

A Fearful Tragedy

Yesterday a Rat, while passing Van Wart's Drug Store, agency for ELKAY'S RAT KILLER, just smelled some of this, but that, only that, was not enough because:

He didn't stop to say goodbye,
He didn't ask the reason why,
He just at once proceeded to die.

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SATURDAY, JULY 1

Alice Brady in

"Dawn of the East"

Shuddering, the white Girl shrank against the silken hangings of the room. The grinning yellow man moved closer. "You are my wife— And then, like a flash, there came to the covering girl the meaning of the ceremony she had just gone through. She was trapped—caught like a butterfly in the net of Chinese intrigue. If you like adventures and action against the bizarre background of gorgeous Oriental splendor. Don't fail to see this picture.

Second Episode of the Serial "Velvet Fingers"
MUTT and JEFF in "GHOSTLEY WALLOPS"

Matinee: 20 and 5c, Evening: 20 and 10c

Don't forget the Big Dance in the Palace Saturday, July 1. Reid's Orchestra will furnish the music. Dance starts at 8 sharp.

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LUMBERING ON THE ST. JOHN RIVER, PAST AND PRESENT

By J. Fraser Gregory, President of Murray and Gregory Ltd.

(Continued from June 23)

The cook occupied the end of the camp farthest from the door. On a rough table against the wall he made his bread and sweet cake. It was made fresh every day, not yeast raised bread, but short saleratus bread and to bake it, it was put in pans in a reflector before the fire. This was a tin affair about two and a half feet long and fourteen inches in width on the ends with sloping top. It was open on the side next to the fire and bottom but closed on the top, back and ends. Under it one or two pans of dough were put, and set before the fire and baked.

Just inside the door was the grindstone, at which the choppers and swamper took turns sharpening their axes for the next days work. At that time no table was set from which the men ate. When the cook, who is the supreme power in a lumber camp, gave the word, each man in turn stepped up to the fire with tin plate and cup in hand and brought his portion from the steaming pots and carried it to the "Deacon's Seat," where he sat and ate it.

The camp that boasted a fiddler or even a Jew's harp player was to be envied. Singers were also desirable and did much to entertain in the evenings about the fire. But their songs, I can't describe them; nothing we have now days resembles them. They called it singing by air and there was no air to it, but the telling of a story of many verses about a maiden fair or a warrior bold, in a drone that went up and down the scale as the singer saw fit, no singer would sing the same song to the same air—it was the story that counted. At 9 p. m. lights were out and all had retired, leaving possibly a singer in individual laboriously writing a letter home. As soon as the fire commenced to die down, it would get very cold and time to time someone who was too cold to sleep would get up and replenish the fire.

Between 4.30 and 5 a. m. the cook having breakfast well under way, would call "All hands turn out." Breakfast was soon disposed of and the men started for their work, with lunch slung over the shoulder of a swamper in each crew. Before daylight the men were on their ground, probably having walked two or three miles. They boiled one kettle and lunched in the evening, but in the camp until daylight was gone. In those days a million and a half to two million was a big operation. Very little yarding was done, but what there was was done with two horses. All the trees were felled with fl. axes. No logs under cover in the camp were cut and the whole tree was taken out of the woods in one piece, the average being six pieces to the thousand. Four teams could get a million of logs in the winter; now it takes six pairs.

A pair of horses and driver could be hired for a dollar per day, or the pair month. Then they only lunched once a day; now twice. The value of logs delivered in St. John was six dollars a thousand. No stampage was the government, but they paid four dollars per square mile for permit to cut the area. There has been no change in the logging since excepting that they are a little wider today. There is no question as the snowfall being less now than it was in the olden times. Then it averaged five feet in the winter and when the snow was deep the choppers cut down trees standing on the snowbanks. Then there was no holding for the men excepting at Christmas and it was celebrated among themselves in the camp. As spring approached and the long bright days of March came, preparations were made for the drive. Men whipped-sawed boards for bangers and bangers made and ironed. The majority of the men stayed on for the drive, which started about the first of May, fully two weeks later than now.

The great success of the drive is to get a good start, so the successful operator was good and ready when the

roads commenced to break up and the men like to enjoy a few days rest, waiting for the water in the streams. As soon as there was enough running to float a log they commenced to roll in the landings—that is, the piles of logs along the banks that had been hauled out in the winter. The landings often extend across the stream, only having a small opening in the middle into which the logs could be rolled out after the other as they are floated out by the water. At the beginning it is slow work, the night being cold, the water runs off. In the morning there is little or none, but as the sun gets higher and the day advances it increases, perhaps too much and the men have difficulty in getting the logs moving without jamming and may be forced into the icy water up to their hips to free an obstruction. In a few days the landings are all made and the start made. Provisions and camping outfit are loaded into the tow boat and away they go on their long march down the river to the boom below Fredericton. No sheer boom existed to guide the logs past bars or rocks and keep them in the channel. No corporation drives were ahead caring for their logs and hurrying them to their destination. The crew that started with the logs must take them all the way through. At the same time other operators were being driven into the main river. At once you ask, how did the different operators know their own logs? They were all marked in the woods with an axe, cutting some character through the bark, each operator having his own mark. These marks while intelligible to a lumberman, mean nothing to the ordinary citizen. Some of the marks were "Wild Goose," "Beaver Hat," "Square forty," "Turtle," "Shad Tail," etc. I could talk for an hour on marks alone and make it interesting. The start once made the crew is strung out on both sides of the river, pushing the logs off the shore, where they may catch. Ahead the best men are watching the bad spots where jams might occur, and from time to time are called upon to run out over the floating lumber in swift running water and with pole or pike dislodge the key log, in what might be in a short time, a serious jam. Honorably they risk their lives at their work and think nothing of it, but they are heroes, these Canadian stream drivers and the best specimens of men the world can produce. Did they not prove it in the South African war?

(Editor Note: As before explained this series of papers were originally given as a lecture before the New Brunswick History Society, before any one dreamed of the devastating world war, and we must admit as we are sure the writer would, did they not prove it in a greater way in that war.)

The rear of the drive is brought up by the bateaux crews and the boss who takes care no logs are left behind, the bateaux being used to carry them to one side of the river or the other, or onto the islands. At the beginning there is not much work for the horses and they stand in the range or the tow boat and are passengers. The drivers start their work at daylight. As soon as they are off the cook and rookies break camp and get under way in the towboat, now running with the current and guided with the long sweep at the stern through the workers to the camping ground for the night, where the tents are once more set up. They are not the wall of canvas tents we know, but long shed tents open in front and sloping down to the ground at the back. The cook starts his fire, makes his bread in the reflectors, boils his pork and otherwise prepares the evening meal. An abundance of wood is gathered to start a long fire in front of the tent. As daylight fades from the sky the men come straggling in, most of them wet to their waist, eat their meal and throw themselves to the ground under the tent behind the fire and are asleep in jig time. (To be continued)

HARTLAND LOCALS

Dr. G. N. Belyea and Mrs. Belyea made an auto trip to Hamilton on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Berry and little son of Moncton have been visiting at the home of Andrew Alton.

Our Centreville correspondent remarks that Carleton county roads should be sent over to Gloucester for repairs.

Ralph Holyoke, who has been at Fredericton for some time on business for Betsy & Curtis Co., has returned to Hartland.

All who have friends buried in the Bradley portion of the cemetery are requested to meet at the Observer office for the purpose of securing a correct title to their lots. These lots have never been transferred by deed.

There are many kinds of wealth. Some people think that wealth consists of the possession of worldly goods; others that it includes the resources of their country; and there are some that realize that the power to work is also wealth. See poverty of Riches, Neighborhood Theatre, Saturday night.

According to the press reports T. W. Caldwell and Hon. J. B. M. Baxter nearly came to blows in the House of Commons early Tuesday morning over a discussion in reference to the Carleton County election in December.

A. J. CYR

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