

TO THE LUMBER REGIONS.

(BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.)



THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods, wrote Byron. The poet's thoughts were bent on solitude. If in his opinion the pleasure were proportionate to the solitude, his lordship would have found delight in a Canadian forest in the winter time.

Mantled in snow, enwrapped in silence broken only by the voices of the winds that stir the frozen branches, the veriest hermit of the world could hardly wish profounder calm.

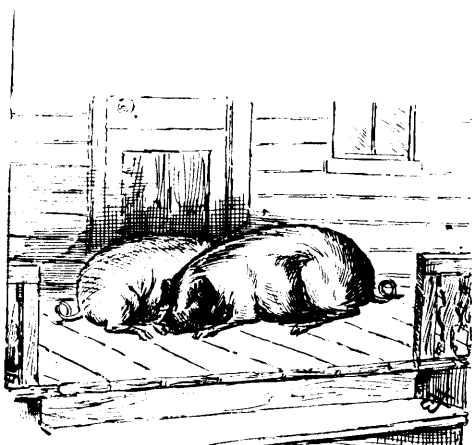
But it was not the search for solitude that drew me from the artists' corner in the offices of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED. I had an invitation from Mr. A. McLaurin, managing-director of the Charlemagne and Lac Ouareau Lumber Co. to pay a visit to the "shanties" of the company on the Lac Ouareau river, away up among the deep woods of the Laurentian range, where they have some 325 miles of timber lands from which to draw the supply for their mills at Charlemagne. The Lac Ouareau is a tributary of L'Assumption river, which, with the Ottawa, joins the St. Lawrence at Charlemagne, some fifteen miles below Montreal. The distance from the city to the shanties, via Charlemagne and Montcalm, is more than 70 miles.



TAKING THE RIVER ROAD.

Snugly packed among the robes in Mr. McLaurin's sleigh, with that gentleman's hand on the ribbons and his sturdy form beside me, I left the city about the middle of a pleasant February afternoon. Our course first lay straight away past Maisonneuve, to the lower end of the island.

Here we took the river road for Charlemagne, on the north side of the river, fifteen miles from the city. It was a charming drive along the river surface, and if now and then we got a tumble in the soft snow, through turning out for

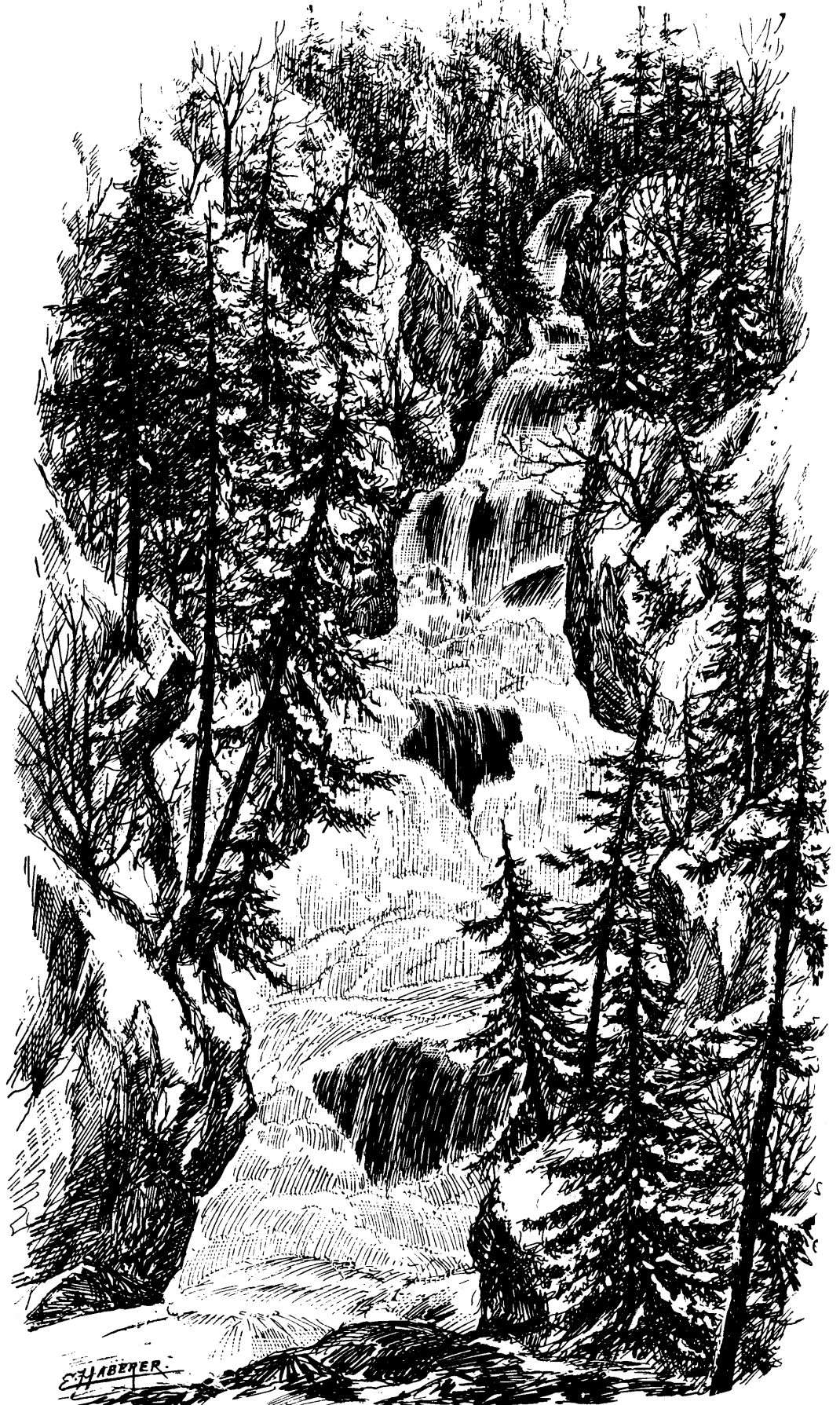


FIRST SIGN OF SPRING.

other teams to pass, our enjoyment was none the less on that account.

Night brought us to Charlemagne, the site of the company's extensive mills. These mills are operated by steam power, and cut nearly all of the fourteen or fifteen million feet of logs annually floated down the river from their timber lands. In summer this place is a veritable hive of industry. A hearty supper at the village hotel, a few of my favourite tunes on a well worn piano, a chat with Mr. Mc-

Laurin, planning out the next day's doings, pleasantly occupied the evening. The following day (Thursday) we breakfasted at 7 a.m., and then, under the guidance of the book-keeper, Mr. W. Hickey, made a tour of inspection of the mills and their surroundings, my sketch-book being brought into requisition. The mills are fitted throughout with the most improved machinery. We also visited the extensive and well appointed brick yards of the company, about one-third of a mile farther up the river. At the mills and in the brick yards they employ from 150 to 200 men. At Charlemagne we saw the first sign of spring. Passing along the village street, we beheld, stretched out on a verandah on the sunny side of a house, a pair of well-fed pigs. Whether they were members of the household or not we did not pause to inquire, but the air of contented proprietorship manifest in their easy attitude would almost seem to give colour to such a theory.



DORWIN'S FALLS.