

specially careful in choosing a site for their city. Wherever along the river-bank there are sufficient half level spots to permit twelve to fifteen tents to be erected and blankets to be spread upon the ground without using stones for pillows, is good enough for a camping ground.

Having chosen such a spot, the men detailed to attend to this part of the business, called "cookery-men," prepare for night. First and foremost the cooking tent is stretched. It is *the* house of the settlement both in size and importance. In it the provisions are stored, and over it the cook reigns supreme, and allows only a chosen few, the foreman and clerk and perhaps some of the cookery-men, to enter its sacred precincts, and help themselves to the dainties carefully concealed therein. This tent erected, all the others have to be put up ready for the men when they come in from work, and frequently they do not put in an appearance till long after the sun has gone to rest and the stars have taken up their quiet vigil. A Madawaska drive with a pushing foreman is an excellent place to study astronomy, for as the men would often jokingly remark to the foreman, when he brought them in specially late at night, or routed them out too early in the morning, "You want us to know every star in the heavens."

While the cookery-men are pitching the tents the chore-boy is gathering wood, and the cook is busy preparing supper. Upon the fire in the open air sits a huge pot of tea, which when sufficiently drawn is lifted to one side, but left near enough the fire to keep hot; over a bed of coals upon the other side of the fire is a bake-kettle of frying pork, sissing and spurting at a great rate, and woe to the cook who approaches it without a long-handled fork. A pot of rice pudding, a large pailful of stewed apples, a plate of butter and heaped up pans of bread complete the bill of fare for supper, while upon a rude table in front of the tents are tin plates, tea dishes and a stock of spoons, with a few knives and forks. Supper ready, the cook anxiously watches for the coming of the men, and as the first sound of their oars falls on his listening ears, he goes the round of his pots to see that all is well, and then watches the landing of the boats.

Around a bend in the river they come, a dozen large, red "buns," each one manned with six or eight rowers, and a man with a long paddle in bow and stern. One night the men are all lustily singing a French boat song, to which their oars keep time, but more frequently they come three or four boats abreast, every man bending to his oar, and striving to win the race. No sooner do they touch land than the oars are drawn in, and bounding upon the shore, with one shout the men pull up their boats and make for supper. Seizing a plate, a tin dish and a knife, if it is to be had, each man helps himself to what he likes best, and then looks for a seat upon log, stone or grass, and proceeds to store away an amazingly large quantity of provisions. Hunger appeased and pipes lit, every man shoulders his bundle of blankets and going off to his tent makes his bed upon the ground, which may be either wet or dry, rough or smooth, according to weather and locality. Beds made, some tumble in at once, the only difference between night clothes and day clothes being that at night coats are used for pillows, and vests are, as a rule, taken off, though occasionally a man will turn in boots and all, just as he came from his work. Others, not quite ready for bed, will sit around the camp-fire, drying their clothes and enjoying their pipes, as they while away the time spinning yarns about the adventures of old-time drivers and topics less worthy of consideration. Last of all the cook turns in, but before he does so he must make preparation for morning. Bread must be set, for with such a family baking is a daily duty; beans must be baked for breakfast. They have been previously boiled and the water being drained off, its place is taken by an abundance of fat pork. Then a large hole is dug in the sand, and over the bottom of it is put a layer of red hot ashes. Upon these the kettle of beans, with a tight fitting lid, is placed, and is completely covered over with hot sand or ashes, and where it is left till morning. To one not accustomed to camping out the first night under canvas along the bank of a river, near a lake or a marsh, it is quite a novel experience. If it happens to be a clear night, the lurid light that steals through the ceiling and walls of his airy chamber are not very conducive to sleep