

covering the joints of the first row. Thus the rain is kept out in the fall and spring. For rain that falls on the roof will of course gather in the upturned concave sides of the scoops and thus be conducted to the eaves. As you enter the shanty, the first thing that strikes the eye is the fire, which is an immense oblong fireplace, called the *camboose*, in the centre of the shanty, and certainly taking up one-fifth of the space thereof, and sometimes more. The *camboose* is made with logs, and well filled with sand, on which the fire is made. At one end, a space about two feet wide is partitioned off, in which the cook may place and cover with the red-hot sand from the fire those pots and bake-kettles, from which come the white bread and the delicious baked beans, for which the shanties are famous. The smoke goes out through an immense aperture in the roof; and when it escapes well, there is nothing more cheerful than to see from twenty-five to sixty or eighty men seated around this immense blaze, eating, smoking, chatting, grinding axes. And again, when all are gone to bed there is something weird in the stillness of the camp, broken only by the cracking of the burning logs, or the long, heavy breathing of the sleepers.

After shaking hands with the cook, recognizing him, if possible, as one you met last year in such or such a shanty, or as a new acquaintance, you take off your overcoat and wraps, and look around. As your eyes get accustomed to the glare of the *camboose*, you notice that all around the sides of the shanty there are berths, arranged in an upper and a lower range like those of a Pullman sleeper, only that the upholstery is not so perfect. The mattress or ticking of those beds consists of an armful or two of balsam boughs; the pillows are folded overcoats, or bags stuffed with the scanty spare effects of the shanty-man. However, the woodman, after wielding the axe or teaming horses since daylight, or the missionary, who has been up early, out all day in a sleigh and up late in the evening, cares but little for the hardness of his couch, provided he have plenty of warm blankets.

Having made friends with the cook—a very important preliminary—we inform ourselves about the number of men in the shanty; how many of them are Catholics; how many French; how many Irish; how

far it is to the next shanty, which is the best way to go thither, etc. We get our supper before the men come in from the bush. As they come in, tired, and covered from head to foot with snow, their beards rigid with ice, we welcome each and every one of them with a hearty shake hands. The whole camp is then a scene of bustle. Damp mitts, and moccasins and socks are taken off and strung up before the *camboose* fire to dry, until the shanty looks like a second-hand clothing store. Then the men wash their hands and faces, and get supper. And don't they eat! From a bodily point of view, I can wish the readers of THE OWL nothing better than that they may always have a shanty man's appetite, and lots to satisfy it. After supper appear the pipe and tobacco, and soon the shanty is filled with the fumes and the odour of the delectable weed. The choppers are occupied, one grinding an axe, another turning the grindstone, another carving an axe-handle. Here a piler or a loader is tempering his cant-dog, or fitting a new handle to it; there a teamster is mending a whipple-tree, or repairing some article of harness. In the midst of the throng, the cook, most important man of all, both in his own esteem and in that of the others, who was a while ago busy dishing out meat, cutting bread, and otherwise attending to the eaters, is now bustling about washing up the knives (forks are rare), tin plates and tea-dishes, that form the table-service of the shanty.

The missionary is generally supposed to get up a little diversion before the mission begins. Songs are sung; if there be a fiddle and fiddler in the shanty their services are called for. My brother clergyman is an expert at white magic, especially at tricks with cards, and many an evening he keeps a whole shanty laughing at his amusing tricks, or in amazement at his wonderful feats of jugglery. At last, however, the teamsters have to go and feed their horses; and when they come back, the mission begins. Sermons are given, both in English and French, if necessary, on the great truths of Salvation. Medals, rosaries, and scapulars, catechisms and other good books are then distributed among the men; and after that, begin the confessions. These may last until from eleven till twelve o'clock or later; after which we