

hook, they follow the logs, now running on the bank, now springing out into mid-stream, jumping from log to log, easing a rush here, clearing a jam there, righting a heap aground on a shoal, and checking the tendency to swing crossways, as the timber regiment marches past the head of some incoming current. In places where the force of the current is insufficient to move the mass, dams are run across the stream and the water ponded back until, when the timber approaches, the sluice is withdrawn, and the logs rush through on the flood. When the timber is squared and likely to be injured by being hurled over the waterfalls, wooden slides are built, as on the Upper Ottawa, down which it finds its way.

One of the minor excitements of this world is "shooting" a timber slide. The "cribs" come floating quietly along the upper river and are steered, or rather poled, into a backwater. All the sign there is of the neighbouring cataract is the roar of the falling water. Slowly the crib enters the gates of the slide, wavers for an instant, bows gracefully towards the slope, slips on to it, wakes to life with a thrill in every fibre, and glides down the glassy, slippery banks like a swallow on the swoop. In an instant the crib is afloat again, and on the lower river with the waterfall in full view.

It is at these slides that the Government duty is collected. As a rule the cribs are twenty-four feet wide and carry the house of the man and his family, in whose charge they are navigated; it is not only the current that brings them to market, for, like a barge, they are furnished with sail and sweeps. At first the cribs work independently, but when they reach the "banking ground" they form the units of larger rafts, bound together with wythes or twisted saplings and lashed with chains so as to have full vertical play. In this form they are taken

in tow by a steam tug or fiddle-boat, the fiddle-boat being two boats, or rather two sections of a boat, rigged catamaran fashion and having the wheel in the middle. Slowly the floating village, over the rapids and other dangers, makes its way to Quebec, there to be broken up and shipped to its doom. There is a certain interest in watching the balks as they vanish into the vessel's hold. They are not taken as they come, but are chosen over a wide range. And the selected victim is caught out like a fish, played with for a minute or two till it gets into a convenient position for the iron landing-net, and then slipping along rollers, finds its way into the creel.

When the timber does not "go foreign" it finds its way to the saw-mills where saws in "gangs," that is, side by side on the same spindle, soon make short work of cutting it up; the "buzz," or circular, saws are from forty to seventy inches in diameter and are run up to eight hundred revolutions per minute. Sometimes they are set a little behind each other, attacking *en echelon* in a "congregation." In every mill there are other saws doing other duty, such as "slashing" saws for cutting slabs, "edging" saws, "lathing" saws, etc. A matter-of-fact place is a sawmill, perhaps the most unpoetical thing on earth. In its destruction seems to run riot. Its great problem is how to minimise the "kerf," the kerf being the track of the saw. There is no difficulty about the sawdust. If the mill is driven by steam the sawdust goes to feed the furnace; if the mill is driven by water the sawdust goes to poison the fish!

Some of the largest mills in the world are those at Ottawa. It is a picturesque sight to see them at night, the electric light flashing back from the wet sides of the logs as they are dragged to their bed of Procrustes.

The amount of work that a saw-