

they glide slowly down with the current. Rafts just like them may be seen on the Danube and other European rivers, handled with huge oars and steered with a long sweep. On the short streams, particularly those that are not navigated by other craft, there is nothing to do but roll the logs off the banking-ground into the river and let them float down as fast as they will, a crew of men following close behind with peaveys and pike-poles to

mind getting his feet wet, river-driving is not necessarily a very hard or disagreeable occupation so long as the weather is not very boisterous nor the stream very tumultuous; but on cold, stormy days, such as often come in early spring, his lot is not an enviable one. As to the dangers attendant on the calling, they depend almost entirely on the behaviour of the river. While the current is slow and tranquil the work is not very



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keep them moving and release those that get "hung up" on the banks. A few large logs are fastened together to form a small raft on which tents are pitched, and sometimes there is a rough scow carrying a little cabin which serves as a kitchen. Here the men eat and sleep, and the "wannigan," as it is called, floats down stream just behind the logs and is always close to the scene of action.

To a strong, healthy man who is inured to exposure and does not

perilous, though it is often tedious and there is always a chance that in running across the floating logs he may tumble in and perhaps be caught under the timber and drowned like a rat in a trap. Strange to say, there are many river-drivers who cannot swim.

But the risks multiply rapidly when the drive enters a rapid or nears a fall, and when the now racing logs begin to pile up on the rocks like tangled heaps of jackstraws. Often the driver has to