

said Narcisse. I'll got good mind for broke your head, me!"

"Hi, there, men!" Davie ignored Narcisse as he saw figures through the open door. "Some white man come out. My leg's broke."

Oh, then the up-jumping of big men! Moses, striding forth, ruthlessly shoved Narcisse, who lay and cowered with legs up as a dog trying to placate an angry master. Then Moses carried Davie in as gently as if the young stalwart had been a girl baby, and laid on the widow's one spare bed.

That night Davie slept soundly for four hours, and woke to consciousness that his leg was greatly swollen. He made no moan, but lay in the darkness listening to the heavy breathing of the teamsters on the floor. They could do nothing for him; why should he awaken them? As for pitying himself, Davie could do nothing so fruitless. He fell to plans for getting teams in to Pinnager, for this young Scott's practical mind was horrified at the thought that the man should fail financially when ten horses might give him a fine profit for his winter's work.

Davie was away at dawn, every slight jolt giving his swollen leg pain almost unendurable, as if edges of living bone were grinding together and also tearing cavities in the living flesh; but he must endure it, and well too, for the teamsters had warned him he must meet "strings of loadin'" this day.

The rule of the long one-tracked road into the wilderness is, of course, that empty outgoing sleighs shall turn out for incoming laden ones. Turn out into seven feet of snow! Davie trusted that incoming teamsters would handle his floundering horses, and he set his mind to plan how they might save him from tumbling about on his turned-out sleigh.

About nine o'clock, on a winding road, he called, "Whoa!" and his bays stood. A sleigh piled with baled hay confronted him thirty yards distant. Four others followed closely; the lead drawn by the sixth team was hidden by the woodland curve. No teamsters were visible; they must be walking behind the procession; and Davie wasted no strength in shouting. On came the laden teams, till the steam of the leaders mingled with the clouds blown by his bays. At that halt angry teamsters, yelling, ran forward and sprang, one by one, up on their loads, the last to grasp reins being the leading driver.

"Turn out, you fool!" he shouted. Then to his comrades behind, "There's a blamed idjit don't know enough to turn out for loading!"

Davie said nothing. It was not till one angry man was at his horses' heads and two more about to tumble his sleigh aside that he spoke:

"My leg is broke."

"Gah! G'way! A man driving with his leg broke! You're lying! Come, get out and tramp for your horses! It's your back ought to be broke—stoppin' loadin'!"

"My leg is broke," Davie calmly insisted.

"You mean it?"

Davie threw off his blankets.

"Begor, it is broke!" "And him drivin' himself!" "It's a terror!" "Great spunk entirely!" Then the teamsters began planning to clear the way.

That was soon settled by Davie's directions: Tramp down the crust for my horses; on-hitch them; lift my sleigh out on the crust; pass on and set me back on the road."

Half an hour was consumed by the operation three repeated before twelve o'clock. Fortunately Davie came on the last "string" of teams and halted for lunch by the edge of a lake. The teamsters fed and watered his horses, gave him hot tea, and with great admiration saw him start for an afternoon drive of twenty-two miles.

"You'll not likely meet any teams, they said. "The last of the 'loading' that's likely to come in soon is with ourselves."

How Davie got down the hills, up the hills, across the rivers and over the lakes of that terrible afternoon he could never rightly tell.

"I'm thinkin' I was light-headed," he said afterward. "The notion was in me somehow that the Lord was lookin' to me to save Pinnager's bits of children. I'd waken out of it at the cahots—there was mair than enough. On the smooth my head would be strange-like, and I mind but the hinder end of my horses till the moon was high and me stoppit by McGraw's."

During the night at McGraw's his head was cleared by

some hours of sound sleep, and next morning he insisted on traveling, though the snow was falling heavily.

"My feyther's place is no more than a bittock ayont twenty-eight miles," he said. "I'll make it by three of the clock, if the Lord's willin', and get the doctor's hands on me. It's my leg I'm thinkin' of savin'. And mind ye, McGraw, you promised me to send in your team to Pinnager."

Perhaps people who have never risen out of bitter poverty will not understand Davie's keen anxiety about Pinnager and Pinnager's children; but the McAndrews and Pinnakers and all their neighbors of "the Scotch settlement" had won up by the tenacious labor and thrift of many years. Davie remembered well how, in his early boyhood, he had often craved more food and covering. Pinnager and his family should not be thrown back into the gulf of poverty if Davie McAndrews' will could save them.

This day his road lay through a country thinly settled, but he could see few cabins through the driving storm. The flagging horses trotted steadily, as if aware that the road would become worse the longer they were on it, but about ten o'clock they inclined to stop where Davie could dimly see a log house and a shed with a team and sleigh standing in it. Drunken yells told him this must be Black Donald Donaldson's notorious tavern; so he chirruped his horses onward.

Ten minutes later yells and sleigh-bells were following him at a furious pace. Davie turned head and shouted; still the drunken men shrieked and came on. He looked for a place to turn out—none! He dared not stop his horses lest the gallopers, now close behind him, should be over him and his low sleigh. Now his team broke into a run at the noises, but the fresh horses behind sped faster. The men were hidden from Davie by their crazed horses. He could not rise to appeal; he could not turn to daunt the horses with his whip; their front hoofs, rising high, were soon within twenty feet of him. Did his horses slacken, the others would be on top of him, kicking and tumbling.

The cahots were numerous; his yells for a halt became so much like screams of agony that he took shame of them, shut his mouth firmly and knew not what to do. Then suddenly his horses swerved into the cross-road to the Scotch settlement, while the drunkards galloped away on the main road, still lashing and yelling. Davie does not know to this day who the men were.

Five hours later, David McAndrews, the elder, kept at home by the snowstorm, heard bells in his lane, and looked curiously out of the sitting room window.

"Losh, Janet!" he said, most deliberately. "I wasna expectin' Davie; here he's back wi' the bays."

He did not hurry out to meet his fourth son, for he is a man who hates the appearance of haste; but his wife did, and came rushing back through the kitchen.

"It's Davie himself! He's back wi' his leg broke; He's come a' the way by his lone!"

"Hoot-toot, woman! Ye're daft!"

"I'm no daft; come and see yerself. Wae's me, my Davie's like to die! Me daft, indeed! Ye'll need to send Neil straight awa' to the village for Doctor Aberdeen."

And so dour Davie's long drive was past. While his brother carried him in, his will was occupied with the torture, but he had scarcely been laid on his bed when he said, very respectfully—but faintly—to his father:

"You'll be sendin' Neil oot for the doctor, sir? Aye; then I'd be thankfu' if you'd give Aleck leave to tak' the grays and warn the settlement that Pinnager's needin' teams sorely. He's like to make or break; if he gets sax or eight spans in time he's a made man."

That was enough for the men of the Scotch settlement. Pinnager got all the help he needed; and yet he is far from as rich to-day as Davie McAndrews, the great Brazeau River lumberman, who walks a little lame on his left leg.

Timber, of Liverpool, Eng., says: We understand that Giles Loder (Ltd.), 36 Lombard street, London, shortly intend to enter the Canadian pine trade, and that their Mr. H. J. Carlisle will leave England early in the year to open up the new business.

We have received from Messrs. Darling Brothers, of Montreal, their 1898 pump catalogue, in which are illustrated and described various classes of steam pumps for special service. A copy of this catalogue may be obtained by any of our readers for the asking.

## WANTS CANADIAN LUMBER.

Mr. Mariano Comas, of Buenos Ayres, South America, is at present on a visit to Canada. Mr. Comas represents a large shipping house in his native city, who are desirous of securing supplies of Canadian lumber. Heretofore their connection has been with Boston and New York concerns, but the new tariff of the United States having replaced the former higher duties on products of the Argentine Republic, the government of the latter country have retaliated, and have placed a 10 per cent. preferential tariff in favor of all nations, as against the United States, and so Mr. Comas has started out to look for new markets in which to purchase the lumber supply required by his firm.

## QUEBEC CROWN LANDS.

THE total receipts from Crown lands in the province of Quebec during the year ending June 30th, 1897, according to the report of the Commissioner just to hand, were \$878,477.66, a decrease as compared with the previous year. Of this amount \$782,303.53 was derived from timber dues, ground rents, bonuses and transfers. The following is a comparative statement of the timber manufactured during the last two years, as compiled from the report:

	1896	1897
Pine at 26c. per 200 feet	307,105.70	285,157.420 feet B.M.
Spruce at 13c. per 200 feet	270,156.80	275,487.820 "
Small pine logs	110,050,844	95,483,209 "
Boom timber	417,016	67,775 "
White pine timber	1,443,354	434,000 cu. ft.
R-d pine timber	3,788	34,001 "
Birch, etc.	40,785	27,806 "
Cedar, etc.	203,191	154,843 cu. ft.
Firewood	7,953	1,594 cords
Pulpwood	11,879	4,000 "
Spoolwood	5,074	1,420 "
Railway ties	300,311	100,000 pieces
Lathwood	109	42 cords
Shingles	3,082	6,000 M.
Hemlock bark	202	449 cords
Rails	20,563	11,728 pieces
Telegraph poles	1,550	115 "
Pickets	14,677	26,174 "

If the above figures are nearly correct, there has been a considerable curtailment in every class of lumber except spruce, which shows a slight increase. We cannot believe, however, that the returns include the whole quantity cut on Crown lands in the province, as the production of pulpwood must greatly exceed 4,000 cords.

## THE OAK AND THE ASH.

THROUGHOUT northern Europe, remarks an English publication, the leaves of the ash are held to be potent against the bite of vipers, and in Devonshire it used to be a common belief that if a circle be traced with an ash staff round a sleeping viper the reptile will be as unable to pass over it as if it had been made with the cactus twigs, so high in favor for a similar purpose in Mexico. Among the old Scandinavians, Yggdrasil, the great ash tree, represented the universe. Under its roots were the land of the frost giants and the land of metals, and under the shadows cast by it the gods were supposed to sit. It has been attempted to explain the love of the Northmen for the ash by imagining that its hardness gave it favor in the eyes of those tough warriors, who used it for so many purposes that Adam, of Bremen, refers to the Vikings of Norway and Denmark as "Ashmen," and Odin is pictured in the Edda as making the first man from a block of ash timber which he found upon the shore. But this does not pluck the heart out of the mystery. It only carries it a little further back, and fails to explain why the minds which evolved that strange northern mythology chose it in preference to the oak, or the linden, or the fir, or the birch, all trees familiar enough to these pre-historic folks. The oak is, indeed, associated with almost as many legends as the ash. The ancient Celts regarded it with such veneration that De Brosses derive the word "kirk," now softened into "church," from "Quercus," an oak. It used, in many parts of England, to be considered unlucky to cut down an oak; and Aubrey, the old Sulley antiquarian, whose works form such a mine of Carolinian legend, tells us that before a tree of this species falls under the woodman's axe "it gives a kind of shrieks or groans that may be heard a mile off, as if it were the genius of oak making."

Among the calendars received by the LUMBERMAN is one from T. Sullivan & Co., wholesale dealers in hardwood lumber, of Buffalo. This firm is making a specialty of elm and ash, and make shipments direct from Canadian mills.