

tents pitched at Lake Audy. Well, early in the morning you will be suddenly disturbed in your slumber by a cheerful: "Get up here, six o'clock, weather is fine, not a cloud. Get a move on!" That is George, our cook, whose head never fails to appear in the tent door at this time, Sundays excepted. After a few minutes there is another call: "Ain't you up yet? Pancakes is getting cold." Everyone has a soft spot for George's pancakes. I believe he had to start to make them at five o'clock; so up you get, a dip in the lake, on with some clothes, and you are ready for the breakfast. At seven o'clock there is nothing left on the table except the hardware, and out we go to work; one party of four on a valuation survey, and another party to take stem analyses. Let us follow the former party. There are two men on the chain, the head man carrying a compass to maintain a straight course, the rear end man keeping the tally. The other two fellows go one on each side of the chain, calipering the trees to a distance of $16\frac{1}{2}$ feet from same, calling out their variety, diameter $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet from the ground, and how many logs they can get from each tree, to the tallyman, who puts it down on a printed form. On the back of this he makes note of everything that is particular to the stand he is going through, location, situation, soil, ground cover, undergrowth, variety of trees, density, silvicultural conditions of the stand, reproduction, etc. Insects and fungi are collected and damage they do is studied. These lines all run parallel at different distances depending on the type of the forest and how careful an estimation you wish to obtain.

But what is all this racket about? Oh, Dan, the teamster's dog, which is following the party, has got hold of a wolf. He bites and shakes it, but poor Dan's teeth are not very sharp and not much harm is done. Disgusted, he lets go his hold and quick as lightning the wolf has got him by the nose. There is a yelp and the wolf is caught in Dan's grip again. But the result is no better. This time, however, he is careful not to open his jaws and with the help of Gus, who is "found carrying concealed weapons," the poor wolf is passed into eternity.

And the surveying party continues its march, through good timber, over big brulés and muskegs, crossing rivers, wading through sloughs, tumbling down a deep ravine only to have to climb up again on the other side the next minute. But everyone is cheerful and if the sloughs become too deep there is always Parker's "It's a gay life, boys!" which means that you are not going to be a quitter.

Seven o'clock finds us all at suppertable. The stem analysis party tell their experience, how they have been occupied finding out age and annual growth, height, merchantable length, etc., of different trees, and how they saw a big bull moose on a cutting biting off the tops of young trees, showing a most alarming dis-