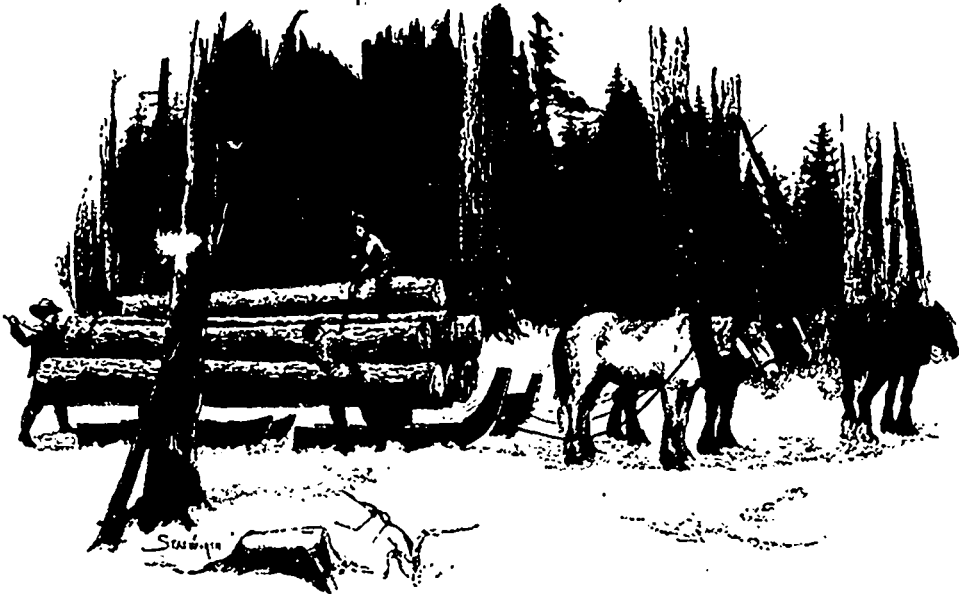


## Young People's Department.



LOADING THE SLEIGHS.

### IN THE SHANTIES.

IT looks like a lonely life, to live far away in the woods and cut down trees and load sleighs with big logs and draw them to the banks of a river, and so in one sense it is; but still there are a great many men who are very glad to do it. They lead a very regular life, up each day early in the morning, cutting away at the trees and handling the logs all day, halting for a short time at noon for their dinner, and coming home tired and hungry at night for their "supper." This is their daily task. They live chiefly on salt pork, potatoes, beans, and bread. Sometimes, for variety, they have some game, which some one procures, gun in hand, from the woods. These lumbermen are always hungry. The steady work and crisp cold air is good for them, and they are generally strong and healthy. They wear homespun grey cloth, with a red sash sometimes tied round the waist. They are very merry all day long, and the woods ring with the sound of the axes and, sometimes with songs as the work goes on.

On Sundays, they halt from their work, sometimes mend their clothes, or do a bit of washing, or write a letter home, or read a little from a book. Now and then a clergyman pays them a visit and gets them together for a short

service. They sing hymns and listen to what the good man has to say to them. He gives them good advice, takes, perhaps, a meal with them, and then says good-by.

In the spring of the year, when the ice begins to move in the river, they all get ready to break up the camp, and set the logs floating on the water. These logs are all marked so that the owners will know them, and then they are pushed into the river, and away they go. The men go with them along the shore, and when the logs get jammed together, two or three of them have to go out on them, jumping from one to the other, with long poles, having a sharp, iron prong at the end, in their hands. By means of pushing and pulling with this pole they start the logs going again; but this is dangerous work, and sometimes the poor fellows lose their footing and get drowned in the water, or crushed by the logs. Sometimes they fasten logs together, and make a big raft of them, and in this way they float down the river. Or, if they don't fasten them together, they chain the outside logs one to the other so that those behind them cannot get loose, and so they keep them all together. This is what they call a boom. These logs are floated down to a saw-mill, where they are sawn into boards and then stacked up as "lumber." This is a great trade in Canada and makes the wilderness, after all, a useful place.