

up the river are vast areas of bushland, the home of the shantyman. Here all through the fall and winter months he has been busy felling huge pine trees, lopping off their branches, sawing them up into logs and hauling them to the water which may be either river, creek or lake. It might have been interesting for us to have seen all the different stages of the fall and winter work and to have taken a peep at the jolly life of the shanty, but we are too late for this. Already the ice on the lakes is beginning to break up, while the spring water has transformed little babbling brooks into great roaring torrents, rushing on to swell the river's stream. Now the drive begins. First of all the logs piled along the creek are rolled into the water, and away they go down the swift current. All is well until a fall is reached, at the foot of which the logs, running a little too thickly, pile one upon another in a tangled mass and are prevented by the rocks from moving off. Quick as thought the log-drivers, stationed at this particular point, send up a shout and the men above swing a boom, prepared beforehand, across the creek and allow no more logs to go down. In a moment the drivers below, cant-dog in hand, are upon the pile at the foot of the fall, and with a "heave ho" loosen one log after another until the course is clear and the logs start afresh on their downward journey. These jams in the creeks often cause considerable delay and hard work, but they are not attended with the excitement and danger of a large jamb in the main river. In this case instead of forming at the foot of a fall or chute, the jamb more frequently occurs at the head and hence the great danger incurred by those working upon it. When the logs are running thickly so that they cover the whole service of the water, if a few become fast upon each side, the body of logs being driven closer together, they very easily stick, especially if there happens to be a rock out in the stream. As you can readily understand, two or three logs may be holding all the rest. They act like the key-stone of an arch and bind the others together. No sooner have they ceased to move than the tremendous pressure of the water forces them closer together and drives down other logs upon them, until they are piled three, four or five tiers deep. Into these some of the best

and most experienced drivers go and try to find the logs which are holding the rest. One log after another they loosen until, unexpectedly perhaps, they set free the right one and the jamb starts; and the men start too, for well do they know that if the jamb is really broken the sooner they are on shore the safer are their lives. But very probably it moves a foot or two and sticks again. Once more the men are upon it and again they loosen the key-log, when the whole mass begins to creak and groan and logs, rolling and twisting, one upon the other, go tumbling over the chute, while the men run for shore. Many a poor driver while trying to scramble over such a mass of pitching logs has been caught as in a vice there to be crushed to death or to be carried over the chute to a watery grave. And yet it is wonderful what fool-hardiness men will exhibit under such circumstances. Moved by the spirit of bravado, some of the first class drivers, famed for their skill "on the loose," will persist in going into the jamb, even in the most dangerous places, and there working with cant-dogs, instead of resorting to some safer method, such as taking a "jamb-dog," (*i. e.* an iron hook with a rope attached), and driving it into the key-log and then pulling from the shore, so that if the jamb starts there will be no danger. Hearing of how much others have ventured without injury, and forgetting those who have not come off so well, they think they are as brave as the bravest and will display their agility even at the risk of death, though of course they never think that *they* are going to be caught. It is wonderful how often by extraordinary nimbleness and good luck they do get safely to the shore; but sometimes they make a miss and as they are swept over the fall to the boiling cauldron below little good does their spirit of bravado and their boasted activity do them then; and for the rest of that drive every man in the camp is willing to be careful.

But to return to our drive on the creek; having passed the fall safely, probably the next obstacle is a large marsh in which the creek loses itself, and where, if there happens to be a slight head wind, the logs are very loathe to move onward in the right direction, but are strongly inclined to scatter over the whole marsh, and go sneaking in behind the