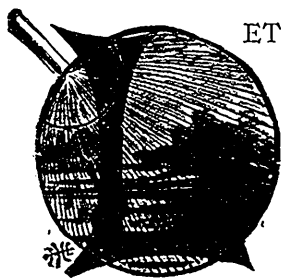


THE CANADIAN LUMBERMAN AND HIS SOCIAL BETTERMENT.



HALE AND BELL'S CAMP, TWELVE MILES FROM CARTIER.—READING ROOM IN BACKGROUND.



ET us rise early and accompany this group of stalwart lumbermen to the scene of their daily toil. It is yet dark; even the moon, hanging like a great white globe among the pine-tops, seems to emit but a pallid shadow that is scarcely light. The camp-fire shines through the opening door in a flickering ruddy shadow on the snow outside. The air is full of the hush of the hour before dawn—the stillness of the winter woods. Snow and trees, trees and snow, and darkness, and stillness, broken only by the sturdy tramp of the men, who, shouldering their axes, follow the path through the forest. It will be light enough to

begin work by the time they reach their chopping-place. The darkness and solitude do not seem to awe or silence them. They are accustomed to these things. They always start forth to their day's work long ere most of us have left our pillows. After all, their lot is not as bad as that of some of their work-fellows. It is not as bad as the stifling, underground life of the miner. It affords a contact with nature of which the workman amid the whirr of machinery knows nothing. There is pure air, open sky, and that blessed quiet in which great souls have ever been nurtured.

But the life of the "bushman" has its dangers and its drawbacks. Conceive of from fifty to two hundred men shut away in an isolated camp in the woods with their evenings, their Sundays, rainy days, and public holidays all hanging idly on