

wade out into the rushing stream, where the current threatens to sweep him away, and where a flying log may dash against him at any moment and knock him off his feet. Often he must clamber over the jam and pick and pry at the woven sticks with his peavey, or his pike-pole, and take the chances that the pile may suddenly melt away under his feet and let him drop into the icy river, perhaps to be crushed to death between the grinding timbers. And sometimes he has to get down

up of the pick of the camps, the best, strongest, and hardiest men in the woods.

When the snow has gone another gang starts to get the logs afloat. This is the most exciting and dangerous part of the whole trade. The logs are on the rollway in a confused mass, one or two of them jammed and keeping back all the rest on the slope. The obstruction has to be cleared; and then with a roar a detachment of the logs will roll helter-skelter into the stream.



A LOG JAM.

under the front of the jam and loosen the one log which, braced against a rock, is holding back all the rest, with the possibility that the entire mass may take a sudden start and be upon him before he can escape. At the best, the frequent wettings and the constant exposure to the weather must tell on a man sooner or later. There are no old men on the drive, and few middle-aged ones. The driver gets good wages, but he earns his money, and the driving crews are generally made

So swift and sudden is this rush that instances have occurred of men having to spring for their lives into the river, dive deep to the bottom, and swim under the water to get clear of the avalanche that thundered behind and above them.

Perhaps the queerest product of the drive is the "alligator," a small and very heavily built vessel used in handling logs on some of the Canadian lakes and rivers—a sort of a cross between a boat and a grasshopper. It beats the record of