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#### A FEMALE SAW MILL PROPRIETOR.

There is a woman in Tukertown, Fla., who owns and manages a saw mill. The circumstance was so unusual that the *Northwestern Lumberman* wrote to her for an account of her experience, and the following unique letter was the result, from which men in business might get "pointers":

Your letter of a late date requesting me to give my experience as a lumber manufacturer is at hand. I will state at the start that I am not in the business through choice, but having loaned money to parties with which to purchase a saw mill, I was compelled by their failure to make even the first payment to take the machinery from them. I then put my son-in-law, Ernest Wever, who promised great things, in charge. I told him I knew nothing of saw milling, but I knew that the sawdust was too fine and the scratches on the boards too close together. I left him to run the mill, but in a short time I found he could do no better than other men and I took him out of there so quick that it made his head swim. I moved the mill a distance of 20 miles, fording the Hillsborough river, and placed it near my house, at an actual expense of \$9; and in a few days I had every thing in good order. I have my own teams and carts, and take the timber from my own lands.

Although accustomed to manage my own affairs, commencing by the time I was grown, I found difficulties enough in making lumber, and I have often said that a saw mill and saw belong to the same family, and some people say that since I became the owner of one they are sure of it; but while they talk I am at work. This is the trouble with half the country saw mills: There is too much talking and not enough work. Why, Mr. Editor, the most of men talk over a log long enough to saw it into inch boards. Then when they get started they discover that the fireman has not steamed enough; then they meet all sit down and talk again. By the time steam is up and one of the two boards sawed, a bolt must be repaired, which might just as well have been attended to before working hours in the morning or at noon. Then one man sews the belt while all engage in talk again. When the belt is ready the sawyer gets it into his mind, that machinery needs oiling; then he hunts up the oil can, for he never has a place for anything, and goes around squirting oil into every hole but the right one, while the other hands go on with their talking. The next day they are out of logs and the mill hands do nothing except to allow "their time to go on."

The day following, some of the men are reported sick and more time is lost. At the end of the month there is little lumber and no money and they all wonder why saw milling does not pay.

I knew well enough that machinery was made

to run, and when running it should be at work, and all I had to do was to keep the saw cutting for 10 hours a day and six days in the week. In order to do this the mill must be kept in good order, not by repairing broken parts but by keeping it from getting broken. And I soon saw that the parts of machinery out of sight were neglected the most. I would suppose any man would know that it is the inside of things that needs attention—the inside of the boiler, the inside of the cylinder, the inside of the pump or inspirator is of far more importance than the outside. Nothing makes me more angry than to see a man rubbing up the outside of his boiler when I know that the mud is six inches deep inside, baking, burning and blistering the iron; yet I have seen but few saw mills except my own. But I saw how that was managed before I took possession of it, and I am told that others are managed no better.

Many a man in the saw mill business would do well if he could get skilled labor, but this state is cursed with a tribe of saw mill tramps who claim to know everything and when tried can do nothing. They are always on foot and out of money, yet if we are to believe them they have been the superintendents of the largest mills in America. Everyone of them has been Gov. Drew's principal sawyer for at least ten years, receiving not less than \$6 a day. They all know more of machinery than the men who make it, and are ready, not to commence sawing, but to commence cutting, changing, splicing and rebuilding with a promise that if I will give them \$3.50 per day and board they will double the capacity of my mill and be ready for work in about three weeks. I have never been deceived by one of them, but they leave their mark wherever employed. One half of them ought to be hung and the other half sent to the penitentiary. One came to me a few days ago who was an exception, for, notwithstanding he was "the best sawyer in Florida," he was willing to work for \$10 a month and board, or \$12 if he boarded "his self"—hungry looking wretch! I wouldn't have boarded him even a day for \$2, and I knew he couldn't board himself at any such price. Said I, "Do you see that road out there?" He very meekly said he did. "Then," said I, "you go out there, and when you get to it you take either end you like; the one that will put you out of my sight the quickest will suit me the best." He went. If he had not I would have put the dogs after him in three minutes.

I employ none but the best hands—not paying too much or too little, for one fault is about as bad as the other.

I can't say just what my lumber costs me, but I know that when sold I have taken in more money than I have paid out. I am 52 years

old, or about that, was born in Florida, and was raised at a time when bookkeeping was not thought of.

I now have my second husband, and I am the mother of nine children, seven of whom are now living. Several of the older are doing business for themselves, yet they always come to "mother" for advice, and when they don't take it they wish they had. I have always managed my own business, and I expect to while I live. I awake in the morning and plan the day's work while the men are asleep, and at the breakfast table I give every one his orders, including my husband, who never objects to my doing the thinking for the family.

My first advice to men who contemplate going into the saw mill business is—don't do it, for not one in twenty of you has the ability to succeed. If, however, you are determined to try it, be careful that you get the best machinery, strong and heavy enough to stand the bad treatment of awkward hands. Buy the most durable belts, no matter what they cost, for half the failures in our backwoods mills are caused by constant breaking of belts. And when a complete outfit is secured, locate where you can get timber and sell lumber. Keep your machines in good order, taking special care of all parts out of sight. Pay your hands in cash, and not in promises, for they work for the money, and not for any love they have for you or your business. When you can't pay, shut down, stack your lumber and discharge all hands. Your mill will neither eat, drink nor wear anything while standing still. But when you do run work everything to its full capacity.

HARRIET SMITH.

#### BANGOR BUSINESS.

The *Mining and Industrial Journal*, under date of November 13th, gives the following review of the lumber trade of Bangor, Me. "There is no change in lumber prices or freight rates to mention, and the only change will probably be an advance in rates on the last few cargoes that leave port. Considerable lumber will be shipped from Bucksport this winter by Bangor dealers. Nearly all the mill men closed the sawing season Wednesday of this week, although some steam mills, the *Dirigo*, for instance, will saw up to the close of navigation. Transactions in logs are about over for the season, and owners have been, and are, busy getting their stock into suitable winter quarters. Many millions of logs are 'shingled up' along the river shores in coves, out of the way of damage by ice or ordinary freshets. There will be more manufactured lumber on hand at the close of the season than in 1883, but yet no great amount such as covered the wharves in certain former years. The log scale for the season was 101,000,000 feet, which pretty nearly represents the cut of last winter. This amount

added to 40,000,000 feet of logs carried over from 1883 gives a total stock of 141,000,000 for 1884. It is estimated that there is now on the river 39,000,000 feet of logs, distributed principally among manufacturers, and to be carried over to next season, thus leaving 111,000,000 feet as the amount sawed. The amount of lumber produced was, of course, considerably more than this number of feet, being increased by the scoots."

#### A MOST EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

George Sabins, son of Eli M. Sabin, living in the township of Cramahc, was sawing in his father's mill on Nov. 14th, when an edging falling across the circular saw, was thrown with immense velocity, striking the young man in the inner part of the left eye, blinding the eye instantly, and displacing it forwards and outwards. Although bleeding profusely, he walked home, a distance of half a mile. A doctor was sent for and tended him up till Monday. The case not progressing satisfactorily, the father brought him to Port Hope to consult Dr. Hamilton. The doctor, after probing the wound an inch deep, discovered a foreign body—in the orbit of the eye—and advised an operation for its removal. This operation was performed at 12 o'clock Tuesday, by Dr. Hamilton, assisted by Dr. Corbett. After placing the patient under chloroform, and enlarging the external wound, what was the doctor's astonishment to find that on laying hold of the foreign body with a strong forcep, it was almost immovable, but on using vigorous traction, inch after inch was drawn out, till a piece of pine wood two and three-quarter inches long, three fourths of an inch broad and half an inch thick was removed from the poor fellow's eye. And fancy this big piece of wood nearly four weeks in his eye, what intense suffering he must have experienced during these long weeks? We are glad to be able to state that the poor fellow is likely to make a speedy recovery, but with loss of sight of the left eye. This is certainly one of the most extraordinary cases on record.—*Port Hope Guide*.

#### FORESTRY CONGRESS.

To the Editor of the *Canada Lumberman*.  
DEAR SIR,—Inclosed please find \$2.00, one year's subscription to the *CANADIAN LUMBERMAN*. I was sorry to see the *Northwestern Lumberman* speak so hard of the Forestry Congress held at Saratoga Sept. last; liking the crowd to spring chickens, etc., etc.—and though not as well attended as it might have been, yet, there was a good deal of interesting discussion. Nor were all of those present extremists, arguing that our forests would be denuded of their wealth in a very few years.

Yours, &c.,  
Montreal, Dec. 2nd, 1884. J. K. YARD,