





Ramph  
Anthrop  
Games  
C



# OCHTWAN SPORTING CLUB.

---

AUTUMN, 1882.

304905  
17 10 34



## PREFACE.

---

I wrote some lines once on a time,  
In wondrous merry mood ;  
And thought as usual men would say :  
They were exceeding good.



TO

---

WITH COMPLIMENTS OF THE

# OCHTWAN SPORTING CLUB.

---

*Dramatis Personæ:*

*President*, JUDGE MASSEY, New York.

*Secretary*, DOCK ROSS, Toronto.

*Members :*

CHEESY ROBINSON, G.S., Toronto ;

NETTIE NELSON, D.L.S., Toronto ;

WARDEN MASSEY, Toronto ;

GRANDPA HENDERSON, Toronto ;

BUG De WIGHT, Toronto ;

BILLEE TAYLOR, T.V.M.D., Toronto ;

HARRY SUCKLING, C.V.R.R., Toronto.

---

“ Look to the players ; see them well bestowed :

They are the abstract and brief chroniclers of the times.”





## CHAPTER I.

---

"Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet  
With charm of earliest birds.

\* \* \* \*

But now the moments bring  
The time of parting with redoubled wing."

THE sun is risen and the hour of departure is nigh. It is the 28th day of September, 1882, and as fine a day as the most exacting could desire. One by one our party lumber in the Northern depot, encased in clothes which at last see the light after their long hermitage in the attic storeroom. Their boots polish seems to advertize their newness. Their caps are grand old mementoes of former days of thrilling adventure. Near the baggage car stands a lone and haggard looking old man, dressed in what the inexperienced might pronounce a second-hand corduroy suit, or else the garb of an English railway porter. Watch closely the red curl of the fierce moustachios which he suppresses as a sign of his apparent poverty. "Who is it?" is a keener interested whisper which is passed round. Is it alive? I should say it was. With a quick step a gentleman approaches him, and in the most delicious of English accents says, "Porter, will you kindly put my luggage on board." Watch the crimson cheek. See the "Cheesy" smile, as gaping gullies are furrowed on his frowning forehead. Note the glaring stare from his glittering orbs as he indignantly answers, "It's a cold day when I'm left. I aint on lifting baggage," and passes by. But what is life without a mother-in-

law? and what is a sport without a corduroy suit? Was he one of our crowd? Alas, he was. Now turn your eagle eye on the shining locks of that little gray haired man with the big boots and the pompous stare. That's "grandpapa," an old bachelor, the father of our party. In the words of Parhassius, "he stood a gray haired and majestic old man." Now, up comes the "Judge" with his bland smile and solemn Kilmarnock bonnet, looking, every inch of him, like a past military man and a thorough Scotch American Canadienne. He's no chick either, and don't you forget it, as Shakspeare has it. Near him stands Nettie the jolly, Nettie the round, Nettie the short, Nettie with his athletic frame, his cheeks dimpled with his omnipresent good nature, and his lips puckered around a cigar. He can flip (to lose) with any man 40 miles this side of Port Carling. He has but two faults: he is indolent, and he spins yarns.

"Hallo! Is it cold up there?" is shouted by a small boy, when a figure, the very antithesis of the last, shuffles into the station with lightning speed. His face is illuminated with its usual merriment,

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] This is Bug, an old companion of ours.

But one more has to come. He is late, as usual; but here at last he is, with a rush; interfering with everything and trying to boss everybody, and looking as if he had been out all night. Perhaps he has—he is given to that kind of thing. He is the chaperone of the party. He carries the money bag, and doles out

the filthy lucre. At last, the iron monster opens her brazen throat, and amid regretful adieus from Harry, Billee Taylor and the Warden, we are off. In the little tobacco sanctum, dedicated by each parlor car to the god of smoke, we soon organized a business meeting, with the Judge in the chair. The Judge was appointed camp captain (as set forth in our by-laws regulating camp life). Nettie and Cheesy then tossed for the champagne, at Allandale. The manly Nettie lost as usual. At Allandale, we drank that champagne; and it was the most refreshing part of the dainty lunch. But, Nettie must be revenged, and he instituted another toss, which was general; but, the gods of fate were against him, and he lost again. The champagne will be disposed of on the return trip. The "sad sea dog" was once more discomfited, and so quietly adjourned to the land of nod. At last on board the steamer from Gravenhurst, we pass out on to the bosom of Muskoka Lake, where the fresh breeze seems to instil new life into all of us. Another meal is heartily partaken of, and then an adjournment made to the open air smoking room, to partake of the Judge's liberality and of his fine-flavored Havanas. After turning in and out, in and out among the tortuosities of that crooked Muskoka River, we are soon safely landed. Kane, the King of Liverys, meets us with his usual smile; the waggons are soon loaded, and away we go up those steep hills of Bracebridge.

From the broad highland regions, dark with pines,  
Far as the sparkling waters, hills, ye rise.

We called on Dr. Bridgeland, our acquaintance of a former trip, and found him as pleasant and kind as ever, surrounded by his formidable armamentarium of

drugs and mortars, and pestles and scales. There was a sort of a blood-thirsty, twinkling, cut-off-that-arm look about his eyes, which seemed very suggestive.

We started off on our eighteen mile drive over one of the worst roads in Christendom, in spring waggons with spring seats, and very gamey horses,

Long-hoofed, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,  
Broad breast, full eyes, small head and nostril wide;  
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,  
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttocks, tender hide.

Songs were numerous, and as Cheesy's melodious voice pealed out on the night air, oh, how we wished for a few organ stops, that we might plug our ears and exclude the weird and witching sounds forever. But, when we neared Budgeville, we all roused ourselves from our lethargy and sent forth over the little town half hushed in slumber, the beautiful chorus of "Somebody Waiting," and the distant hills echoed back the strain. The moon was by this time (10.30) well up, and a council of war decided that Captain Hucking, with his steam tug, must take us on, under the guidance of the moon's rays, to Woodbridge. The engineer was roused from the arms of Morpheus and ordered to get up steam. After Trueman, one of our guides, put his canoe on board, and after we had all worked like slaves stowing away the baggage, the whistle sounded and away we went, out on the lakes and into our bunks. Poor Mrs. Drake, the widow of our former guide Charlie, little thought of our coming as she snored in her attic bedroom; nor was the sleep of her daughter disturbed by the proximity of six Toronto sports. The wharf is reached and away we rush to startle the widow out of a year's growth. With a rat-tat-tat, the ever

smiling, ever graceful Hucking greets the front door panel, and the usual responsive hop of welcome comes from an attic bedroom, and a bare head protrudes from the attic window and shouts, "Who's there?" We informed them that we were there. "And who's 'we'?" But enough, we were admitted, a fire was soon crackling in the sitting-room above and the inevitable flask was produced from the capacious pocket of the "grandfather." Mid the baying of the restless hounds and the uncomfortably near shuffling of feet on the  $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch ceiling, as Mrs. D. and her charming daughter put our bedrooms in order, who should step in but our old friend and head guide, Ned. After the usual hand shaking, the Secretary, impatient as usual, called the meeting to order and read the by-law relating to the disposal of guides. The names drawn by different members were as follows:

JUDGE—Kit Sawyer.

CHEESY—Alvin Phillips.

BUDGE—Ned Gouldie.

NETTIE—Mat Howe.

GRANDPA—Blackwell.

DOCK—Trueman.

BILL—Ketch.

And then we were shewn to our rooms and soon fell sound asleep, well content with having made the shortest trip on record, from Toronto to Woodbridge in one day.

---

## CHAPTER II.

Ay, and a cut-throat too in brief,  
The greatest scoundrel living.

MORNING dawned at last, and after our ablutions had been duly performed we adjourned below. A sadness seemed to hang over the house, and it must have hung in a heavier cloud while we remained under the roof from which but a twelvemonth ago our old guide had set out with us for the hunting grounds. But poor Charlie had been suddenly cut down by the hand of death and taken to the happy hunting grounds, where all must follow sooner or later. Some one seemed missing about the house—one place was vacant.

There is no fireside howso'er defended,  
But has one vacant chair.

More than once did I see the poor widow in tears thinking of the dear one who had been brought home to her a corpse. Doubtless our presence opened up old channels of thought, musing of what was and what might have been. He had been a kind husband, a good father, a jolly and obliging companion; and it was for his sake that we did what little we could to help his widow and family. Unfortunately, our head guide had arranged with that old reprobate, Zack Cole, for the portaging of our luggage by means of a waggon and team of horses. The luggage was all loaded, and the horses made a start. We then paddled off in our canoes, little dreaming of the scurvy trick the scoundrel was going to play us, to satisfy the petty jealousy our

short residence under the widow's roof had aroused. On we went, feeling as merry as schoolboys out for a holiday. At the old mill we made our first portage, and soon arrived at the foot of the long one—the worst portage, without exception, in the Muskoka country. Over we go, puffing and panting from the exertion to which we were as yet little used—sweating at every pore. When will the tramp end? One would think never, as higher and still higher we get up what seemed a never-ending hill; but at last we reached the summit, and then began the descent. Shortly a halt was called on the shore of a bay—one of the bays of Swallow Lake. Here we seated ourselves beneath the old pines—the time-worn trees of this primeval forest. Time wore on, and our ears were turned from time to time in the direction of the Portage road, hoping to catch the “whoa” or “gee” or crack of the driver's whip, or any manifestation of the waggon's approach. We waited and hoped, and hoped and waited, but in vain, no waggon came. At last a lad arrived bearing the unwelcome news that the team had stuck near the entrance to the woods, and were unable to pull their load further in the mud, and that the driver and horses had turned back. This was a nice state of affairs. Here we had been all day without a bite to eat, and here we were likely to be for some time. A council of war decided that the goods must be portaged in the old-fashioned way, and that the men had better start back at once. Then it was that the perfidy of the old villain became apparent; much to their surprise they found no waggon stuck in the mud, but learned that the wretch had simply waited until we were well out of sight, and had then turned round and gone back. They returned long after dark,



with one load each, tired and jaded by their terrible scramble through the sombre woods, each loaded down with as much as he would have cared to carry in daylight. Fortunately, we had our blankets over, and two loaves of bread. By the light of a rousing camp fire, which imparted to us some merriment, we ate our frugal meal, and then wrapping our rugs about us, lay down to pleasant dreams.

---

### CHAPTER III.

---

Ye vigorous swains, while youth ferments your blood,  
And purer spirits (seven year old) swell the sprightly flood.  
Now range the hills on game's pursuit well bent,  
Fill up the flask and spread your spacious tent.

NATURE'S electric light shed its welcome rays around us ere we awoke. Grandpa's ancient dreams of boyhood, long since past, and Nettie's awful snores were abruptly terminated by the high-strung tones of Bluejay's melodious voice, announcing that our morning meal awaited us. The inner man was soon appeased, and as we finished our meal the men came stumbling up one by one with their backs well doubled by heavy loads, and after a short rest they returned for the remaining boxes. In the meantime, old Cheesy fitted up a birchen rod, seated himself cannily in a bark canoe, and paddled out from shore.

Far up the stream the twisted hair he throws,  
Which down the murmuring current quickly flows.

There he sat beneath the rays of that warm October sun, with his mouth wide open, and his cup of expectation brimming to the top. But his flask was not brim-



ming to the top—why, he alone can tell. Certain it is, however, that he never had a rise, nor should he have expected one, nor should any man expect one who fishes at that time of the year with fly hooks. Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.

It was arranged that Ketch should go back to Baysville, and there await Mr. Taylor. The Dock, little knowing what he was undertaking, volunteered in his usual self-opinionated way, to paddle the extra canoe. By this means we were enabled to take all the men and luggage up to our projected camping ground at the head of the lake, and leave nothing behind. It was a long nine mile paddle for our fatigued guides, but they bore up with their usual good nature, and upon our arrival set heartily to work unpacking and pitching tents, preparing dinner, and making ready for our first hunt. While these preparations were going on, the Judge and Edward wrote down on slips of paper the names of the contemplated watches at Coal Pit Point, West Shore, Crowned Lake, Briar Lake, Humbold Lake, and Camp Shore, and we drew for positions. This was according to our rules, and was what we always practised, as it prevented all disputes. The Judge and Budge changed guides by mutual consent, and Edward and Judge started for Humbold Lake; and big good-natured Kit and long old Budge stumped off to Crowned Lake together. Edwards dogs, Scout and Rover started and watered the deer in Crowned Lake, where unfortunately for him he was focused on Kit's sensitive maculæ luteæ. They paddled up and soon overtook him.

Soon from the uplifted tube

The mimic thunder bursts—the leaden death o'ertakes him.

And his huge antlers flop over in the water as if he had

fainted. They towed him ashore, "disenthralled" him as Pat called it, lifted him into the canoe, and started for home. In they come amid the welcome shouts of the combined camp. More than one mouth watered, and more than one heart rejoiced in anticipation of a choice saddle for our Sunday dinner. And thus it was we killed our first deer. First blood for Budge.

---

## CHAPTER IV.

---

Hail Sabbath! Thee I hail, the poor man's day;  
On other days the man of toil is doomed,  
To eat his joyless bread, alone,  
But on this day the dizzing mill wheel rests,  
The anvils din has ceased;  
All around is quietness and peace.

THE steamy haze lingered late over the calm waters and up to eight o'clock there was but little stir in camp. Each of us seemed bound to outsleep the others. Nettie and Bluejay were the first up, as usual, Bluejay to cook the breakfast and Nettie to disturb everyone about him. "Get up Cheese, get up Cheese," he would shout in sharp tones, and then would pull at the blankets and kick around him in a very unbecoming manner. But we could excuse him because anyone with half an eye and the other a glass one could see that he had been badly brought up. And as for untidyness, he was terribly untidy. He would throw his coat down in one place and his boots on top of it leave his shirt kicking around the tent, but would always carefully hang his gun cover over the line. Such was our dear old sad sea dog. Breakfast was soon ready and we did enjoy the venison. It was

something new and seemed more juicy and tasty for its newness. Nearly a year had elapsed since we last ate venison under similar circumstances, and a long year it seemed to be. At that time we had eaten it off borrowed plates and with borrowed knives and forks. But this year we ate it off our own plates and with our own knives and forks, although our camp outfit was an exact copy of that lent us so kindly by our parent Club, the "Dwight-Wiman." We must in this place record our thanks to those gentlemen for their great help to us at that time and tell them that in future we hope we may always be able to arrange our trips to suit one another's convenience as well as they were arranged this year. Kit Sawyer was sent back to the portage with a canoe for Ketch. We had no hunt on Sunday, we never have had and we hope we never may have one. It was a quiet day and we employed it in singing a few songs, and in making short excursions to the neighboring lakes.

Pretty little lakes they are nestling in the bosom of the great woods, fanned by pure and gentle zephyrs that dip down upon them from the surrounding hills, dotted over with their wild fowl and hiding their myriads of fishes in their wondrous depths. Here on one side of its margin rise precipitous bluffs, and there on the other you find a low swampy marshy tract quite the reverse. It is indeed pleasant to glide over the glassy waters, in a light canoe, beneath the bright October sun, to listen to the oft repeating echo, to draw sparkling trout from their world below, and amid all this to be forgetful of the cares and worries of a busy city life. And then when the peaceful Sabbath comes it seems doubly peaceful in this vast solitude.

Nature hath nothing made so base but can  
Read some instruction to the wisest man.

Old Henderson brought two plum puddings with him, and we always reserve such dainties for Sunday. Old Henderson knew this and he therefore asked the steward, C. E. R., to tell the cook to have the pudding for dinner and the cook answered Mr. C. E. R., and requested the great Cheesy to inform Old Henderson that his d——d old pudding would be cooked even if it were Sunday.

Dinner was served but I will not follow the usual hackneyed style of giving in an account of this kind a bill of fare. Suffice it to say that we had our cocktail before dinner, mixed by our own patented champion, C. T. Mixer Grandpa, sherry and apollinaris for dinner, curaçoa to wash down the pudding, and, as a grand straightening finalé, we drank liberally of strong coffee and regaled ourselves with the Judge's horrid Havanas. After a few songs, Budge's tale of poor old Sandy and Nettie's tale of the great cricket match, we turned in and enjoyed a very sound sleep till early next morning.

---

## CHAPTER V.

---

" Listen how the hounds and horn  
Cheerily round the slumbering morn,  
From the side of some hoar hill,  
Through the high wood echoing shrill."

**H**URRAH boys, we are up and dressed. First a bathe in the steamy water, then a hearty breakfast eaten with a relish, and then a quiet pipe while making ready for the start. The dogs are keen and yelp as if fretted to death by their chains. The Judge and Gouldie pair

off to make ready for the draw. Judge drew Humboldt Lake; Nettie taking Briar, and Cheesy, Crowned Lakes respectively, and the rest were stationed around Swallow Lake. Three brace of dogs were started and a deer was killed before each brace before they had been out very long. The first one fell before the beautiful little Scott Field carried by Nettie. One shot ended the struggles of a fine buck and added him to our list. Mat was delighted with the sport and with his companion whom he began to respect. "He isn't much to look at," said Mat quietly, "but he's a terror to shoot. I didn't think the gentleman could hold a rifle, let alone to shoot one straight," and then he filled up his old dudeen and held sweet communion with his old and time-worn companion. Another deer unfortunately confronted the formidable Winchester magazine carried by Cheesy and met a sudden death. The gun had evidently caught cold, for it barked, and barked, and barked, and barked again ere its coughs had settled the pretty spike-horn buck. Bluejay would undoubtedly have said, had he dared, that he could have done as well with a wooden gun. But you know Bluejay would never say such a thing of Mr. Robinson, because—but let it pass. Poor Bluejay. But the other magazine acted brutally; it emptied five shells at one poor innocent fawn and then at last the fawn was killed by falling over a cliff into the water 200 feet below, driven by the blood-thirsty dogs. Oh, Judge! a Daniel come to judgment. How could you do thusly; and then to boast of your mighty feat in camp. Had it been Budge we could have forgiven him, but you, never. However, let us draw a waterproof sheet over the dead fawn and say no more about it; so good night.

## CHAPTER VI.

The hounds shall make the welkin answer them  
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

A GAIN we are up right and early; again we draw for places and once more we start for our appointed watches. Nettie, the young imp, was again to the fore, and Mat was once more satisfied, for he was anxious to make up for his want of luck last fall. Another buck fell before his Scott Field, in Crowned Lake after a hard race. The Judge not satisfied with his murderous conduct of the previous day must kill off a few more. No less than a buck, a doe and a "buck fawn" going under by the explosion of his magazine. "Could we speak to him when he returned to camp?" I hear you ask. Well, we hardly could, and we had to be very cautious about it. Oh! how big he felt. "Did he boast?" Didn't he, but fortunately he spared us at dinner time. He from that day will consider himself an authority on deer shooting. He is already a great authority on bear shooting. Poor Dr. Marsh how I pity thee and poor Mrs. Judge how we all pity you, what long hours you will have to listen to him, while he recounts his adventures in the northern wilds, and tells how he killed three deer in one day.

But old grandpa was not so fortunate and we are sorry to chronicle the first instance of discretion occurring in the annals of the Club. Grandfather and Blackwell, his boy guide, are stationed at Coal Pit Point. Suddenly the boy's youthful eye, free from

cataract or the film of age, discerns a deer in the water swimming across the bay. They start towards it, the water fairly hissing from the paddle blade as the frail craft rushes through the waters and like Neptune in pursuit of Venus, "Almost had caught it atop of the water," when suddenly they espied a boat shoot out from shore filled with men and making for the same deer. A white puff is seen and boom is heard, and a bullet skips away over the lumpy water. The deer swims on unharmed and the race continues. Poor nervous Grandfather gives orders for Blackwell to stop, and then the others forge ahead. A man stands up in bow with an uplifted axe, down it comes crush on the poor bucks head. But he is not yet dead, so that to finish him they try to cut his throat, but even yet he lives and the scene becomes more horrible every moment. The axe is again called into requisition and the deer gives up the ghost. John then, through his guide and Mrs. Howe, who happens to paddle up, speaks to these men—he is afraid to speak himself—and tells them that the deer is his and that they must give it to him, &c., when they very rudely reply, "that he may have the entrails." But John had read Thompson's works and knew that

"Rest fruitless war, from wanton glory waged.  
Is only splendid murder,  
And therefore subsided in peace;  
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man  
As modest stillness and humility."

However, he did not commit suicide from chagrin, but returned to camp a wiser and a better man. Unfortunately, his pluck had not yet subsided, and he again broke out. He would stump any one of the party to go over to the lumbermens' camp and make a demon-



stration. But we would not demonstrate, and John wouldn't demonstrate without us, so that the matter dropped. We had an afternoon hunt with dogs belonging to Kit Sawyer's two brothers, who were hunting for the lumbermen. Another fawn fell to the Dock's Scott Field, about which he talked so much. What a miserable hunter to kill a helpless little fawn. Why had we been there we would undoubtedly have let the little thing go. Soon the merry sparks were hopping up from a bush camp fire, the kettle humming away as of old, and lively preparations going forward for our evening meal. And often, as I review the scene in our dining hall in that old hunter's cabin, our happy selves all ranged about a rude table, a large moose skin lying drying on the floor, the large horns hung over the fireplace, a powder flask in one corner, a shot pouch in another, all in the most picturesque confusion, I wish we were there again. And if William had arrived, bringing with him our Winnipeg Jack, or our special car sport, our happiness would have been complete. But no William came. Ketch arrived, but alone. After this disappointment we retired in a rather gloomy mood.

---

## CHAPTER VII.

---

Now happy fisherman, now twitch the line,  
How the line tauts, behold the prize is thine.

THE morning of the 4th was not as bright a morning as we wished for, but still was pleasant for the time of the year. We seemed to stay around camp longer than usual, perhaps a reaction from the yesterday's surfeit of sport; but after much yawning and



stretching we managed to start for another hunt. We determined to try Pelcher's Lake for a change, and Grandpa was once more selected for this dangerous lumberman's quarter, owing to his great bravery of the day before. Cheesy went with him, so that Petcher Lake was guarded and watched over by our two best guides, Ned and Alvin, and our two worst huntsmen, Grandpa and G. S. But, of course, with such guides they could not help falling in with venison, and consequently killed their deer after much bombarding. Johnny's buck surrendered after the second round, and Cheesy's after the magazine had spoken for a third time only. As they were paddling home they found the Dock, contentedly trolling, instead of watching for deer. Poor fellow! small minds are easily pleased, and he was satisfied with his two or three salmon trout. All three canoes paddled up to camp together, and gave three rousing cheers when near the shore. Such luck is unprecedented in this region, and we never expected such fine sport. Now arose the question, "What will we do with the venison?" and the only answer was, "Give it away." We did give it away to feed the little mouths of the settlers' children, and to feed some of the big mouths too. Kit and Mat took it

Into the peasant's tree-built hut,

and it warmed our hearts to think that the little ones would enjoy it. We determined to hunt no more on Swallow Lake, but to break camp and proceed south to Roden Lake next day. The Secretary hired two extra men and canoes to help us, calculating that we should then get through in the one day as far as Drakes. They were the two brothers of Kit, who were shooting for the shanty men. We sat up around the camp fire

singing songs, and smoking the Judge's fragrant Havanas.

Farewell! we've yet our solace left, which cheers our rustic hearth,  
And in that thought a thousand hopes are springing into birth.  
How beautiful the vision comes amidst life's gath'ring cares—  
In shape—a whiskey bottle and a box of fine cigars.

---

## CHAPTER VIII.

---

They say we live by vice; indeed, 'tis true  
As the physicians by diseases do;  
Only to cure them.

TENTS are packed, blankets strapped, dogs coupled, canoes loaded and away we go on our nine mile paddle. Merrily we skip along over the angry water that threatens to engulf us on every side; merrily we pass by island and cape and river on to our landing place, at the foot of Swallow Lake. The Dock and Cheesy start out first, on the Portage Road, and the others follow. The road is a hard one for sore feet, as several of the party find out—rough as blazes, as our indiscreet unbaxterian friend with the disease of the pericordial gland remarked. The Dock and Cheesy safely over, they light a fire to dry their garments reeking with perspiration. Next in order comes the Judge, then Johnny, and then the grand finale, Bug and Nettie. Nettie at once summoned us around him and began to relate the following narrative: “Years ago, friends of mine came over this same Portage and I came with them. As this spot was the scene of a curious adventure, I will relate it. They had just come over the Portage, as we have done, when they found that two members were yet missing. They had not much longer

to wait, however, for soon they came tumbling down that steep hill behind you there, almost paralyzed. Paralyzed, you exclaim. Yes, paralyzed, I add, not with fear, not with beer, but with something stronger; one of them was much smaller in stature than the other, although he was tolerably stout. He was more paralyzed.

Flushed with a purple grace  
He showed his honest face,

and came tumbling down head over heels, but rounded up with a full stop, just at the river's brink, when a strong arm restrained him. He then gave us a song,

The praise of Bacchus, then he sweetly sung,  
Of Bacchus, ever fair and ever young.

and he was loudly applauded. Rifle shooting was then indulged in, and the little man actually shot at his own hat. Two of the members were attempting to float a log in the rapids, when up he came to one of them and said, 'come out of that, old man; come away, or you'll fall in; come now, when I tell you, or I'll make you come quicker than you want to.' He gave a tug at his collar, jerked him back; but, just then his foot slipped and he soused (the little debauchee) over into the foaming drink.

Turning round to see whence this phenomena arose,  
In the drink fell this son of Apottle.

One of the party, dressed as our friend Cheesy is, in corduroy, immediately rushed in after him, fished him out and landed him safely on shore, when the little inebriate, with pearly tears glistening in his eyes, said, in a tremulous voice, 'shake, old man; shake, you've saved my life; you've saved me; I'm a sad sea dog,' and they shook hands heartily.

Dock and Cheesy took Mat Howe's canoe and started with a load of goods for Mrs. Drake's, where they arrived in due time and ordered dinner for all hands, six of us and ten men. After dinner the Sawyers were paid off and then the treating commenced. As nothing awaited us at the post-office and as all the morrow's arrangements were complete, we ensconced ourselves in our attic beds and soon were oblivious to the world without.

---

## CHAPTER IX.

---

Soon as aurora drives away the night  
And edges eastern clouds with rosy lights,  
The healthy huntsman fresh as newly born  
Summons the dogs and greets the dappled morn.

MRS. DRAKE prepared us an excellent and early breakfast which was enjoyed by all. For a short time the place presented a busy scene, and the quiet village of Woodbridge seemed roused for a moment from its lethargy. The Post Master was the first to show us favor. He kindly lent us his large boat to ferry our heavy boxes down to Anderson's Portage. By this means we were enabled to have a hunt on the way down. The watches were appointed their watching ground, and the dogs started as soon as all was ready. Soon the baying of the hounds was heard as they followed with unerring scent the footsteps of their prey. Old Corduroy was watching Sandy Narrows, where prognosticators said the deer would come in. Prognosticators were right, the deer did come in at Sandy Narrows, but never to step alive on

the other shore. A leaden missile sent from the magazine of Old Corduroy at the distance, he says, of eighty paces penetrated its brain, and the beautiful creature, but a few minutes before so full of life, was dead. Scout, the celebrated hound, was indeed a celebrated dog; he would run nothing but deer. But something must have gone wrong with Scout, the wonderful dog, that day, because deliberately, and before our eyes, he ran a rabbit, and it was somewhat difficult to call him off. Alas! poor Scout, thou hast failed

To win the wreath of fame  
And write on memory's scroll a spotless name.

Next, How now, Edward.

We now summoned the remainder of the party from their watches by the usual signal, two shots from a gun in quick succession. After the fleet had concentrated we started.

When front to front the boated hosts combine  
Halt ere they close and form the dreadful line.

Our fleet seemed a large one, and the canoes looked very pretty as they glided along noiselessly side by side. We continued all of a neck until the monotony was broken by a race toward a flock of black ducks that had alighted just in front of us. Bang, bang, bang, went rifles and shot guns, but the birds flew away unharmed. Arrived at Anderson's Portage no time was lost and our tents were soon pitched, boxes opened and supper prepared. Anderson's Portage is one of the loveliest spots it has ever been our fortune to camp on, and has but one disadvantage, namely, the want of a good beach for bathing. The trees are large and the woods open, and when autumn tints with her variegated paints, the fading leaves, the beauty of the scene

s indescribable. Here is indeed a painters paradise. The remainder of the evening was spent in dividing up evenly Taylor's cigars and in stealing as many as possible from Judge Massey's box.

---

## CHAPTER X.

---

Colder and louder blew the wind,  
A gale from the north-east,  
The snow fell hissing in the fire  
And the billows frothed like yeast.

THE wind blew fiercely, and had blown fiercely since early morning. Poor Kit! he seemed to fear some dread fatality, as if some witch had said to him, "You will be killed by a falling tree." He had slept since 2 a.m. under his upturned canoe on the shore, as far away from trees as he could get, and just about as uncomfortable as he could be through that cold frosty night. Some men seem very improvident, and Kit was one of them; tell him six weeks before or six months before, that all the men must bring their own tents and blankets and he would come without either and then inconvenience others too humane to let him sleep out in the cold. But he always had a horror of falling trees and would walk some distance to sleep on a shore, in preference to remaining in the woods. For the two following nights he slept on the beach in this uncomfortable way, and no talking could persuade him to change his mind.

Notwithstanding the boisterous weather we started off for our hunt. Dock and Trueman went to Simon Bay where they had good sport. A greeny was up from civilization to see his Mariah and Mariah's

brother, and a friend wanted to show him how to shoot a deer and they certainly succeeded. As Trueman was watching the shore he saw a boat rushing along at a rapid pace on the other side of the bay, and with a field glass could see a big buck crossing the Narrows south of it. The canoeman was too late, for when he arrived the deer had crossed. They put the dogs in where he had landed and soon he was watered again. Our green friend had a shot at him, but missed as one might have expected. After a little the Dock saw the deer sneak round a point of land and go ashore again. Soon the dogs were after him and again he took the water, but fortunately for the green sportsman and unfortunately for the deer, the Dock and Trueman were close at hand, and after a brisk paddle headed him off. The old fellow showed signs of fighting them, but by not pressing him too hard they managed gradually to round him. They shouted for the greeny, they yelled for the greeny and at last he and his companion came up. Up goes the gun when about eighty yards. Wait, shouted his comrade, he waited till about thirty yards off and then pulled the trigger, but the gun missed fire. He tried the other barrel, but it also missed fire. By this time the canoe was right behind the deer, and another stroke of the paddle sent the bow up between the antlers. Strange to say they were not upset. As the deer shot ahead he primed his gun afresh and just when the deer and the Dock were in a direct line, bang went his gun despite the frantic yells from all present, "For God's sake do not fire." The aim was good, the deer was close, and the shot entered the neck almost as one piece of lead, but the doctor did not recover from the fright for the rest of the day. After



cutting the throat of the buck, they towed him to shore where a row boat awaited them. In their endeavors to ship him they swamped the boat, and both fell head-first into the water. How the Dock and Trueman laughed. But the greeny had shot a deer, and a bath in October is an admirable cure for the buck fever.

The Dock was still the hero of the day, and heartily accepted Trueman's invitations to visit a Muskoka home. After landing in one of the prettiest little bays this Raden Lake can boast of, they soon reached the house. It was not the original house; that was in use as a pig sty, but it was the second one they had built. Four walls of hewn logs supported a well shingled roof. The cracks and crannies were well filled in with mud, windows filled spacious window sashes, and good sized doors hung in the doorways. After a greeting from one or two of the small children playing about the footpath we entered the house. Inside everything was snug and neat, and as clean as a new pin. The fire blazed away in the large cooking range as if quite unconscious of the part it was taking in preparing the evening meal, and now and then its fiery tongues would lick up around the hand of the pretty girl who turned the pancakes over. This was one of our guide's sisters and she looked the perfect picture of health. The quiet family sat down to supper, the father pronounced a simple grace and the seven appetites were soon appeased. After supper our two returned to camp. When Johnny heard about the young ladies he was perfectly wild and in his frenzy one could catch some of his mutterings, and among them was "Always the way! you never tell a fellow." Poor old bach.

---



## CHAPTER XI.

Our stomachs will make what's homely savoury.

SUNDAY again, and the week has gone by with its wealth of sport and jollity. Cheeks but a week since pale, are now as bronzed as any of our guides faces who are exposed to the wind and weather from years end to years end. The great event of the day was the dinner. In the morning Gouldie and several of the men paddled to Dwight. We were glad to miss them when the plum pudding came on, because there was hardly enough to go round comfortably, especially when the two little fat men, Nett and Cheese, were on hand. Of Cheesy Butler wrote when he said in his Hudibras :

He bore

“A paunch of mighty bulk before  
Which still he had a special care,  
To keep well crammed with thrifty fare.”

And of Nettie Shakspeare said :

“He was a man of an unbounded stomach.”

The bill of fare was similar to that of the previous Sunday. The little fat men could not walk after their surfeit, but simply toddled from the table to the tents, and there gave themselves up to “sleep.”

After the meal had been well digested, we set out for some shallowing rocks along the shore, and there indulged in a refreshing though cold bath. Some trolled and some practised a little with their rifles to while away the time. Towards evening we had several visitors who seemed much interested in our camp kit.

They like the Yankee umpire investigated everything, guns, tents, down even to the Judges Scotch bonnet, which they evidently took for an infernal machine—and who could blame them.

The wind storm still continued, but was hardly violent enough now to frighten Kit. It was a glorious star-light night, and we sat late watching the sparks of our camp fire flying heavenward, and looking out over the waters.

For every wave with dimpled face  
That leaped upon the air,  
Had caught a star in its embrace  
And held it trembling there.

We wished not to think of the hour of departure which was drawing so near. In two days we would be on our way back to business and worry, and to smoky towns and cities.

---

## CHAPTER XII.

---

Hope like the taper's gleaming light,  
Adorns the wretch's way.

IT was this sentiment that brought the love-sick greeny to see his mariar in her father's small log house on the shores of Wiman Bay. It was hope that started him in pursuit of the antlered buck. But what brought him to a little log house on the shores of Wiman Bay on Monday the 9th Day of October. Trueman thought he soon found out, for as he was approaching the house he happened suddenly to raise his eyes and the dissolving view vanished from his sight as soon as he was discovered. There, at the window, sat the lover of to-day, the hunter of yesterday,

with a nice looking girl upon his knee. The Dock was not up in time to see them before they had been disturbed by Trueman, and therefore our medical friend knew nothing of the would-be hunter's presence.

---

The dismal fog from out the misty clouds  
Poured down in drops of rain.

MONDAY 9TH.

RAIN! RAIN! RAIN! EARLY MORNING brought us no sunshine. Hovering clouds gathering for days brought us nothing but gloom. Even Cheesy was profoundly impressed and even sad. His cheery good morning was changed into a demure "Well Dock," as he crawled out shivering from a pile of blankets and quilts. Oh my! how raw the air was—cold, raw, damp, October weather. Even Old Henderson was too miserable to get off even a feeble joke on any one. The rain did not fall in torrents, but came and went in fitful drizzles. Breakfast time passed monotonously, the silence being scarcely broken, except by a growl from the Judge or the crack of Budge's teeth as they met viciously through a piece of ham. Gouldie put his hands in his pockets and looked wise. Kit discoursed on the weather in strange anathemas and the dogs howled their doleful funeral chorus to make the bluest if possible bluer.

Tiffin (lunch) was eaten and an afternoon hunt talked of; the rain passed off and the hunt was organized. We started out, but the dogs would not take the scent or there was none to take. The Judge's hope of carrying home a fine buck was dashed to the

ground as we all returned empty handed. Our fresh meat larder was empty, and we reluctantly fell back on our supply of bacon. But before the warming rays of glowing logs heaped on our huge bush fire, our hearts warmed up and soon we made quite merry. Thoughts of the dear ones at home, of the eventful morrow stirred us up and we made our last night in camp quite a merry one. The sombre woods re-echoed many a shout; songs and stories went the several rounds. When the cook announced the brewing of the evening's punch we filled our cups and drank our last good night with our faithful guides in silence. We were sorry to part but hope to meet them all next year. And then to slumber.

---

"The best of friends must part,"

And there were sudden partings such as press  
The life from out young hearts and choking sighs  
Which ne'er might be repeated.

OCTOBER 10.

THE JUDGE WAS UP BRIGHT AND EARLY. He had passed a wretched night crushed beneath the weight of his disappointed hope. How grand a trophy to carry to New York a fine fat buck would have been; how cruel to suffer disappointment. He scanned the early morning from beneath the band of his Glengarry with the air of a connoisseur, and then hastily aroused Edward. We must have one more hunt. Up all hands—hurry scurry bustle, all confusion. Haste, haste, was the order of the day. Tents were soon packed, provisions soon stowed away, and everything made ready for our departure. The programme

was soon arranged. The baggage was left on the shore ready for transference on board the tug "Helena," on her down trip while we manned our several canoes and started for our different stations. The hunt, proved unsuccessful and all hands started for Gouldie's at the head of the lake. Soon, from far down the shores, came the sound of a steam whistle as the gallant little tug rounded a point and came in sight. We all hurried on towards our destination; but Cheesy being far down the lake was overhauled by the steamer and taken on board with Alvin. He found a very cordial welcome from a very genial company of sportsmen, the Dwight-Wiman Club—our foster fathers.

Mrs. Gouldie had killed her fattest and had on her best. What a meal for the back woods. It was grand. Pies and puddings, cakes and hot rolls, jelly and jam, fine butter, good bread, chicken and ham pie, venison in various forms, etc., etc., enjoyed by all, praised by all, eaten by all almost to surfeit. Nettie's old failing cropped out once more and he had fairly to be coaxed from the table. Poor Dock unfortunately was paying off the men and only came in at the heel of the hunt. Our time was limited and we soon were forced to say "adieu." Our successors were also anxious to make a start for their camp in order to reach it in daylight. They accompanied us to the little wharf, and cheers were exchanged as we glided off into deep water. Farewell, ye wilds, and now for civilization. We soon put our own baggage on board and reached Bruidgeville about 4 p.m. The agricultural society were holding their annual meeting. We visited the fair and felt satisfied that it would compare favorably with any similar meeting in any town of similar size.

The fancy work was very creditable. Teams awaited us and we soon started for Bracebridge. The landlord of a certain hotel there evidently mistook us for lumbermen; but stop, did I say us? No, not us, but one of us, namely Cheesy, and who would not have taken him for a lumberman? Had it not been for the elegance of Old Henderson we would all have been taken for lumbermen. Who could blame the landlord for his mistake? But fortunately the Judge came to the rescue and in his usual bland tones informed our garrett pioneer that we were not Vanderbilt's but wished to be housed as befitted gentlemen. The poor man blushed to the roots of his carrotty hair and nearly fell down stairs as the truth dawned upon him that we might be dudes in disguise. He escorted us below and lodged us royally. After reading our mail and sending important telegraphic despatches and post cards all over the country, making evening calls on all the acquaintances we could bring to mind, and eating a hearty supper, we retired.

---

"There's no place like home."

OCTOBER 11.

WE, LIKE PAYNE, WERE DESTINED TO arrive at home at last, even though no promised directors' car stood out in bold relief on the Gravenhurst siding. Old Credit Valley Harry had not arrived. We felt our disappointment keenly, not because we wished to meet our Toronto friends too soon, but because we wished to have ourselves in print—to see this in the *Mail*, *Globe*, *Telegram*, *Grip* and the *Christian Guardian* :—

“Several sportsmen—members of the Octoroon Sporting Club—arrived yesterday by special car at the Northern depot. They were accompanied by five rifles, eight game bags, four shot guns, one man (in corduroy) and no deer. They report good sport, having bagged thirteen deer and a kitten (a fawn.) Five deer were killed in one day. They were accompanied by a party of gents, who met them with a special car at Gravenhurst. The Octoroon Club is so well known that it is unnecessary to give the names of the individual members. They are jolly good fellows. N.B.—Five dollars paid for this notice.”

We did arrive, however, and were welcomed by a bevy of admiring friends and relatives. One cousin wanted to carry a rifle; an uncle took a game bag, a brother snatched a valise and so it went. We were greeted like weary pilgrims, returned from a pilgrimage with their clothes worn out—namely, hustled into the darkest corners of several cabs in waiting, and bowled away from the well-lit station. As we fall in arms of the loved ones at home we must say good bye, and may you dear reader have, as soon as you can, just such a grand holiday in the beautiful woods as we had in this lovely autumn of 1883.

“One struggle more and I am free,  
From pangs that rend my heart in twain ;  
One last long sigh to part with thee,  
Then back to busy life again.”











