

the cooking was done at a camp-fire in the court-yard, but in winter, at the huge hearth in the shanty. A large log hollowed into a trough caught rain water, while for culinary purposes a spring near at hand sufficed.

On the walls of the stable were stretched out, dried by the sun, stained by the weather and torn by the wind, the skins of several polecats, weasels and other vermin, evidence of the prowess of the stable boys and a warning of the fate which awaited all similar depredators—just as the Danish pirates when captured by the Saxons were flayed and their skin nailed to the church doors, as a symbol of the stern justice meted out in the days of the Heptarchy.

A couple of hardy Scotch squatters had cleared a patch of ground near the camp, and raised a crop of oats, and cured a quantity of wild meadow hay, for which they got a good price from the lumber company.

The deserted camp was soon in a bustle of activity, and the abandoned buildings were promptly reoccupied. The stores were safely housed and padlocked. Each man stowed away his "kit" under his berth or on a shelf or peg above it. Axes were sharpened on a large grindstone, and when necessary fitted with new helves, and every one was prepared for a winter campaign against the serried array of forest veterans. Such are the general arrangements adopted for carrying out the great national industry of Canada—an industry in which more capital is employed than in any other branch of business and from which a greater annual revenue is derived.

The day after the arrival of the lumber crew at the camp, Lawrence was told off with a "gang" of men to proceed a short distance up the stream and begin the work of felling trees. The air was cool and bracing, and fragrant with pine balm. The stately trunks rose like a pillared colonnade, "each fit to be the mast of some high admiral." The pine needles made an elastic carpet under foot and the bright sunlight streamed down through the openings of the forest, flecking the ground with patches of gold.

Soon the assigned limit was reached, and the stalwart axemen each selected his antagonist in this life and death duel with the ancient monarchs of the forest. The scanty brushwood was