

even President Lincoln's famous gunboats, which could go "wherever the ground was a little damp," for in case of necessity it can navigate a dry and dusty road or make its way through a swamp or over a windfall. On its forward deck it carries a powerful steam capstan or windlass, and when it wants to take a land voyage a wire cable is taken ashore and made fast to some secure and solid anchorage, the capstan is set at work, and the "alligator" hauls itself out of the water and wanders about, slowly but surely, at its own sweet will. When its operations in one lake are finished, it simply hitches itself across lots to another and begins there.

The lumber-jack is not always at work. When the sleigh-haul is finished or when the drive is done, and now and then between times, he stops and plays for a longer or shorter time, according to the sum of money that he has earned since his last spree.

Drinking, other vice, and sometimes fighting and murder, have been features of his spring diversions since lumbering began. It must be admitted, however, that times are changing a little in the lumber woods as well as everywhere else, and that the shanty-boy, like his cousin the cowboy, is not quite so picturesque a figure as he once was, and does not blow in his "stake" quite so violently. There are even some of his tribe who do not blow it in at all, but keep it for wiser uses. And in many other ways he has altered, in some respects for the better and in some for the worse. He is not only a little more law-abiding, but also, it is to be feared, a little less interesting and attractive. He may be less ready with a knife or a revolver, but he is also less ready with a song or a story.

Nevertheless, the lumber-jack

still has a great deal of individuality. He lives and works out-of-doors, among the trees, in the wind, under the sky; and he is simple and natural, generous, fearless, manly, and independent. There are no labour unions in the lumber camps, and while this is partly due to the fact that the lumber-jack is a good deal of a rover and will seldom stay in one place long enough to be organized, yet I believe it is also, in part, because of his love of managing his own affairs in his own way. He has his vices and his weaknesses, and they are bad ones, but seldom is he mean or petty or small, and to a considerable extent his failings are due to the conditions under which his life is spent. His evenings are occupied in lounging about the stove in a hot, close, foul atmosphere, smoking, swapping stories with his mates, playing cards, or idly listening to the music of the camp fiddler.

In many of the lumber camps of Canada, thanks to the energy of the Rev. Mr. Fitzpatrick, reading camps have been established, with a supply of books and papers, and in some cases, teachers to instruct the men in the elements of education.

After a day in the open air, followed by a very hearty supper, he is apt to feel dull and stupid, and before long he turns in between his blankets and sleeps till the chore-boy comes in to start the fire, and the cook's tin-horn warns him that it is time to get up and begin another day. Sundays are much the same, except that they are longer and more tedious. But few lumber-jacks own a gun or a rod, and what is the use of walking when there is nowhere to go?

As the weeks wear on the monotony grows almost unendurable, and when at last the job is done and he starts for town with his time-check in his pocket, he is as happy and excited as a boy just out of