



STORY TELLING.

One thing that struck us forcibly in studying the life of the men was the excellence of their behaviour. This is no doubt in some measure due to the total absence of intoxicating liquors of any kind. One of the most rigid rules of the company is that prohibiting the use of liquor by the men in camp. We greatly enjoyed our visit to the shanties and bade our friends good-bye with something of regret.

We left for home on Monday, after a hearty dinner. It was a bright, calm, beautiful afternoon, fully verifying the forecast of the shanty weather prophets of the night before. When we struck the clearings we found that our road had completely disappeared, for a heavy snow fall had completely filled the track. This was unfortunate, the more so that our guide to the shanties, Mr. Way, had remained in camp. The new fallen snow was so dazzling in the brilliant sunshine as to seriously affect our eyes. Here and there, however, bushes had been planted in the snow to mark the road, with a view to just such an experience as ours, and we managed somehow to flounder along. The nearer we came to Rawdon the deeper the snow, and just before reaching the latter place a field covered with huge drifts had to be crossed. It was toilsome work for man and beast, for every hundred feet or so we would lose the road and get into a depth of soft snow that made progress next to impossible. Once or twice we were in a position to sympathize fully with the Irishman whom we had met on our way to the shanties. Our



PLAYING CARDS.

course was an interminable zigzag till we came to Rawdon. Fortunately we met but one sleigh—fortunately for ourselves and others, for it was with extreme difficulty that we passed this one without disaster. Once off the beaten track there appeared no bottom to the drifts. The lights gleaming over the snow from the windows of Rawdon was a welcome beacon, and the bright interior of Mr. Burns' hotel as cheery a place as weary man could wish. It seemed to me more like a comfortable home in a private country house than like a hotel. In our sitting room were sofas, easy chairs, rockers, and all contrivances for comfort. I was informed by Mr. Burns that Rawdon is a favourite with summer tourists, who find there facilities for fishing and boating, to say nothing of

the scenery and the healthful and invigorating country air. We liked the place, and we liked our host, who, by the way, is a fine type of Scotchman. His eldest daughter, a blithe and winsome Scottish lassie, had won distinction, we were told, by writing a story based on some of the traditions of the neighbourhood, winning the prize offered by a well known Canadian newspaper for the best Canadian short story. They have a fine school at Rawdon, one of the best in the whole Laurentian district. The villagers are wide awake and progressive, and the mixed character of the citizenship is shown in the fact that four different denominations are represented, each with its own church.

After a good night's rest we got an early start for Montcalm. It was a pleasant drive down the slopes of the Laurentians, but it was noon before we reached Montcalm, and by that time we were glad enough to leave our cramped quarters in the sleigh and stretch our limbs once more. We dined at Payette's, and I was most agreeably surprised at the varied excellence of the bill of fare. Before leaving town I had some faint notion that rough fare and general hardship were associated with life in these districts, but my experience did not bear out my theory. Mr. Payette, by the way, is a gentleman of large resource, being at one and the same time a farmer, lumber jobber, store-keeper, and caterer to such hungry wayfarers as ourselves.

While at Montcalm I made it a duty to gather some information regarding the general depot for the company's stores, the importance of which I was now better able to appreciate than when we first passed through the village. Teams laden with provisions ply between the depot and the shanties, and the former must therefore be well supplied. There was in stock on this day four carcasses of beef, 40 barrels of pork, 24 barrels of flour, 10 bags of potatoes, six barrels of oil (for the lanterns used by the teamsters), three barrels of peas, three of beans, three of sugar, one of soda, 12 bags of salt, one cask molasses, one case raisins, rice, a dozen chests of tea, 60 bags of oats, etc. There were also 20 to 30 pieces of Scotch tweed, of as fine quality as can be found in the best of the city stores. There was, in addition, the usual stock of a country store in cottons, boots, shoes and moccasins, general groceries and dry goods of all kinds. I was shown

through the store by a young man who impressed me at first sight as being entirely unlike those around him. After a few words of conversation he struck, to my great delight, the chord of the German tongue. He talked, too, in French, the genuine Parisian. When he added that he was not less familiar with Russian my astonishment was complete. To find as clerk in a small and somewhat remote village in Quebec province a master of four languages, and he but 21 years of age, was the most surprising of all the surprising experiences of the trip. I did not learn the whole of his story. He is a native of St. Petersburg, where his mother now resides and whence he expects her to come soon to visit him. He came over the ocean to learn farming in the Eastern Townships of Quebec, and now he is engaged as a clerk in



THE TOILET.

the Montcalm depot of the Charlemagne and Lac Ouareau Lumber Co. A bright, intelligent, well educated young man, it is fair to assume that he will get along, as the saying is, in the new world. After a general look around the saw and grist mill and their surroundings we made our adieus and were off for St. Jacques. Here Messrs. Ross and McIntyre paused to change their horse for a fresh one, but Mr. McLaurin and I sped on toward the railway station at Epiphany. I do not know why this name was given to the place. Probably because they couldn't think of any other real nice, appropriate and not too "high-falutin" name for it. On our way thither there was a final incident which threatened disaster to Mr. McLaurin and myself, but which, to our great satisfaction, brought grief upon a more deserving head. The road was only wide enough to accommodate one sleigh comfortably. A few miles from Epiphany we encountered a farmer mounted on the top of a sled-load of grain, in bags. He jogged along most unconcernedly without attempting to deviate one inch



TYPES OF SHANTYMEN.

from the centre of the road. We were willing to give him more than half the road, but we did feel entitled to a little of it. We were disappointed. He had the heavier team, and when our horse and his had nearly touched noses, and he still kept the whole road, there was nothing for it but to plunge into the deep snow. In passing, however, our sleigh in some way caught the side of his. Our horse took fright, made a frantic dash—and a moment later had regained the road beyond. We turned our eyes backward for a parting glance at our courteous friend—but he was nowhere in sight! The rush of our horse had actually upset his sled, and from his lofty seat he had gone down with his grain bags into the depths of the soft snow. Even his horse had been staggered aside from the road and was almost swamped. We promptly stopped and waited to learn if any serious damage had been done. When the independent farmer's head emerged, and a volume of language more forcible than polite flowed in our direction, we concluded that our services were not in urgent demand, and as we were anxious to catch a train we gave