittings of the drawing-room. The cornice aforesaid, of *couleur St. Julien* after Nathaniel Johnston & Sons, the mellow brown tint of Gooderham's old, and the burnt umber of Copland, of course delighted all eyes; but Willie was most attracted by the two antique vases of golden Chartreuse and the tiny crystals of Pompeian pattern waiting for their luscious contents. The graceful dead gold mounting of Apollo—no, *Apollinarius*, was most appropriate to its surroundings, and so the gladsome group poured a libation to Apollo, (or some other fellow), followed by a luncheon of venison soup and camp rolls. Robert considerably supplied a reminiscence of the COACHING TRIP of last year, in the table napery and napkin rings.

Then came brisk unpacking of shooting boots, 'shooting irons,' from the ancient Ballard to the newest magazine Winchester repeater, old clothes and fresh tobacco, inflating of air cushions, transferring of cartridges, and each was eager to know his post. Gouldie, the chief guide, had already apporportioned our watching places over the chain of lakes, and chosen a guide for

each man ; our canoes took their departure in the order following, the names in small type being those of the guides :

RAYNOR,	- - - - -	LITTLE TWIN LAKE.
With Will Blackwell.		
MATTHEWS,	- - - - -	CLEAR LAKE.
Archie Gouldie.		
HEDLEY,	- - - - -	BIG TWIN LAKE.
James Trueman.		
WIMAN,	- - - - -	POVERTY LAKE.
Ed. Gouldie.		
TINKER,	- - - - -	NARROWS, LONG do,
Tom Keown.		
ALLOO,	- - - - -	BUCK LAKE.
Wm. Trueman.		
CHANDLER,	- - - - -	CENTRE LONG LAKE.
Frank Blackwell.		
KIMBALL,	- - - - -	FOOT " "
Tom Salmon.		
TOWNSEND,	- - - - -	DEVIL'S ANGLE LAKE.
Alvin Phillips.		

It was a glorious day ; the air fresh and balmy, the lakes now still, now rippled by a gentle north-west breeze. When we had reached the first portage, Alloo said, in a grave tone, very unlike his usual vivacity, " I am fearing to awake, and find this scene a dream. I am, positively ; it is almost too beautiful to be an actuality." He had been ill, he explained, and out of sorts for weeks ; but was already recuperating, and good for a *fifty*-mile paddle, as he boasted to Wiman, who was scaring him with the five mile trip he would to-day have to undergo. " Il faut que j'aïlle vivre dans les bois, mon cher Jim, avec les gens qui sont civilisés," he agreed with Hedley, in humorous allusion to the fable.

About two, the first shot was fired, far up the chain. Shortly afterward, three were heard in quick succession

on Long Lake from Kimball's repeating rifle. Robert tells the story, on another page, of his adventure. At half-past two, Hedley's guide, while watching under the shadow of a mighty rock, saw a doe skirting the shore of Big Twin Lake and paddled cautiously across to intercept her. Too late, as the event proved; too late, at least for such markmanship as the scribe could boast, suffering as he did from the 'buck fever,' for he could get no nearer than forty yards before she reached the shore, and two shots sped after her in vain. A minute or two, Salmon's dogs appeared on the north shore, looking distressfully for the deer, and were ferried over by Hedley to the spot where the doe went out. Some time afterward, we heard them far off to the southward whence, at half-past three, the report of a shot came. At 4.20, after some baying of dogs, a rifle was fired on Poverty Lake by Alloo.

It appears that the buck—it was a buck—had been seen in Clear Lake by Matthews. In calling his man, while on the portage, some noise was made which alarmed the deer, and it headed for the shore. Close upon its heels came the dogs, driving it into Buck Lake, where Louis' man espied it, swimming low.

"What is that little floating thing, looking like a leaf, which moves?" asked our Parisian friend.

"Why, that's the deer."

Oho! thought Louis, preparing to shoot while the animal was still 150 yards away, its rump towards him. "Don't shoot now," said the guide. "No, no, by no means," replied Alloo, "no gentleman would shoot an animal so, but please to put his head round so I can see it and I will shoot him." And accordingly, while the guide was striving to get close to the prey, Bang!

went the gun, and the deer went down, shot in the head. "We do not do in France like you," said Louis, in his animated way, "we do not creep up to him close."

Home came Louis at dark in his costume of the chase: a sheepskin jacket from Sweden, a Laplander's knife, a Parisian shirt, a Chicago cushion, New York rubber boots, carrying a New England gun. A cordial welcome and congratulations awaited him, for all were proud of his achievement. Matthews, the keenest man in the party for a hunt, lingered so late that we were sure he had something to show. Bye-and bye he showed it—a handsome buck, got on Clear Lake, which cost him some trouble to get and his guide some labor to bring home.

To-night we had a merry dinner, then played cards. Tom and Willie opposed Wiman and Wilbur at euchre, beating them eight points to three, by Tom's patent method of counting. Louis and J. H. opposed Tinker and Chandler at whist, but the atmosphere was not favorable to repose of mind, or what Charles Lamb somewhere calls, 'the rigour of the game,' and they did not have a very satisfactory rubber. Someone announced hot lemonade at nine, as a restorative after the fatigues of the day, but this, out of regard for the card-players, was postponed till 9.30. Then Wiman began to exhort us to go to bed early, and about ten we did go. But not before Willie had related his always-fresh story of old Norton, and caught our French visitor; and performed the curious Barnum-Vanderbilt biscuit trick, whereby he sold our good friend Tinker. Nine canvas cots, each six feet by three, were arranged on the floor. Each man had two pairs of blankets and could pile on as many overcoats as he liked. All, except Wiman,

slept well, until at four in the morning the pouring rain awoke several who found rain drops coming into their beds. Rubber sheets and coats were suddenly in request.



WEDNESDAY, 8TH OCTOBER.

AS if for contrast with the bright sunshine of yesterday, this was a pattern rainy day. Leaden clouds, dripping trees, souging winds, and no chance of an outing. But our spirits rose superior; and some hopeful member of the group, with a happy memory for cheerful tones—it was probably Wiman—recalled Adelaide Proctor's "Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;" and we waited with patience till it should shine for us. Now was the time for camp-fire stories. And so, while Wilbur impatiently watched the weather, and Tom the thermometer—it was now 53°—the yarns began: Stories of travel, of sport, of business life; Club incidents of Europe, of Vermont, of Muskoka; burglar stories, arising out of the midnight experience of the Historian's household the night before he left. Reminiscences of the American rebellion, graphically told and seriously true; with many of President Lincoln's unpublished stories to his cabinet, related as they were by him to lighten the terrible suspense of that time of vital struggle.

It may be fancied what interest these gained for the listeners, when it is stated that two of our company, Mr. Chas. A Tinker, and Mr. Albert B. Chandler, were Military Telegraph cipher operators at Washington in 1863 and 1864, along with Mr. D. H. Bates, now Gen-

eral Manager of the Baltimore and Ohio Telegraph Company, and heard from the lips of that lamented patriot these quaint and queer, but often pathetic tales-with-a-moral.

One night, in 1864, the President, after his habit, entered the telegraphers' room and was told of his nomination for a second term. What he then replied as to the interest likely to be felt in the news by "the little woman over at the White House," is matter of history. But what follows will probably be new, at least it was so to us: Mr. Lincoln in those days wore a shawl, and was accustomed to hang it upon the corner of a certain door of the Washington telegraph office, which always stood ajar.

"Some one of us," said Chandler, "had handed him the telegram announcing—after his own nomination—that of Andrew Johnson as Vice-President. He took the message, and having read and pondered it, walked gravely away, glasses on his nose, soliloquising as he went:—"I supposed he'd be the man—Perhaps he is the best man"—By this time he had reached the door on which hung his shawl. Putting this on his shoulders and turning to leave the room, he repeated, "Perhaps he *is* the best man—But ;—and with this unfinished sentence on his lips, as if forecasting the trouble such an ill-starred choice would create, he went slowly down the stair.

Relations, by the inimitable Louis, of more or less veritable Adventures in Wonderland, extending over three continents. *Contes merveilleux* they were, of which it will be sufficient to name that of the Lovers' Syndicate: les Experiences de la Grand Duchesse; the Legend of the Irish Castle and the Chicago Coterie, to tickle the risibles of any member of the company which

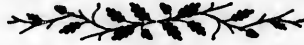
heard them. A veritable Scheherazade was our dear Louis, entertaining by the hour the Canadian and American Caliphs who listened to him. Hedley's Detroit River story of the drunken but penitent French Canadian fisherman, whose relation of his religious experience, in meeting, was that he felt "most d——n complete," was deemed worthy of repetition, as an honest, artless statement of a physical and mental condition; while Matthews brought the *seance* to an explosive finish by his recital of the peculiar fix of a young person.

A discussion arose as to whether the United States Government should assume the business of telegraphy, and take over the wires of all companies. The experience of Great Britain in this direction was not deemed very favorable to the success of such an experiment. Our talk took a wide range over modern inventions in electricity: insulation—transmission,—the telephone,—the electric light,—the storage battery. What Mr. Preece, the English electrician, told Dwight at the Philadelphia Electrical Exhibition, about telephoning from London to Royalty at Windsor was found very entertaining. And the jovial, burly, all-persuasive, official-looking Captain Bedford Pim, with his brass buttons and gold-laced cap! An amphibious Marryat he had seemed to some of us at the Windsor hotel, narrating his adventures on the Canadian Pacific Railway with sundry other members of the British Association.

Before sundown the rain had ceased and the clouds parted, so that half of us went out in our canoes for a constitutional paddle around the lake.

It was with great difficulty that the Vice-president got us to bed at 10.30, after songs sung in Albert's charming way, "Somebody's waiting," from Billy Wilk-

inson, closing with Wiman's favorites, the Canadian Boat Song and God save the Queen. Nothing was wanting, save Dwight's presence, to make us completely happy. The mercury marked 37° at bed-time.



THURSDAY, 9TH OCTOBER.

FROZEN ground and ice in the wash-basins, greeted our eyes when we rose at 6.30, and it was a 'nipping and an eager air' that assailed our nostrils at that early hour. The glass had gone down to 31° at midnight, to 30° at half-past two, the same at half-past four, when first Hedley, and then Alloo rose to replenish the fire. Wiman had risen before six and stood before the blaze in the attitude of Jules Verne's twentieth century hero, *minus* the heroic boots, when in comes Billy with his cheery "Good mornin' gentlemen, it's just freezin' by the glass, will I make up yer fire?" and by half-past six, all hands, as well as the cook, were getting ready for breakfast. We were off shortly after eight, the wind south and the sky clear, a promising day for the hunt. Our order of march was:—

Kimball,	-	-	-	-	Ox Tongue Lake
Townsend,	-	-	-	-	" "
Raynor,	-	-	-	-	Devil's Angle do.
Matthews,	-	-	-	-	Foot Long Lake.
Hedley,	-	-	-	-	Head " "
Wiman,	-	-	-	-	Twin "
Alloo,	-	-	-	-	Poverty "
Tinker	-	-	-	-	Buck "
Chandler,	-	-	-	-	Clear "

Three pairs of hounds were put out: Salmon's back of

Camp, on the portage to Ox Tongue, Ned's in the birch grove on Upper Twin, the others near Clear Lake. At about ten their music was heard near Long Lake, and shortly afterwards a spirited buck took the water on Hedley's watch, east side. This was shot after various attempts, the last of which, at close range, was fatal. Ammunition running short, the *coup de grace* was given by means of a cartridge borrowed from Matthews, who had opportunely paddled up. Billy the cook, bare-headed and in his apron, hastened out in an old birch canoe to be in at the death, and administered consolation to the dying deer in a series of comic 'swear words' and interjections which smacked as much of Cockneydom as they did of the lumber-camp. "Look 'ere," exclaimed he, "blowed if 'is bloomin' 'ead ain't a'most shot off, an' 'is throat cut with a bullet, 'an' 'im swimmin' yet for all he's worth. The critter's like the Irishman's vermin, or Mr. Matthewses crazy loon, 'kilt, but not sinsible of it,' Jingoos! 'e'd enough blood let out of 'im to color the whole blessed lake."

Having taken the carcass of the deer to shore spectators and actors fraternized over a flask, and then, after feeding Salmon's dogs, which had brought the quarry, the Long Lake watchers went back at 10.20 to their posts. Away went the dogs to the eastward for a second time, and were soon upon the track of another deer. This was started at 10.30 upon the portage between Long Lake and Ox Tongue, newly cut or 'blazed' by Tom Keown and Frank Blackwell, and was pursued to Ox Tongue Lake where Kimball was posted on the point below Gentleman's Island, and Townsend at the southern end of the lake. The little deer, which proved a doe, was shot by Tom and presented to Mrs.

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Dowson, who lives near upon a fresh clearing opposite the site of CAMP HEDLEY, our head quarters in the Shooting Trip of October, 1882.

A party of hunters was found here, five in number, from Huntsville, who had within a week put nine deer into the lake but secured only one of them. Finding three of these time-killers fruitlessly dragging, day after day, with innumerable fish-hooks, for a gun, in a lake of unknown depth, our boys learned on enquiry that one of the five had been knocked out of his canoe by the recoil of his rifle, which fell into the lake on one side and its owner on the other. The lodgings of these apprentices to wood-craft was of the rudest: two upright sticks and a ridge-pole across, some boards on one side of this frame, some boughs on the other, a queer shelter from any inclement weather.

Shots were heard before noon, both north and south of our head quarters. Before one, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Quinn paid a visit to the Camp in their canoe, and on returning were followed part way by a messenger "of ours" sent for butter to the portage near their house, whither pretty little Tommy and timid Mary Jane Quinn brought the butter to take with us. Shortly afterward, Mr. Wiman and Ed. came down the creek. They had heard the dogs giving tongue back and forth repeatedly around the Twin Lakes but saw no game and heard no shots. Instructed by them, Jim Trueman took his hungry passenger to Big Twin, whence, after waiting a while and crossing the farther portage to Crotch Lake, the pair came home. To-day was received Dwight's letter to Wiman postponing indefinitely his coming, and thereby greatly damping our pleasure. To-night, after "the best dinner he ever had in his life," the

Vice-president, sated and blissful, made a hearty speech of welcome to the Club's guests, who in turn declared themselves mentally and corporeally content, like the Bois Blanc fisherman.

We could never get too much of Alloo's delightful story-telling, and so we coaxed him to narrate to the full house, his adventure on Poverty Lake: He and his guide had there espied a doe, swimming broadside to, fifty yards away. Louis, with a sportsman-like *nonchalance* worthy of a denizen of the forest of Compeigne, planted himself upright upon the sands of the lake, cocked his rifle, and, politely asking the guide where he would prefer the deer to be hit, received the reply, "in the head." "Tresbien," responded the pupil of *l'ecole militaire* at Antwerp, "in the eye, then;" and straightway put a ball through both its eyes. This feat was sufficient to set him up in reputation amongst the guides, who are pleased with any exhibition of markmanship, and are just a trifle too much disposed, some of us thought, to rate a man as good for much or good-for-nothing in life, according as he shoots or paddles well or ill.



THE MUTUAL UNION DEER.

MUCH interest had been felt by the rest of the party in the success, as deer-stalkers, of Messrs. Tinker and Chandler, whose first experience of the kind was furnished by the present trip. Alloo, of course, was used to hunt in France, and was a good shot; but the others had yet to furnish 'a taste of their quality' and they

did so in this wise: Stationed at Buck Lake and Clear Lake, respectively, the remotest points in the chain of waters, Tinker and Chandler sat listening with attentive ears till between ten and eleven, when the deep note of the hounds in the woods west of Buck Lake made the pulses of both beat faster than was their wont. While Albert and his guide were watching the middle of Clear Lake, they were treated to the extraordinary sight of a deer at full speed northward, on the sand beach to the east of them, pursued by a pair of hounds which made the shores re-echo with their bay-ing. The frightened animal darted off the sands into the woods, to re-appear (having run from Clear Lake) in Buck Lake, where it was seen by Tinker, swimming for the western shore. He gave chase, and breathed with paddling as he was, managed to hit the quarry in the chest, and knock it over, as if stunned. Recovering, however, and being close to shore, the deer found its way to the woods, where it made covert for a while, but was allowed little rest, for, pursued by the note which is the especial terror of its species, it sped westward and plunging into the ample waters of Clear Lake, found a short respite. It had swum nearly across, when Mr. Langmaid, a settler, from whom Albert and his guide were vainly seeking to borrow a fishing-line with which to troll for trout, spied the deer, and away went Frank's canoe, luckily getting between the panting beast and the land. Taking a minute's rest after his unusual exertion with the paddle, Chandler fired, and the shot finished the race, for the deer fell over, dead, shot between the horns. Examination of the carcass showed that it had been wounded in the body, and the chain of events proved that this was the very deer Tinker had

hit, but which it was reserved for Chandler to finish. So, in the spirit of comradeship, the two heroes of this exciting chase agreed to call the trophy Our Mutual Deer, whereupon Matthews suggested "call it the Mutual Union deer," which was agreed to, and the significance of the altered title will be readily understood by the knowing ones.

Perhaps it proved a strain on the "principle of mutuality," as an underwriter calls it, to have the event shape itself as it did. Certainly it must have needed a well-trying friendship and much inward grace to prevent each party from insisting upon priority of right. And yet we liked to fancy Tinker saying, with Orlando, in *As you like it*:

"But O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for"

Willie Raynor, his pipe and his guide all went to Ox Tongue Lake, but saw no game and heard only one shot, probably Townsend's. Glad enough was Hedley to find W. P. R. at Camp on returning about three, and to receive his congratulations and his invitation. Wiman had devoted this afternoon to performing the part of a mail-carrier, for he went with Gouldie to Dwight P. O. for letters and telegrams, receiving and despatching a goodly pile. "Why, Sirs," said one of the guides, "sich a man for gettin' letters as that there Mr. Wiman, I never seen. Dog'd ef he don't git as many as would fill a fishin' basket at a time. And he don't think no more of sendin' telegraphs all the way to New York an' Toronto. Sakes alive! but he must be

rich. An' then, folks keeps telegraphin' to him an' worryin' him all the time."

Thanks to Dwight's care, the New Yorkers had stock quotations from Wall Street sent them every two or three days; and it was possible on Thursdays to get prices only thirty-six hours old. Many an hour the obliging operator at Baysville sat up to receive them. A special place was made, by the major-domo of the Club House, where these despatches could be seen. It was the same nail from which our looking-glass—or was it the boot-jack?—was suspended. Whether this arrangement was made to tickle the vanity of the best-looking of the party, if he has any vanity, which is a fair question; whether it was because the spot was the best in the room for both warmth and light, being near the fire-place and by a window; or whether the matter was one of mere chance, is no business of the Historian. But very trivial matters are sometimes made much of in Camp, where "life is made up of a great bundle of little things," rather than "a little bundle of great things." Was it the Autocrat or was it the Professor at the Breakfast Table who affirmed the first of these propositions? It was surely the Divinity Student who preferred the other.

It began to be observed that Chandler was very observant. Sometimes he looked knowing—at others quite absorbed; but we thought he had his weather eye and ear open—his heart always was—and we knew that he had a note book, which he would pretend to consult by the fire, or would scribble in while ostensibly admiring nature from the window. "What in thunder are *you* doing with a note-book, Albert?" said the man with the analytical mind. Ain't one fellow enough to

be takin' notes? I tell you, boys, he's got our portraits 'down fine' in those tablets; he'll give us all a breeze, see if he don't."

Usually, one half of us sat down to cards at night, while the other half wrote letters, mended clothes, read their books. But to-night seemed by common consent devoted to recalling incidents of the Club's trip—I mean trips—to Europe. Robert '*prenait la parole*' and told of the 63 mile drive from Bavano to Brigue made by our boys in one day, but to which the guide books allotted two. Then he took us all with him to Venice and related with much power the story of the astonished porter who, accustomed to live from day to day on macaroni, was presented by Luc, the courier, with a whole luncheon basket full of cold chicken, boiled eggs and biscuit. How wolfish his face became all at once, at the sight of so much and so diverse food, and how ravenously he clutched every morsel the basket contained and crammed them into his pockets, his trousers, his shirt bosom! How graceful, too, the gesture of the ragged Italian youth of 14, breaking stones, poor lad, at the side of the Cornici Road. When Robert made as if to give him some pennies, the boy, smiling, took off his cap, kissed his hand, and then blew the kiss from his palm towards the expected giver, with an ingenuous confidence that suggests the phrase, *Vous remercient en avance*," with which the polite French so often conclude their letters containing a request.

Wonder where Theodore is, about now, some one asked during these Stories of Venetian Life. "Well, wherever he is he is probably wishing himself up here," thought Robert, while Matthews added "and if he could see this shanty, he'd never want to go to Rome

any more." But Leeds, it should have been said, had written a letter full of regrets, humorous or otherwise, and this had been read to us some days before. Memoranda in the note book this week remarked that the leaves were growing darker day by day, and on the 9th it is noted: "the frost has perceptibly thinned the forest leaves."

Surely James Russell Lowell has seen our Camp in one of his flights of imagination. Stay and listen to proof of his delicate insight. Here is a veritable picture of Muskoka; anticipated by some quarter of a century:—

" Or up the slippery knob I strain
An' see a hunderd hills like islan's
Lift their blue woods in broken chain
Out o' the sea o' snowy silence."

What wonder that we love those New England poets! aye and all New Englanders, especially those of 1884. The strange cackling of a flock of wild geese flying southward, was heard in the darkness, one night, far up in the sky, a premonition of winter. What was it Hosea Bigelow said?

" The wedged wild geese their bugles blow,
Further and further south retreatin.'
Snow flakes come whip'rin' on the pane
The charm makes blazin' logs so pleasant,
Under the yaller pines I house,
When sunshine makes 'em all sweet scented,
An' hear, among their furry boughs
The baskin' west-wind purr contented.



FRIDAY, October 10th.

LAST night had been rather less cold, the sky hazy and the wind slight. Temperature at midnight 34°. Thanks to Townsend's tenting experience and Matthews' helping hand, our cots and bed-clothes were now so arranged as to give greater warmth. Everyone, besides, was tired and his blood warmed and quickened by the excitements of the day, the yarns and chorusses of the evening, and especially by Billy's masterpiece, the "The Tread-mill song," and the queer ditties of Tom Keown. After hot lemonades "with or without," those eight who made this history got under their blankets at eleven, while the one who records it sat down, 'fast by an ingle, bleezin' finely,' to contemplate the seven sleepers and the one only wakeful, smokeful, and companionable Willie. 'Thish yer feller' persisted in narration in spite of the audible growls from cot No. 3, and amid the sonorous snores of Matthews, who would fain have prevented him until, exhausted with laughter and with the exuberance of his own verbosity, the still-smiling Raynor laid aside his pipe and dropped asleep. Thermometer 51°; no wind, but an uncertain sky.

All this, however, relates to Thursday night, Friday morning was a very different story. Tinker awoke, like a giant refreshed, and declared that he 'felt like two men, one of them a new one.' Every face wore a resolute expression, and when Matthews announced the fog lifting, each man put on his business clothes, for Gouldie had hung up the programme of the day in full sight. This it was:—

FRIDAY'S HUNT.

Mr. Wiman,	-	-	-	Ox Tongue Lake.
" Tinker,	-	-	-	" " "

Mr. Hedley,	-	-	-	Devil's Angle.
" Matthews,	-	-	-	Runway to Ox Tongue
" Townsend,	-	-	-	Head Long Lake.
" Raynor,	-	-	-	Poverty Lake.
" Chandler,	-	-	-	Upper Twin Lake.
Mons Alloo,	-	-	-	Clear Lake.
Mr. Kimball,	-	-	-	Buck Lake.

The day proved very favorable: wind south by west, sky cloudy, but sunshine enough to render matters cheery. Not the chain of lakes, but the forest and Ox Tongue was to be the scene of to-day's triumphs. If Chandler, on Upper Twin, got nothing else, he secured the topography of the shores and made a second map of the Lakes. Tinker was disappointed in his little fawn, which was started by *Fly* but got away, and was afterwards shot by young Vanclief, a settler's son. Louis announced, on his return, "point d'aventure, pas le moindre." Not the shadow of a sign of an adventure.

Wiman, who was sure of a chance if Gouldie's skill and strength could possibly get him one, had an exciting chase on Ox Tongue Lake. It was chilly and Wiman had made himself comfortable in the canoe with overcoat and muffler. Ned's big and intelligent hound, *Scout*, put into the lake a buck weighing 175 pounds, when guide and hunter set off at racing speed to catch him. It was as much as a bargain whether the deer would reach the shore before they paddled up. At last, when within fifty yards, fearing to let him get away, Wiman, all bundled up and perspiring as he was, struggled up, and placing his knees on the forward thwart, let fly and hit the buck in the shoulder. Ar

hour afterward, the same deer being put again into the lake, the Vice-President got another chance, and this time shot him in the head.

Matthews came back to camp at two. His place it was, as has been said, to wait in the woods on a 'runway' or path which the deer frequent, intending to shoot them on the run as they flew by in front of the hounds, instead of watching in a boat to shoot when the dogs chased them into the water. *Scout* and *Fly* had been put out in the morning on the Ox Tongue portage and within a few hundred yards started a doe. Wilbur hurried down to his post, and twenty minutes later another big doe, brought in by *Dan* and *Glen*, ran past him "like a whirlwind," as he describes it, upon a cross runway, intersecting the other, the dogs not two minutes behind her. As the creature came toward him, he startled her by a cry, expecting that she would stop, when, just as he was aiming, she leaped straight up into the air and the bullet went under her. Then, like a railway engine with the throttle suddenly opened, she gave a leap which Wilbur declares measured 25 feet, clearing the trunks of two trees in its course, and went off with her flag up. "Yes," said Alvin, who, watching near by, had seen the leap, "an' if she hadn't thought that a good place to light on, she'd a kep' in the air for 15 foot more." Another shot, at forty yards, brought the doe to her knees, but it was not fatal; she was up again and off, and lost to the hunters. Tracks of a big buck were seen, near where two run-ways approach each other, within a quarter of a mile, but hearing no further encouragement and having listened and read and ruminated upon things in general, Wilbur started about noon for Camp.

Willie went to Poverty Lake, saw some water, trees, sky and things, but found the day monotonous, with no sound of dogs or shots. He lingered for the regulation length of time, however, and came home at three. Tom Salmon lost his dogs, which had not returned to camp at 10.30 p.m. At Devil's Angle, little was heard of either dogs or guns, but there was beauty everywhere. In the sinuosities of this curious lake nestled the shell duck, while overhead flew, now and then, flocks of black ducks near enough for a good eye and a shot gun. Loons swam and dived within cautious distance, and the mink quitted his hole to make darts along the dead brush-wood close in shore, like a pretty water-squirrel, examining the canoe whilst its occupants sat motionless, as if wondering what sort of a dwelling-place for a mink it would make. The shrill pipe of the wood-cock, the call of the snipe, the inviting note of the chick-a-dee and the discordant "avaunt" of the raven. All these we heard, and more.

It was matter of astonishment to learn that the deep "boom" heard at intervals in the perfect stillness was caused by the fall of a pine three miles away, the victim of a lumberman's axe, and that the tinkle of a cow-bell or the farm-yard sounds and human voices, apparently within the distance of what towns-folk would term a block, were distant more than half a mile.

As the afternoon faded away, the guides amused themselves shooting at corked bottles flung into the lake in front of Camp, until the fusillade became general, half the Club joining in. Tinker's Colt's pistol cartridges were nearly all used, but nobody seemed able to hit anything with that loud barker that 'kicked' so like a young steer." May be, having been on a window-

shelf for some days with Tinker's other toilet articles, it had

* * * In among 'em rusted,
Like the old arm that Grand'ther Young
Brought back from Concord, busted.

Wm. Trueman and Bill Wilkinson came out ahead of all the party at this bottle marksmanship. Speculations and bets were made as to the chances of Dwight's appearing amongst us on Sunday. All of us had been dwelling with pleased expectation on the promised visit of Mrs. Gouldie and Miss Laidlaw to-morrow noon. Tinker came out in a new role, leading us in singing several hymns, and adding a good tenor to the chorus of various songs. "Dearest Mae," which Chandler had several times sung, was made a Club ballad.



SATURDAY, 11th October.

UP at 6.30. Ned having made us a fire, for which, however, there was little need, the glass marking 44°. No one felt otherwise than good humored and fresh, or at any rate did not show it. To-day was the anniversary of Chandler's wedding; it was also Townsend's birthday, and within one week of being the date of Raynor's marriage. So it was resolved to celebrate the three events together. This idea being clamorously hailed the night before, all who had not filled their stomachs with hot water—a queer start, but a hundred times better than iced—drank *Rip Van Winkle's* toast to the three who have been indicated. A gentle southern breeze and a fresh atmosphere (Ther. 56°)

invited us at 8.30 to the chase. Ed. had hung up on its accustomed nail this programme:—

For Duck Lake,	Mr. Wiman.
“ Cooper’s Lake,	“ Matthews.
“ Big Twin “	Mons. Alloo.
“ Foot Long Lake,	Mr. Raynor.
“ Head “	“ Kimball.
“ Clear Lake,	“ Tinker.
“ Run-way, head Twin,	“ Townsend.
“ Devil’s Angle,	“ Chandler.
“ Angle Portage,	“ Hedley.

* * * * *

“Put some stars here,” as Artemas Ward directs his printer on one occasion, may well be written on this page, for but a beggarly account of empty canoes and bitter disappointments came from the lips of our hunters when we re-assembled at one to-day. The young dogs had been put out on the portage between Cooper’s Lake and Long Lake; *Fly* and *Scout*, separately, on the west side of Poverty Lake. Salmon’s young dogs were not available, not having returned. (They were found on Sunday, at McCann’s corners, some two miles from Dwight, Mr. Meredith and other settlers recognized and detained them.) There was one brilliant exception, however, for Matthews’ repeater was heard at half-past ten, thrice in succession. He had seen a doe swimming in Cooper’s Lake, and after an energetic chase in Robert’s birch canoe, put two balls through her head. Wiman came from Duck Lake at 1.30 after a long and exhaustive trip homeward against the wind, cheery as usual though with no trophies of his formidable Remington, one barrel of which is a No. 10

shot gun and one a rifle. Long Lake had been patrolled faithfully by Raynor at the foot, Kimball at the head, and Hedley mid-way, but without the sight of a four legged creature. Tinker at Clear Lake, had plenty of landscape but no luck.

But Louis' experience was one which none so well as his own facile pen can properly describe; An hour and a half had he waited there, as patiently as a mercurial temperament can, with no sound of dogs and no sign of life larger than a loon or a distant duck, when a most disturbing thing happened. While the canoe, with Alloo seated in it, was grounded on the margin of the pretty birch grove on the east side, and Bill stood on a log close by, both scanning the lake for the twentieth time in the hope of seeing ears or antlers on its surface—whish! came a buck from out the brush-wood behind them and splash! he went into the water not thirty feet from the boat.

“Sacristi! voila.” One can fancy the exclamation.

“Get your gun,” called the guide, at the same moment pushing out the canoe.

The excited hunter took aim, prematurely, while yet the deer was scarcely clear of the shore, but the canoe danced a little on the rippling swell, and the bullet went through the upright ear of the startied buck. Round about he turned, and sped into the woods again; the hunters, without the dogs were helpless, and the magnificent fellow, with Louis' ear mark on him, sought cover in the forest.

“I have since killed him in my dreams, however, mes amis,” said Alloo on the Sunday morning, with a sigh of genuine disappointment.

The rest had nothing of moment to relate concerning their experiences, unless it be that Chandler's exploration of the chain of lakes had satisfied him that the official maps of this district did less than justice to its waters. As he was seen some days afterwards while on the cars en route to New York, in animated conversation with a smiling and attentive gentleman, who proved to be no less a personage than the Hon. the Ontario Minister of Crown Lands, it is supposed that he has brought the matter to the notice of the Government. Luckily, there were no members of the Opposition aboard, else the innocent Albert might have been "yanked" up before the Police Magistrate for conspiracy, under the impression that he was the mysterious Lynch, or that he bore some relationship to the enterprising Kirkland, whose open-handed support of an "American" policy with respect to timber limits, cost him and his friends so dear in the plot which convulsed political circles at Toronto a few months before. As nothing has since been heard of Chandler's incarceration, however, it may be assumed that Mr. Pardee's suspicions were not aroused. Chandler's "disputed territory" having reference to Franklin and Sinclair townships, and not to the *terre incomprise* farther west and north.

"Ain't them jist a daisy pair o' dogs," said one of the guides, as the two excited creatures appeared, from out the woods on one occasion, looking earnestly towards a distant point whither a deer had just swum, "they're jist as faithful as they be han'some, an' sorter lovin' too." Then they are like Robert's horses, which we saw at West Randolph, thought Hedley when he heard the description.

The promptness with which most of the boys returned to Camp testified to the interest felt in the promised visit of the ladies. Some chagrin was shown, by certain fellows who shall be nameless, that Matthews should have been sent to the lake nearest to Dwight P. O., and so enabled to enjoy, *solus*, their companionship on his homeward trip. Mr. Wilkinson, of the culinary department, we found had kept his weather eye to the southward for the fair ones, being as observant as he was susceptible. And indeed he prepared an excellent spread, ready for the table the moment Wiman should make his appearance.

Great scorn was heaped upon Hedley for putting on a paper collar for the occasion; but when Robert had attired himself, as Mark Twain puts it, by mounting a diamond pin and turning down the foot of his trousers, and when even Tom, who is too old a hunter to sacrifice *much* to appearances, wore his Club suit, it was surely permissible for the historian to sport his solitary bit of finery. Tinker, who was late in arriving from his far north post, had to dress very hurriedly, but did not forget the butterfly bow in his neck tie.

Mrs. Gouldie, her husband, our chief guide, Miss Laidlaw, and Miss Blackwell arrived about noon in canoes, accompanied by the brothers of the young lady last named. Met at the landing and carefully assisted up the freshly sanded slope, the ladies were shown into the Club House. The reader's imagination will please supply the following sub-divisions of the 18 x 24 apartment for the purposes of this our first reception at Camp Chandler:

Chairs were placed for the visitors in the RECEPTION ROOM (the space at the north end surrounding the fire

place.) Their hats and wraps were deposited by willing hands in the ANTE ROOM, (resting of the pile of empty coats in the north-east corner.) Willie, when they had rested, most gallantly escorted all three in succession to the DRESSING ROOM, (a mirror and shelf on the west side.) Then they were led by a deputation to the fauteuils and ottomans in the PARLOR, (two blanket-covered bunks at the south end,) where entertaining conversation in several languages was provided them until dinner should be served in the REFRESHMENT ROOM, (the remaining space in the centre occupied by the table.)

Miss Laidlaw was the bearer of a handsome bouquet of geraniums, pansies, ferns and wild flowers, thoughtfully sent to the Club by Miss Marsh, who was unable to come; and this, placed in one of Crosse and Blackwell's aesthetic jelly-vases, presently ornamented the dining table. Our meal was a merry one. The cellars of the club were freely drawn upon for the unusual occasion and these first lady visitors to our modern quarters were offered everything, from the claret and 'polly which is the favorite beverage of the vice president, to the champagne cider, carefully frappé from exposure on the verandah, by ever-present and devoted Willie. Neglecting our usual dessert of hard tack and cheese, as something ill worthy of such an occasion, Robert the Magnificent produced as a *bonne bouche* some nectar chartreuse, whose origin Louis explained with his accustomed grace.

Then the ladies sang, and all joined in the chorus, Hedley gave a reading and Raynor related his blood-curdling narrative of "Mrs. Smith" and the trans-Atlantic *diablerie* of Vanderbilt, until, promptly at four

o'clock, in came Gouldie and with the voice of authority carried off our Sirens to the farther shore of Lake of Bays.

"If them was only hunks of snow, wouldn't it come down thick," was Billy the cook's remark when at midnight we were all called out to see the extraordinary fleecy clouds filling the whole heavens with masses of white wool sailing past the brilliant moon. The glass had marked, at different hours during the day, from 58° to 62°, and the air was like a benediction.



SUNDAY, OCTOBER 12TH.

THE Vice-President insisted, for indeed he had already arranged, that we should all go to church to-day, and accordingly we were up in good season. It was obvious at once after breakfast that the boys had not yet become dead to conventionality. Such an emptying of portage bags and rummaging of clothes as there was, Such smearing of boots with dubbin or polishing them with newspapers or forest leaves. Such posings before the mirror and parting, yes, re-parting of hair.

"Shall I shave, or not?—What do you think, Jimmy?"

"Has any body got a pin?—any sort of one will do; even a fish hook would not be despised."

"Does this hole in my clothes show when I pin it, so, Chandler?"

"Oh, ask Willie for pins, or Tom for needle and thread."

"Where are 'these American dusters, such as Alloo filled Paris up with?' and where, in especial, is the Club broom-brush?"

Wiman, thoughtful, first, last and all the time, came round in a way half magisterial half *valet de chambre*-ish, bearing an open bottle of Jockey Club for our handkerchiefs.

But was there any need to bother about perfume, when the scent of the woods penetrated our hearts and brains?—What mattered the creases in clothes when they were smoothed out of our foreheads?—Who cared (much) for the polish of boots when the sheen of health was in our eyes?—Nay; perhaps it may be said, with reverence, was there not, deep in our souls, a glow of thankfulness and a desire to worship, which rose superior to dress.

We were presently off, down the lake, six canoes full. Wiman in the van, who led us also in singing his favorite hymns. Chandler was heard in beautiful accord. *Il avait des larmes dans la voix*, this dear friend of ours, as was once told of Rubini: "there were tears in his voice." The same has been said, too, by Thackeray of Goldsmith's and Gray's best verse: "It charms and melts you; it is indefinable, but it exists; and is its property, as fragrance is of a violet, or freshness of a rose." Speaking of Goldsmith, wonder if Willie knew that the gentle Doctor used to conjure, with three hats, a shilling under each, and suddenly made the three appear under one hat, with the words "Hey presto Cockalorum!" which is at least an ancestor of Willie's phrase of incantation.

Arrived at Gouldie's, there was no steamboat and no H. P. Dwight, which was another disappointment. Having had to make the crossing of Cooper's Lake by two trips of the too few canoes—for we had not portaged any boats—it was eleven before some of us reached

the school house where Divine service was being held. We had a simple, manly sermon from Mr. Mackay, a divinity student, who ministered to two small congregations some miles apart. The subject was the nature of the higher life; the helpfulness of the Christian religion; its practice not only enabling a man to die easily but to live a better life. Properly understood and adopted, Christ's gospel makes a better farmer, mechanic, trader, because it makes a better man. It was a pleasant afternoon we spent in the sitting room of the hotel, with Miss Laidlaw at the organ and Mrs. Gouldie on the sofa, and a chorus of half a dozen voices singing hymns ancient or modern, or those of the Moody and Sankey collection. And when we parted from the landlady, each one of us was presented with a photograph of Trading Lake House as a souvenir. Mentioning souvenirs, was there not something else? Is it a dream? —an imagining?

"Some dreams we have are nothing else but dreams,
Unnatural and full of contradictions;
But others of our most romantic schemes
Are something more than fictions."

And there lingers a legend that two fellows, in response to an invitation which was not restricted but general, did indite something in a certain album. One, whose poetry shaped itself, somehow, best in prose, managed, it is affirmed, to write

"Prettiest girl on Muskoka shore,"

While the other, not being able to produce anything original, scribbled some words about 'a cup o' kindness,' and 'Auld Lang Syne' which rhymes with 'fine' and 'dine.' But it is certainly not a fiction that the Club and its guests wrote their names in Miss Laidlaw's

autograph album. We saw Miss Marsh on this occasion, and renewed our acquaintance with Miss Blackwell and Miss Trueman. We guests saw, too, the Circulating Library which the Dwight-Wiman Club had in years gone by provided for the use of the settlers near this point. And a very sensible, serviceable present it had proved, furnishing needed mental pabulum for those whose toils and privations had left scant room or time to provide means of mental recreation for themselves.



MONDAY, 13th October.

WILDEST, windiest, most snowy-looking morning yet. The whole firmament was a packed mass of drift, hurrying off north-westward, as if to surround and welcome old, hoary winter on the downward trip from his Arctic home. The night had been less than usually comfortable because of the rain which dripped from the low-pitched roof upon some of the party, causing a hasty moving of cots and placing of rubber sheets in the semi-darkness. After a little re-arrangement of 'watches,' caused by Hedley's enforced departure at mid-day, the programme was fixed as under:—

Mons. Alloo, - - - -	Ox Tongue Lake.
Mr. Chandler, - - - -	" "
" Matthews, - - - -	Runway "
" Kimball, - - - -	" "
" Wiman, - - - -	Devil's Angle.
" Townsend, - - - -	Poverty Lake.
" Tinker, - - - -	Head Long Lake.
" Hedley, - - - -	Foot "
" Raynor, - - - -	Big Twin Lake.

"A cool day, this, for the deer to run," said Jimmy Truman, "but not a likely day for them to take to the water—too windy." We were to-day almost

"Within the sober realm of leafless trees,"

for "the summer glory of the woods *was* gone," and the bouquets of color, which had been such that we could realize, as many cannot, Bryant's meaning, were faded into sober russet and dead gray. Even the cheery green of the tamarac had grown a dingy yellow, and the smoky hue of the topmost fringe of leafless birch or maple made sad contrast with the deep green of the unchanging pine.

At about 9.30 there began a most disturbing riot, for the voices of what seemed a full pack of hounds were heard, loud and excited, borne upon the wind from the north-east of Long Lake. At 9.40, when the uproar was at its worst, "bang, bang, bang," came three shots from Tom Salmon's rifle, fired at a deer which passed him on the run-way. At ten we heard a shot, as if from Twin Lake, and hope sprang up in each breast for Raynor's good fortune.

The young dogs had been started at the birch grove on Big Twin Lake, and scenting a buck, chased him down towards Devil's Angle, where Ed. had put in *Scout* and *Fly*. These two joined in the chase, and were re-enforced by others of the hounds. Pretty soon, the quarry doubled on his tracks and ran back to the head of Long Lake where, as his traces proved, he crossed the little shallow creek westward and was seen by a settler, flying through his clearing, some miles to the westward, the seven dogs all after him.

An hour and a half after this, the dogs came back toward Camp, baffled but not exhausted; crazy, rather,

for the older of them had a cringing and defeated air, while the younger ones yelped or bayed and refused to respond to words of cajolery. Matthews and Archie succeeded in capturing two of the more sedate of them and tried in vain to start them again; the former declares that he walked four miles with this purpose, through woods where deer tracks were as thick as toadstools. Returning, discomfited, he picked up Robert on the way, and they reached Camp at about two o'clock, finding all the party at home except Louis and Chandler, who arrived an hour later, the former "fatigued, exceedingly," by the Ox Tongue portage. He had shot a partridge so accurately and so much that not enough was left of it to bring home.

The sorrowful scribe was escorted, at noon, to his departing canoe. Willie looked, on the sad occasion, like an American Tom Moore, his eyes singing

" Oh ! stay—oh ! stay—
 Joy so seldom weaves a chain
 Like this, to-night, that oh ! 'tis pain
 To break its links so soon."

" All hands loafed around Camp for the rest of the day." This is the way Wilber put it; and as he is the Keeper of the Records from this day forward, and has only this to say about Monday evening, it must be taken for granted that the doings and sayings of the boys for this particular evening were barren of excitement or even of incident.



TUESDAY, October 14th.

ONE pair of dogs was put into the woods this morning at the portage to Cooper's Lake; another off Little Twin; *Fly* at Poverty Lake; *Scout* and *Hunter* on the south shore of Buck Lake. The hunters were placed in the following positions:—

Matthews,	-	-	on	-	-	Clear Lake.
Tinker,	-	-	"	-	-	Buck "
Alloo,	-	-	"	-	-	Poverty Lake.
Townsend,	-	-	"	-	-	Big Twin "
Chandler,	-	-	"	-	-	Little Twin.
Kimball,	-	-	"	-	-	Cooper's Lake.
Wiman,	-	-	"	-	-	Long Lake.
Raynor,	-	-	"	-	-	" "

Having heard a shot on Clear Lake, Matthews went thither and found that a buck had been chased into that sheet by a settler named Low and his chum. At Buck Lake, Tinker, who probably believes now in the saying that 'it is the unexpected that always happens,' had a vision. He and Keown had relaxed a little the eternal vigilance which Ned declares is the price of successful deer shooting, and were drifting along, thinking of nothing in particular, when on looking up they saw a big buck, standing on the point which projects southward and looking at them. His rifle being under the thwart of the canoe, Tinker had to reach forward for it, and at that motion away sprang the buck among the trees, leaving only his image in the memory of the two surprised and chagrined watchers.

Half an hour later, while Louis was guarding the beaver dam on Poverty, a buck came in at the upper end, near the portage, and swam across the large bay at

the north east side. Impatient as usual, Alloo began his fusillade at long range, against the wishes of the guide, and fired three times with no effect. "A little too previous, my boy," was the verdict of the listener to whom he related his story. Then, presently, *Fly* and *Dan* appearing, they were put in upon the track of the buck, but came back, 'empty,' in half an hour. Shortly afterward, Louis' despondency was chased away by the appearance, in the same lake, of a small doe, which after a brief chase he shot and killed.

Having picked up the northern detachment of the force, consisting of Tinker and Alloo, Matthews led the way southward and found most of the others at Camp on arrival. An unusual group was seen about the entrance: among them were discovered Mr. Mackay the minister, Mr. Fisher the photographer, Miss Marsh and Miss Belle Trueman. The interest deepened when it was learned that the Camp was to be photographed and each one sought to dispose himself and his belongings in a picturesque position. Several trials were made by the artist, and at last a fairly successful picture was taken. At about four p.m. the visitors took their leave. Next, Alloo and Matthews went to the foot of the lake to seek for trout, and secured *one*, of dimensions which it may be as we'll not to describe. Determined to be joyous, however, Louis cut a sapling sixteen times the length of the fish, thrust the rod through its gills, and the two fishermen, carrying their catch 'shoulder high' from the wharf, marched in triumph around the supper table where their companions were seated.

A gorgeous night, without, when the moon rose, late but clear. Cosy within, slippers and undress uniform being donned. After a speech from the practical

Matthews, it was decided, *nem. con.* to adopt his recommendation and rise *early* next morning.



WEDNESDAY, October 15th.

ALL hands rose early, at half-past five, indeed, and left Camp before sunrise; the morning clear and fine. So fine, that Matthews declares every man reproached himself for not having tried the experiment before. After some deliberation, the following distribution of the party was resolved on:—

Raynor,	-	-	to	-	-	Buck Lake.
Tinker,	-	-	"	-	-	Poverty Lake.
Alloo,	-	-	"	-	-	Big Twin "
Wiman,	-	-	"	-	-	Ox Tongue do.
Matthews,	-	-	"	-	-	" "
Kimball,	-	-	"	-	-	Runway to "
Chandler,	-	-	"	-	-	Long Lake.
Townsend,	-	-	"	-	-	" "
Jim. Trueman,	-	-	"	-	-	Clear Lake.

Fly was started in Big Twin Grove, *Glen* and *Dan* between Long Lake and Ox Tongue. *Scout* and *Hunter* on Buck Lake. After a run of half an hour, *Fly* drove a nice doe into Big Twin Lake, which was Alloo's watch. Once again, Louis' luck deserted him, whether because he opened fire too soon or not. At any rate the doe, after three shots had been fired at her, turned back into the woods and escaped. Tom Salmon was placed upon the Ox Tongue runway and after long waiting with the patience of hope, saw, on turning his head at the breaking of twigs, two deer crossing the hill afar

off. Sitting still and watching, no longer listlessly, there appeared, half an hour after, a nice doe in the same spot, having come quietly up from a little lake close by. No dogs pursued her; she was just, as the Scotchman said, "takin' a daunder aboot by hersel'" and as she came towards him, Salmon made a noise to arrest her steps when she was well within range, and killed her.

Tom took a comical method of letting chance passers-by know of his good fortune: he put the heart of his deer upon the point of a stick which he stuck in the ground on the portage, and attached to it the legend, written upon a piece of birch bark:

"Compliments of Tom Salmon—No dogs."

This was the only venison secured that day; the dogs had run in a wild and unsatisfactory way. Matthews delighted some of the party by bringing home two salmon trout, one $5\frac{1}{2}$, the other $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. in weight, which he had caught off a point of Ox Tongue Lake, in front of Peter Robertson's house.

It should be noticed that Townsend to-day found abundant evidence of Wilbur's good aim, in the dead carcase of the flying deer at which he fired on the previous Friday, and that not many hundred yards from the spot at which he had watched: she had fallen exhausted, soon.

On this night, the last in camp, the boys, it is related, gorged themselves with pancakes, which they declared were "better than ever." But this had been said on each successive day, and the cook always received the statement deprecatingly, with a smile, and an invitation to eat more while they were hot. Soon after tea a slight rain began to fall, which was the signal for a game of cards. Everything seeming to indicate that this was

the proper time—all hands being more or less fatigued, having been up so early—for what Mr. Richard Swiveller was wont to call 'the rosy,' one of the old timers anticipated the general wish by asking to be allowed—that is to say, in the language of the immortal Micawber, "Soliciting that he should have the privilege of ordering the ingredients necessary to the composition of a moderate portion of that beverage which is particularly associated, in our minds, with the roast beef of old England. I allude to—in short, Punch." So the lemons and sugar were produced, and the tin cups ranged, the steaming kettle placed upon the hearth, and presently the group, so soon to be separated, was drinking farewell toasts. Hot water alone is not a cheerful beverage, so the New Englanders qualified it with lemon and sugar. The Canadians and Old Countrymen mostly preferred a stronger mixture.

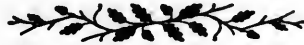
One could not but be struck with the deftness of the guides in managing their canoes, frail tottling craft that a green landsman could neither enter, leave nor propel without an upset. With what skill they keep the balance of the little boat, when the incautious passenger, knowing nothing of his danger, gives a lurch to either side, reaches forward, perhaps, to get his pipe, or puts his hand behind him to adjust his back-board. This the guides manage to do partly by adroit balancing of the body, but largely by means of the constant grip retained upon the water by their paddle, held at an acute angle with the surface. But why do they use such small canoes? A not unnatural question. The answer is simple. In making 'portages,' that is, in going by land around rapids which cannot safely be ventured into with a boat, or in tracking the forest from lake to

lake, the canoe has to be carried on the guide's back, while the passenger carries his gun and 'dunnage.' Thus it become an object to have a boat of the least possible weight fit to contain two persons.

And these canoes, in which so many of our hours were spent and on which so much depended, what of them? After a few weeks' lake-hunting, one gets to have a sort of affection for the canoe he rides in, and can very well understand the guide's solicitude about it. This is his vehicle, his arm-chair, often his bed. To lose it or to have complete disaster happen it, is for a poor carter on shore to lose his dray, or the scissors-grinder his wheel. A bruise or a crack caused by a projecting knot or an unnoticed rock may mean, to the hunter, the loss of a deer, or to the trapper, that of a load of furs. If it happen to be a birch bark canoe, damages are repaired by the hunter with celerity by means of fresh bark and resinous gum from the trees. But to mend a clinker-built boat, when injured, twenty miles from tools other than a clasp-knife, is no joke. These frail shallops, of wood or bark, having to be carried over portages every few hours, must be made as light as possible. Then, considering that they often have to contain a pair of dogs and a carcass or two of venison, besides the hunters, it is essential that they be strong and also buoyant, as well as 'sharp' enough to make good time under the paddle.

All these qualities we found represented in the fleet. Birches were in the minority; the other canoes were mostly of the model described by the authors of "*Canoeing in Canuckia*" as a cross between the "Rob-Roy" of John McGregor and the "Nautilus" of Baden Powell. A green hand, the balance of whose body is

imperfect and the handling of whose paddle is awkward, runs great risk of a wet skin if he venture to navigate alone in any of these. A false move of the paddle either in entering the water or leaving it, is enough to upset an incautious steersman.



THURSDAY, October 16th.

EVERY body, (almost) was up in good season; for the orders were that packing-up must be done before breakfast. So each began to collect his things, and not a few were in doubt whether they could ever be packed again into the same compass in which they arrived. Ammunition was left out, however, for some dogged fellows were "bound to have another hunt before we left Camp." Accordingly, at about nine, canoes began to leave for their stations as under:—

Chandler,	-	-	for	-	-	Cooper's Lake.
Townsend,	-		"	-		Long Lake.
Raynor,	-	-	"	-	-	" "
Matthews,	-	-	"	-		Foot Long Lake.
Kimball,	-	-	"	-	-	Devil's Angle.
Wiman,	-	-	"	-		Little Twin.
Alloo,	-	-	"	-	-	Big "
Tinker,	-	-	"	-		Poverty "
Trueman,	-	-	"	-	-	Buck "

Salmon having taken a pair of the dogs to Devil's Angle portage, Matthews' canoe carried another pair, the young ones, towards Cooper's Lake, while Ned put in *Fly* and *Scout* back of Little Twin. At 11.40, the unerring *Fly* brought an enormous buck into Alloo's

waters and a chase began which had a good deal of agony in it for *some* one. It is on record that Louis, who had a perfect craze, it seemed, for long shots, began firing at 150 yards, a distance which, as he has learned by this time, is less likely to be fatal when done in a sitting posture out of a canoe, than on land. As a consequence of his rashness, the gigantic buck turned back from the water into the woods and got off.

"Ah! Sacr-r-isti! Did you see that?" * * *
Fancy his feelings, any one who can.

"I vow we paddled him clean around the Lake," said Will Trueman.

"Such a *monster*, my dear Tom," cried Louis, his eyes ablaze. "Horns like this"—and he stretched his arms above his head. "Mille tonnerres! I could kick myself—a two hundred and fifty pounder, magnifique, vraiment; and he looked at us, so—Nom de Saint Jacques, quelle sottise! Mon cher Tom, I could *kick* myself. Never again will I commit myself in such hasty manner—no, never."

Dear old *Fly* went after this legendary buck once more, and chased him to the shore of Poverty Lake, where Jim Trueman saw him. Off he went, and that was the last of him; but the persistent *Fly* kept up the chase. To no effect, however; and at 1.30 she swam the lake and reached Camp. *Scout* came back, wet, having evidently been swimming after something in Ox Tongue Lake. The young dogs, *Dan* and *Glen*, put a yearling buck into Chandler's lake, who finished the career of the pretty creature by one merciful shot.

"This wound up the hunt," says the narrator, briefly, and adds, "We then went back and got our dinner."

Has it been noted any where, as yet, that among other domestic features of our cosy Camp-house there was a kitten? "What a happy thought was that to have a kitten on the hearth for us," said Dwight, in reminding the writer that, when he and some friends went up, a week later, along with the 'deep-mouthed welcome' of the kennelled hounds, the voice of the little puss saluted the tired and hungry campers. Billy the cook was to thank for that. He had carried the little creature in his bosom one Sunday, all the way from Gouldie's. "We carefully brought the little thing out with us over the portages through the deep snow when we came away," continued Dwight.

But was not *everything* about that Muskoka camp of ours 'Altogether lovely'? Andrew Carnegie himself—long life to him, must have been delighted with our life 'under the greenwood tree.' We were a band of brothers in search of game and fresh air; we found both. If any one did not get his fill of novelty and fun, it may be said without risk of offense that the fault was his own. It was a good opportunity for becoming better acquainted with nature and each other, for "A day spent (together) in the contemplation of nature converts hours into years of intimacy," as Marciana and Aisma found in Carl Vosmaer's beautiful story of *The Amazon*.



Louis, Louis, dear boy, what a thousand pities that no contribution from your own pen, in any of four languages at your command, can be had to grace our pages. Did you not recall, on your Atlantic voyage homeward in November, that :

J' ai, sous l'abri des bois, des paisibles asiles
 Ou ne retentit pas le bruit des factions,
 Ou je n' entends, au lieu des tempêtes civiles
 Que joie et bénédictions.

Doubtless you did; joy and benediction go with you. And we can fancy you, when you think of Camp Chandler, singing, with Beranger :

Joyeux chasseurs d'Ille et Vilaine (Muskoka)
 De votre cor je prends le ton,
 Chassez, morbleu ! chassez encore.

Riches, science, motto and attire were ours, like to that of Roger Bontemps, whose possessions, in that hut of his, were " a table, a bed, des cartes, une flute (that was a fiddle, or Billy's universal melody) *un bróc !* que Dieu remplit." With joy and affection to fill his every moment, Eh, gai ! this was the wisdom of Roger. Que nous etions neuf Rois d'Yvetot, " faisant leur quatre repas dans leur palais de chaume." Where, in the environs of Brussels, Berlin, Paris itself, will you find " soleil si doux, au declin de l'Automne ; arbres jaunis, ciel vaste et pur," as in our Canadian camp. And how shall we replace you, when in other years the Club shall meet and ask each other for Echos of Fontainebleau, the romantic story of the Irish castle and its transcendental trans-Atlantic counterpart, the Chicago coterie ? Adieu, adieu :

" Echos des bois repetez mes adieux."

"If our wives could look in on us now," said Tinker, as we were making up our beds one night. "They'd probably say that Wilbur, who is boss bed-maker, ought to be made a woman by Act of Congress." Such was Willie's prediction.

"Is that all true, Papa, that you have been reading?" queried one of the Historian's little people, after hearing the narrative of the ladies' visit to our camp, read to the household. "Odd's life!" must one swear to the truth of a song? thought Hedley, recalling Matt Prior.

Now comes the time when this happy party must be homeward bent. The holiday is about over, but it has been one whose pleasure was not hollow and the benefit of which was not transient. Each goes back to his work, sunburned, toned-up, rejuvenated. By and bye, when the winter begins to seem long and the counting-house irksome; while the stress of continued work with no play tells upon dizzy brain or wearied eyes, thoughts will begin to revert to the woods from desk or factory or sanctum, and each will apply the lines in which Whittier describes himself:

"And while he wrought with strenuous will,
The work his hands had found to do,
He heard the fitful music still,
Of winds that out of dreamland blew ;
The din about him could not drown,
What the strange voices whispered down.

Shortly after one o'clock, every one left Camp Chandler, and reached Mrs. Gouldie's about three. Townsend having attended to everything of a business nature, the party went on board the *Excelsior* at four, having with them two of the guides, Tom Salmon and Alvin Phillips. On the way down, *via* Haystack Bay, to call on Mrs. Salmon, the giddy young people of the

party gathered in the wheel-house and——But we will let Willie tell about this in his letter. It was pitch dark when the tortuous river was reached, and careful navigation only saved the boat-load from imprisonment all night in a grounded boat. While the steamer was a distance from the wharf and groping to find it, some kindly citizen, attracted to the landing by her whistle, called out cheerily to the captain and considerately struck an occasional match to show where the wharf stood. By which very primitive means the travellers at last reached *terra firma* at seven p.m.

Stopped at Norfolk House; had supper; went to telegraph office and got news of Ohio election, then to hotel again, where Willie had some lemons, and all hands sang Dearest Mae with fervor, Chandler and Tinker especially. Had great fun getting to bed.



FRIDAY, October 17th.

LEFT Baysville at half past six; a beautiful morning, good horses and a comfortable rig. It was ten before Bracebridge was reached, but there was time to see Dr. Bridgland, to visit the barber shop and then to catch the boat. Once on board a heavy squall came on, which gave the navigators trouble. A capital dinner was enjoyed on the boat, Wiman smiles yet as he remembers it—and the last rose(y) of autumn was produced and discussed.

No further events or adventures are narrated until Aurora is reached. At that station Dwight comes upon the train, and the other passengers start and stare at the shout of welcome which goes up, as "the boys"

catch sight of him. At Parkdale, where the train stopped, a C. F. R. express was found, on the point of starting for the east, so Robert and Willie jumped on board it, reaching Montreal on Saturday, and West Randolph next day, to spend one of those delightful Sundays in Vermont which the Coachers of 1883 recall with longing.

Wiman, Alloo, Tinker and Chandler stopped at the Rossin House; the three last named, after a drive round the city with Dwight, left at noon on Saturday; Louis for Buffalo to meet his wife, the others for New York, Wiman remaining over till Tuesday night.

What words were those, of the plaintive song that Jack Massey sang at Baysville on the homeward trip, unlocking modest Harry's tongue and making even the energetic "Cheesy" look thoughtful?

Sweet dreamland faces, passing to and fro,
Bring back to memory days of long ago.

Theodore might weave a prose poem about such memories as those of Muskoka in the autumn, when the chorus of "Far away, far away," led by Budge's smooth voice, softened the faces of some among the Ochtwans, little used to the melting mood. Well may Wiman write: "The friendships which ripen in these old woods are more precious than any earthly possession."





AFTERTHOUGHTS.

✓N kind response to a desire expressed that each of the party should write a short paper, describing what impressed him most during the trip, the letters which follow were sent, in November following, to the Historian. Townsend, unfortunately was prevented by illness from making his intended contribution; and as for Alloo, his admirers will endeavor to keep his memory green, even although, regretfully, they have to do without the looked-for story from his pen

IMPROVED CONDITIONS IN MUSKOKA.

✓T is two years since I visited this locality, and I may safely say that I never saw better evidences of substantial progress than are here exhibited. Considering the unfavorable conditions, the hard times that have been experienced, and the natural and other difficulties which have conspired to keep the people backward in this remote region, the steady progress made is very gratifying. Not only are dwellings much improved, but a more hopeful spirit pervades the people. They are better dressed, their faces are brighter and more cheerful, and the children have grown not only in stature, but in manner and in intelligence.

On every side I see what pleases me greatly, that is, a sturdy spirit of self reliance and *hope for the future*. The feeling which used to prevail in this locality was that there was little or no prospect of any improvement, and a sense of despair and hopelessness seemed to have settled in many minds. This state of things is all changed, and I rejoice that in a country I so much love there are so many evidences of progress of the best kind.

It is impossible to conceive more beauty than pervades these lake regions. The memory of our Camp constantly lingers with me.

The placidity of the lakes, at the base of high hills covered with verdure glorified by the autumnal tints, and then mirrored with wonderful precision in the water, is a vision of delight that follows me through all the devious windings of the winter, in business pursuits, at home, and elsewhere.

We are a fortunate lot of mortals to have had this taste for wood life imbedded in our hearts, and I for one shall not let any trifle interfere with the cultivation of it, for there is nothing throughout the year that with so small an expenditure of time and money gives so much real, solid pleasure, and at the same time contributes so largely to one's health, physical and mental, as this annual trip and the companionship which has endured so long. The friendships which have ripened in the course of many years in these old woods are to me more precious than any worldly possession, for no money could buy them. I look forward to many happy re-unions in this delightful spot.

As to the Club House, the idea of which I so earnestly opposed, I yield a most joyful acquiescence, and admit that I was all wrong. There could be nothing more perfect or more comfortable. The thoughtfulness of our good friend Dwight and his Canadian associates, in promoting this contribution towards our general weal adds another to the many proofs we have of his goodness of heart and his love for us all.

ERASTUS WIMAN.

Staten Island, Nov. 1884.



ROBERT'S LITTLE STORY.

"BOB, tell us about your still hunt?"

If I must, I must. I cannot tell a whopper. The surest way to keep a deer from coming to your lake is to be over anxious about it; afraid you will not have a shot at one, and *vice versa*. So, in order to give Willie the best show on that first Tuesday, I was sent, with one of the best of men, my guide Tom Salmon, to Cooper's Lake, not expecting much, and not caring a great deal whether we got anything or not.

Tom put out the dogs about mid-way on the portage between Long Lake and Cooper's Lake. In a very short time they gave

tongue, and started due north over the high hills. The music grew fainter and fainter, until only now and then a high note came to us, and only Tom's experienced ear could tell that it was the hound. Arriving at the lake, we paddled across to an island where we could get a grand view of several bays, and be in an easy position to get between a deer and the shore, should one come in. We waited an hour, heard nothing more of the dogs, and saw nothing. The breeze blowing cold, right into our teeth, we concluded to go ashore on the island and build a fire. We waited another hour, making ourselves quite comfortable, expecting nothing to-day: when I looked up and saw a splendid great buck come out of the woods into a beaver meadow of nigh grass and bushes. There were no dogs after him, and he walked about leisurely, now looking out on the lake, as though wondering if it were best to cross; then presenting his fine form broadside to us, and finally walked back a few yards from the shore, and stood quiet. In the meantime we stood still as trees, until Tom said;

"Now crawl into the canoe, and don't make a noise. Take your rifle, and let me paddle alone."

In less time than I can tell you, our birch bark was gliding along on the water as gracefully and quietly as a swan. We got under the shore, and worked our way along to the point where we had seen the deer, going slower and slower. I had my rifle cocked and in position as we rounded the point, where among the bushes I could just see the fine antlers. Not daring to speak, or even to whisper, Tom gave me a punch in the back, and pointed. He paddled along, without a bit of noise, to a good position and stopped. I knew it to mean to fire. I never try to know more than my man, so I let drive. 'There goes a shot on Cooper's Lake,' I'm sure was said in a half dozen places, as the report went bounding along from hill to hill, and lake to lake. Then, soon, 'there's another—and another,' as though some greenhorn were firing a *feu-de-joie*. Old buck gave a bound about ten feet into the tall grass, and his horns showed up so I could just see them again from the canoe. I fired again, but he did not move. Then Tom gave him a shot, as though he would give him to understand that there was a punishment hereafter, and when he did not stir, said, 'You killed him the first shot,' as Willie would say about poor Mrs. Norton, 'as dead as a door nail!'

You don't want to know the rest. I spare the feelings of our tender-hearted brother who goes wandering about alone in the woods, year after year, in the most unlikely places for game, and returns to camp saying 'I've had an awful good time,' without shedding a drop of blood.

ROBERT.



ALBERT'S REMINISCENCES.

"I will a round, unvarnished tale deliver."

AN invitation to join the Dwight-Wiman Club on their annual hunt among the vast forests and beautiful lakes in the region of the Upper Muskoka!

A compliment, indeed, and a rare opportunity. There were good reasons of a business sort why I should not go,—but the desire to spend a few days again with that fun-loving yet orderly, considerate and harmonious "band of brothers," and this time in their own wild woods, and to engage in their favorite sport, so entirely new to me, was not to be set aside;—"and so," (as Louis was wont to say, in continuing his wonderful narratives,) it came about that I left the great metropolis on the evening of Saturday, October 4th, 1884, in company with two members of the Club, and another fortunate "guest,"—my friend for many years, and, after a swift and comfortable ride, without special adventure, we arrived safely in the active, handsome, half-way-American city of Toronto, about five o'clock on the following evening.

Of our cordial reception by the proprietor of the elegant "Rossin House," who is a personal friend of most of the members of the club; the hearty and friendly greeting of the President and Vice-President of the Club; our introduction to the third "guest" of this occasion, the versatile "Louis"; our excellent supper, good rest, bountiful breakfast and hasty adieus—saddened by the inability of the President to accompany us; our ride by railway northward, along the shores of beautiful lake Simcoe; lunch at Allandale, dinner of surpassing excellence on the little steamer *Kenozha*, which took us from Gravenhurst through Muskoka Lake and River to Bracebridge; the good news from home, which the telegraph office there yielded us; the seventeen miles of waggon ride over the alternate muddy and rocky road thence to Baysville, through a most uninvit-

ing, barren and desolate country; our elaborate supper of roast bear, venison, and a table full of other substantial fare, well-cooked and well served; and of our ride thence in the bright moonlight, over the placid and lovely "Lake of Bays," to the "Trading Lake House" at the head of the North Bay. Of all these interesting events, necessary parts of a finished "ever-to-be-remembered and never-to-be-forgotten" whole, I can only make briefest mention.

Our arrival at this remarkable "base of operations" was the beginning of the end of our journey.—A good night's rest, a hearty breakfast, crisp autumn air and as lovely a sky as can be imagined, gave us abundant courage and strength for a much more serious task than a few miles tramp through the woods, and a few more miles of paddling of birch bark canoes, aye, and for a much more perilous undertaking than deer-hunting.

A guide had been provided for each of us by the "Master of the Hunt," the redoubtable "Ed. Gouldie," under orders of the Club, and faithful guides they proved indeed, not only leading our way through lake and forest, and propelling our canoes, but bearing our burdens, instructing us in the arts and mysteries of hunting, and telling us of that remote country, and the possibility of maintaining a subsistence in it;—the latter a mystery which I pray I may not be required to solve for myself. We reached the Camp early on that lovely seventh day of October, and were warmly greeted by the "advance guard" of the Club, their guides and a cook, who had gone on a few days before to make ready.

And such a Camp!—Words fail me.—A charming situation, the eastern shore of Long Lake. A commodious, securely-built log *house*, too well constructed, appointed and provided, to be lightly spoken of as a "shanty" or even a "cabin." A log kitchen with modern stove, and convenient appliances that I suspect would excite the envy of half the housewives in *any* country. Spacious tents for the guides,—doubly protected from the weather, and kennels for the dogs.

On the afternoon of this first day of our arrival, the hunt began.—HUNTING,—for *me!*—Why, I had scarcely fired a gun in twenty years,—and the remote hope of killing any game, was less in my mind than the apprehension that, by some wretched accident, I might put an end to my unfortunate guide, or myself—But I must join the hunt, all the same.

The guide assigned me by "Master Gouldie" was Frank, — a youth hardly twenty-one, strong, sturdy, and well acquainted not only with the Muskoka region, but with the ways, "the tricks and the manners" of all the game therein, from squirrels and beavers to deer, bear and moose.

I shall not attempt to recount the exploits of this and of successive hunts. For me, it is only appropriate to say how much of real rest and respite from the "thousand cares and ten thousand perplexities" of a busy city life is afforded by sitting in a canoe on the bosom of a lovely lake, in the midst of solitude utterly unbroken by any appearance or sound of civilization, and disturbed only by the sighing of the wind through the trees, the light ripple of water made by a skilful oarsman, the occasional croak of a raven or scream of a loon. I may also say that the excitement awakened by the baying of the hounds when on the track of a deer, now coming nearer, now growing fainter by increasing distance, now winding around a far-distant hill and quickly hurrying down to the shore of the very lake where you are watching, must be experienced to be appreciated.

And when one can see, as was my good fortune, a splendid buck dashing out of the forest and bounding along the sandy beach, making many turns and leaps to disappear in the dense woods on the opposite shore; and the keen-scented hounds, with noses to the ground, soon after following in hot pursuit, making the same sort of turns and leaps which opposing logs and rocks had forced the deer to make, the excitement of a horse race, or brilliant circus performance, is dwarfed into insignificance. It was my fortune also, after this same animal had plunged into and across a neighboring lake, and escaped the double fire of the gallant hunter who was "on watch" there, to see him enter again upon my watch, far away from the place of his first appearance, jump into the lake, and then to engage in an exciting race after him with my canoe, aiding my guide by the most vigorous strokes of paddling of which I was capable, and finally to mercifully end in an instant the handsome creature's fright by sending a bullet from my Winchester rifle into his brain. On one other occasion I was equally fortunate in marksmanship, after a no less exciting and spirited chase. My success I attribute chiefly to the counsel of my guide, who had warned me against firing while excited by the chase, and to my anxiety not to wound; but to kill my game at first shot.

My subject is so prolific of thought and so filled with vivid memories that, with all my effort to be brief, I have already written much more than I intended. But I cannot refrain from making mention of the many excellent visits and discussions in which all engaged so agreeably around the cheerful cabin fire, during the evenings, and the two rainy days of our stay. The useful discourse, as well as the songs, the stories and the jokes of all, and the parrying and fencing of keen words so industriously indulged by Wilbur and Willie, will long be remembered with pleasure and satisfaction; while the stories of Louis, the sailor, the Parisian gentleman, and man of business, having had all classes and conditions of the human race to serve, told with his earnestness, wonderful particularity of detail and charming foreign accent, rivalled in interest the story of Robinson Crusoe, and those of the princess in the Arabian Nights.

Nor would my report upon my experiences be complete without bearing testimony to the unsurpassable excellence of our fare, prepared by our wonderfully skilful cook Billy, whose good humour, songs and jollities added much to his usefulness,

The high esteem in which "The Club" is held by guides and the few settlers in that primitive region, and the gratitude of all for the great good accomplished by it in past years, was constantly apparent, and was especially manifested towards the warm-hearted thoughtful and helpful Vice-President, who often appeared to feel more satisfaction in making a struggling settler or a bare-footed child happy, than in achieving some financial or commercial victory, for which he is so renowned in New York, and throughout the Dominion.

All things must have an end, and our hunting days, and a safe and agreeable journey homeward proved no exception. But my remembrance of that fortnight's experience will be bright while memory lasts,—and I expect to tell my grandchildren many an interesting story of it when my days of toil and activity are gone by.

For the many kindnesses shown me by every member of the Club, and by each guest, the good fellowship that grew out of such association, and the thoughtful consideration of that member of the Club, the friend of my boyhood, to whom I owe my valued acquaintance with nearly all that goodly company, I shall always be sincerely grateful.

A. B. C.

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TINKER 'ENTHUSES.'

"A chosen band, in a mountain land,
And a life in the woods for me."

MY dear Historian,—I hasten to improve the first opportunity to respond to your call for "copy" The text given me "What *most* impressed you in our Club camp life?" offers material for a whole series of impressions, while I can hope with my rusty pen to touch only upon the 'firstly' and 'lastly,' and drop the subject for want of time and language to do it justice.

The beauties of Camp Chandler, hidden away beyond the pale of civilization, upon the verge of that placid lake, in which was mirrored in marvelous distinctness the weird forms and variegated colors of nature, resting in supreme solitude along its shores. This *first* impressed me, but from within its rough hewn walls I received *more* impressions. Could they speak, each log and crevice would echo its burden of tales of land and sea—Empire and Republic—enlightened and heathen, from the marts of trade to the halls of pleasure—of syndicates and biblicates, of song and dance, and games of chance, till the whole world might stand aghast at the medley, and wonder what manner of men had found shelter there. These impressions *possess* me as a mystic dream, always remembered yet never told.

"On the watch"—breathless-waiting. So still—Hark! the music of the hounds breaks upon the ear—welcome sweet strains, come nearer! Listen! louder—bang! bang! bang!—bang!—bang!—bang!—bang! Seven of deaths alarms. Louis has got the deer. Home we go; but, no! Hear again the sweet refrain, "Fly" is on the trail again—lay low—she's coming toward us. Look! see that wild majestic form with antlers towering high, taking to the water, but alas! we're discovered and away he bounds into the forest and over the hill till the receding "tongue" of his pursuer dies upon the ear. Louis has lost his deer * * * And the last hunt is over. Good bye Buck and Poverty, Twin and Crotch, may your beautiful shores never reverberate again to the "music" of such a fusilade as the guests of 1884 saluted you with.

Homeward bound—sad for the partings, but filled with happy recollections of our camping days in October.

My heart is in *Muskoka*, my heart is not here,
 My heart is in Muskoka a chasing the deer;
 Chasing the wild deer in *dipping canoe*,
 My heart is in Muskoka wherever I go.

(Burns-Tinkered.)

What *most* impressed me? The royal good-fellowship of the club, each member of which appeared to vie with the others to contribute to the pleasure of all; and the good fortune which permitted *me* to be one of its guests of 1884. Wishing health, wealth and prosperity to all. I remain very truly yours,

CHAS. H. TINKER.

New York, Nov. 4th, 1884.



WILLIE'S REMINISCENCES.

DEAR Hedley,—You do not know, except from hearsay, of the breaking-up and bidding adieu to the best and most complete camping ground we have ever occupied, leaving us as you did on Monday. The Thursday following was the day fixed for departure. We went to bed the night before with as much *insouciance* as if we had taken up our abode for the winter. But with the early gray of the dawn all was changed. It was true we ate the same inordinate breakfasts we had eaten for ten days. Yet there was a gathering of odds and ends and tidying up of things; the bringing to light of various items, of white shirts and paper collars, that in the savagery of the woods had been spurned as Crusoe did the lamp of gold he found in his island home. For all that, we had a short hunt in the morning, with strict instructions (most implicitly obeyed) to return by noon; and after a hasty lunch, loaded our canoes and set off for our six mile portage into Dwight. As we turned the point below our camp, I noticed each in his canoe turn with a lingering gaze for a last glimpse of the cabin where we had spent so many agreeable days in full pursuit of health, happiness and the bounding deer. Of the first two objects I had as much as any one; of the last I had none, not having seen a deer from the time I went into camp until I came out.

We were favored by the skies and the weather, reaching Gouldie's in good season, just as the steamer from Baysville arrived to take us down. Stepping into the little school-house,

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begging a half holiday for the urchins, as if we were kings instead Nimrods. The children were dismissed after "the word spoken in season," by our vice-president, in absence of our honored head. The steamer brought us our mail, our quotations and the latest news from the front. We left in due time, the whole population of the village, apparently, coming down to the shore to wave us *bon voyage*; the little school teacher, who had already won our hearts, standing in the front bravely fluttering her handkerchief. Besides the club and its guests we had on board the steamer Tom Salmon, our old time guide, and a young lady, full of the guileless witchery of her sex, whom Capt. Huckins had considerably established in the wheelhouse under his paternal care. We stood at the side of the steamer with answering signals until the village was undistinguishable from the horizon, adjoining in a body to the wheel house.

Our course lay for Point Elizabeth, in order to leave Tom Salmon. It was a point we had always loved as a favorite camping ground. Since we had last been there, Salmon had married one of the reigning belles of Trading Lake, and with wife and child was living in one of the most neatly-appointed houses, in interior decorations and surroundings, it had ever been our lot to visit. Of course all of the older members of the club found an excuse to go ashore and renew the acquaintance of Auld Lang Syne. We found the beautiful girl of a few years before bloomed into charming motherhood, holding in her arms the laughing crowing infant. Good Capt. Huckins, in his zeal and *bonhommie* had run the steamer so close into shore that re-embarking from the canoes we found we were hard and fast aground and the wind astern. But by an impartial distribution of Matthews and other ballast, and a hearty shove with the aid of some poles, we at last were free, and again we gathered under the paternal eye of the captain. There was not room for all of us to sit down in the wheel house, but the less favored ones seemed willing to stand and talk to the bashful girl who had attracted them there. With loving remembrance of camp scenes, killing the deer over again, and now and then a song, we finally made our way from the lake to the south branch of the Muskoka River, famed in Club annals, and long after dark reached the wharf at Baysville. Not a light to be seen until, after repeated shouts from the Captain, a beacon appeared in the window of Captain Huckins, house and then the glimmer of a lantern came down to the shore.

We left the boat with real regret; the hours had flown by as moments; The romantic paddle the whole length of the lake, that in years gone by had occupied a full day, had resolved itself into a few hours' sail on a prosaic steamboat, only alleviated by the presence of a pretty girl in the wheelhouse. However, we went ashore, found our way to Howard's Hotel and devoured a supper that in its entirety should have sufficed for two clubs, then to the post office for letters, telegrams, and news from the outer world. During the evening Boothby, a settler, with his two sons, brought in two bear skins. He had shot two bears, a few nights before, within half an hour of each other. They were magnificent specimens of the black bear, one of them stretching when laid out, a length of six feet six inches, The skins were secured by Louis as a *souvenir* of the Canadian forests, to be transported far from their native woods to La Belle France. During the evening we sang the songs, cracked the jokes, told the stories, for the last time and went to bed; the contiguity of the apartments and our disdain of closing the doors led to desultory conversation that lasted far into the night. Nature finally asserted her supremacy and no tired school-boys ever slept as we did.

We were up, though, before day-light, ready for the wagons to take us into Bracebridge. It was a bright frosty day, but a hearty breakfast and the best of spirits made the ordinailly tedious ride one of unalloyed enjoyment. At Bracebridge it rained a little, but leaving the river for the lake we steamed out into the broad sunshine. The glories of the Autumnal tints we had found two weeks before in the upper waters, we here saw repeated in a greater intensity, and never have I seen such vivid coloring as was exhibited in the mapled shores of the beautiful Muskoka. Dinner time found us ready in eager anticipation of the good things of this life that awaited us, heightened by Robert's thoughtful production of a couple bottles of sauce, saved from the dinner of the night previous. The run from Gravenhurst to Toronto was made without a break except the supper at Allandale, and at Aurora we picked up Dwight, who, seated in our midst on the train, learned from the Babel of tongues poured in his ear, the wondrous tales of Camp Chandler.

Thus ended the trip of 1884. We were never more fortunate in the weather, the deer or the good fellowship of our most congenial guests.

W.P.R.

Staten Island, Nov. 2nd, 1884.

WILBUR'S VISION.

THE event that made the greatest impression on my mind during the trip occurred the first morning I went on a run-way.

Going about half way across the Ox Tongue portage I let two of the dogs go on the track of a large deer whose footprints had recently crossed the path. They soon started him and he came within sight, but I could not get a shot at him. Moving about a quarter of a mile further on, to where a good run-way ran parallel with the path for some distance, I "took my stand" by the side of two upturned trees that lay diagonally across the run-way. The deer ran to the east of a small lake a short distance from me, and circling round to the right gave me a good opportunity for enjoying the music of the dogs, who were giving tongue in great style.

I soon heard another pair of dogs to my left, coming rapidly towards me, and for a short time I seemed almost in danger of dislocating my neck in listening for both pairs. The ones to my left came so close that I felt sure their deer had passed round the brow of a hill and gone off to the east of the small lake, when suddenly I heard a slight crash, then another, and looking around behind the upturned roots of the trees I was standing by, saw a large doe coming directly towards me at a terrific rate. From the top of the small hill where I could first see her, to where I stood, was not over 60 yards, and almost before I could think she was within a few yards of me. I quickly raised my rifle and made a noise to attract her attention, thinking she would halt an instant, as most well regulated deer do under similar circumstances, but she didn't want to, or was going so fast she couldn't, and instead of stopping sprang about six feet into the air, and as I pulled just at that moment, the bullet of course went completely under her. Another jump brought her close to the root, and the next instant she sailed past me so close I could have punched her with my rifle, clearing both logs and covering twenty-four feet in the jump. I hastily prepared for another shot with my repeater, and stepping from behind a tree that stood in my way, fired again as she was about 40 yards away; she dropped on her knees, but instantly recovered and turning at right angles ran off apparently unhurt. I had another shot at about 80 yards as she was disappearing in the underbrush, but she didn't appear to mind it, and running about 300 yards she fell dead by the run-way. The dogs were not 200 yards behind, yelling like fiends, and as she passed me with her mouth wide open, her tongue out and her tail in the air, I concluded that I had seen a vision of speed that nothing but chain lightning could equal.

W. C. M.