

A Lumber Camp Story

Should it ever be your privilege to be a guest at a timber estimator's camp in the deep Canadian forest, ask the estimator to allow you a look into his log-book. If he thinks you are worthy of the favor, he will hand you his diary and you will find its contents as entertaining as any romance.

The work of the timber estimator always has a picturesque setting; it is always dramatic and adventurous; the estimator's life is such a life as primal men must have led in the red dawn of the morning of the world. The estimator himself is invariably an iron man with a body trained to endure the most rigorous conditions, and a strong and acute mind.

This story is a detail from an estimator's life, and it was told to me one evening last summer. . . . I thought the old lumberman was recalling his youth and thinking of the old age that was stealing upon him, grey and chill, like the winter dawn, for I knew that the white hairs in his beard filled him with bitter melancholy; so I asked him if he saw in the tree's fate a gloomy shadowing of his own destiny and that of every living thing upon the earth.

"No, my boy," he answered, "I was thinking of what happened the last time I saw that tree five months ago. I entered the dry bones of the story in my diary, but I haven't got the diary here, of course."

"Last winter, Spalding (the walking-boss) sent Louis Renault and me up here to make a close estimate of the timber in this limit."

"I want you to estimate every white pine standing within the boundary lines which Langton ran last summer," said the walking-boss, "and put an axe-mark on every tree that will make square timber. We want to know what we've got up there, within a thousand feet."

"Of course that meant weeks of hard traveling but the snowshoeing was good and we were allowed to hire two Indians to make camp and cook and haul the flat sleds."

"We traveled together from Wanosing to that valley down there and we separated at that old dead pine. Renault and his Indian went east and I went west with my Indian. When we had finished our work we were to meet at the dead pine, and travel back to Wanosing together."

"The weather was very cold; there was no crust on the snow; there were very few red deer and the wolves were very numerous and very hungry."

"Every afternoon when the twilight greyed down to inky darkness and our camp fire flickered in the spruces and the ghostly rays of the Northern Lights shook on the purple sky above the pine-tops, we heard the baying of a wolf-pack following our snowshoe tracks toward the camp, and a little later the gray devils would approach the fire closer than I had ever known wolves to come before. They would remain until morning just outside the circle of firelight, sniffing, snarling and raising their long muzzles at intervals to send a full-throated chorus shivering through the sleeping woods."

"Their eyes reflected the light, and we fired many shots at the brutes, aiming between the shining eyes. When the shot missed, the wolves drew back a few yards but returned within a few minutes. When a wolf was killed or wounded the other leaped upon him and devoured him, leaving only his well-picked bones upon the crimsoned snow."

"The proportion of bullets that hit was one to every ten, for it is very difficult to shoot straight in the darkness."

"For three weeks we traveled through that part of the limit and when I had finished my work, an interlacement of snowshoe trails criss-crossed the snow, showing how thoroughly I had done my work."

"In all my experience I never saw better pine. It was magnificent. The great trees stood up in perfect alignment; the branches began forty or fifty feet from the ground; and except where spruces huddled between, the immense trunks gave the impression of great columns holding up the dark roof of a mighty temple, the sanctuary of strange mysteries and inviolate silence."

"I finished estimating at noon on the first of February, and we started for the valley of the big dead pine that afternoon. Renault was full of energy; I knew he would use all the hours of daylight until his job was finished, and as I knew there was less timber in his part of the

limit than in mine I expected to find him camped beside the dead pine waiting for me.

"From where we boiled the pot at noon it was twenty-five miles to the valley but that is not a long afternoon's walk for two hardened woodsmen when the snowshoeing is good."

"Mile after mile we swung along through the dusky aisles of the ancient forest with the sagging shuffle of snowshoe walkers. It was very cold and very still. Only the rasping of our snowshoe frames on the granulated snow and the loud snapping of freezing trees broke the silence."

"At five o'clock we stopped on the shore of an unnamed lake to eat our supper."

"As the blue shadows stretched out over the snow toward the east and the sun hid his red inflamed face behind the woods on the opposite shore, and the daylight dimmed to darkness, and the full moon glowed among the flashing stars, the inky shadows of the great trees blotted the snow. When we went on across the lake and into the woods on the farther shore the moon silvered the snow and threw our grotesque shadows ahead of us, and the shadows capered and danced as we trotted."

"When we were within half a mile of the valley and descending the hillside at a swinging trot the hunting chorus of a wolf pack rang like a carillon of silver bells from the top of the spruce-covered hill that rose in a dark mass against the purple sky across the valley."

"When we shambled into the valley I expected to see Renault's campfire twinkling, but no red light shown among the scattered clumps of tamarack and spruce, and I felt a touch of disappointment. White in the moon-glare, the great dead pine thrust its tall spire into the sky and its single skeleton arm pointed toward the east."

"A few minutes later we came to the edge of the brule in the middle of which the dead pine stands and with a great start of surprise I saw that a man stood with his back to the trunk, to which apparently he was bound. We shouted and the man, whooped joyously in answer. I gave a gasp of amazement, for I recognized Renault's familiar voice."

"In the next moment the wolf-pack bayed deeply from the bottom of the hill on the other side of the valley, and a chill passed over my body. Bending on our snowshoes, we raced with desperate energy towards Renault. When we were within twenty-five yards of him the wolves, giving tongue fiercely, leaped out of the shadow of the tamaracks on the farther edge of the brule."

"As we bounded up to the tree, I wondered what grim tragedy had happened. The snow about the tree was trodden and stamped with moccasin tracks and snowshoe marks, and spattered with blood. Within a few yards lay the dead body of Renault's Indian, and the freezing corpse of a strange Indian was stretched at Renault's feet. An axe with frozen flakes of blood on its blade lay between the dead men, and the fresh snowshoe trail of several men led away westward. Renault was un hurt, but he was tied most securely to the trunk with strips of green moose-skin."

"My Indian, Michigan, Shegaug, drew his buffalo knife and quickly cut the things. With a happy cry of gladness and relief Renault sprang away from the tree-trunk and snatched up the axe with the bloody blade. The wolves were close. Shegaug and I tossed our rifles to our shoulders and emptied the magazines. Shegaug is a good shot and I can shoot straight myself in daylight. But the wolves were approaching with flying leaps and the moonlight is very deceptive. Only two wolves were hit; four escaped the flock of bullets and sprang at us, answering the shrill-tongued rifles with short barks."

"The fight lasted less than a minute. Renault jumped forward as the wolves closed in, and the pack-leader bounded at his throat with bared fangs. Renault's axe swept upward and downward; the blade sunk into the brute's neck; the gray body thudded heavily on the snow; Renault wrenched the dripping blade from the wound; the wolf writhed convulsively at his feet, then lay with twitching body while the blood spouted from the deep bite of the red axe. Renault stepped back with a grim smile and stood leaning on his axe; he had done his part."

"Michigawn Shegaug dropped his empty rifle and pulled his buffalo knife from its sheath just as a big she-wolf leaped up at him with a fierce snarl. Shegaug side-stepped and the beast's jaws clashed together. The Indian's long arm shot out sideways; the ten-inch blade of his knife flashed downward as the wolf dropped to the snow at the end of her sprang, and Shegaug drove the big knife to the hilt into the animal's shoulder. At the same moment one of the two wolves that were left sprang at me and I crush-

ed its skull with my rifle-butt. The other wolf halted and stood hesitant a moment, but when Renault, with a yell, moved toward it swinging up his axe it turned and galloped away."

"Then we made camp and cooked and ate supper, and afterward, while Shegaug skinned the dead wolves beside the fire, Renault told me his story in detail."

"I will give you the outlines of the story and you can fill them in yourself if you are imaginative."

"He had finished his work two days before, and he and his Indian, who was an O-jeeb-way from Rainy Lake, had started for the valley. When they arrived there they found an Indian camp close to the big dead pine. It was Renault's opinion that these Indians were Al-gon-kins from the Abitibi district who had been run out of that part of the country for good reasons by their own people and the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company. These Al-gon-kins desired to possess the repeating rifles and the tent and blankets and bacon and flour and tea of Renault and his O-jeeb-way. So that evening, following the simple primal rule, 'he takes who has the power, he keeps who can,' they had obtained possession of these things. Renault's O-jeeb-way, a hard fighter, had been killed in the fracas; also one Al-gon-kin. Two other Al-gon-kins had been badly hurt. When Renault was overcome, he was bound to the trunk of the dead pine and the Al-gon-kins broke camp and his trail. But before they tramped away their head man made a birch-bark horn, the kind of horn that is used for calling moose in autumn, and setting it to his lips, he imitated the howl of a wolf, and kept repeating it until a pack of wolves answered him from beyond the hills. Fifteen minutes later the Al-gon-kins were a mile away; we were trotting down the hillside towards the valley; the eager-footed wolves were stringing over the top of the opposite hill. It was a narrow escape for Renault, eh? That adventure will not soon pass from his memory, eh?"—Field and Stream.

Conference of Educationalists.

We learn that Rev. Father Emery, O.M.I., rector of Ottawa University, has received an invitation, from the committee of the Allied Colonial universities, to attend their conference and dinner, in London, England, on the 9th and 10th of July next. The committee, of which the Premier, Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour is chairman, includes Sir Michael Foster, Secretary of the Royal Society; Sir N. Rucker, Principal of London University; Rt. Hon. R. B. Haldane, M.P.; Sir Gilbert Parker, and Mr. Kinlock of Cook's Mount, London, the secretary. At the conference, among other things, the question of co-ordination among universities of the empire will come up for discussion. Rev. Father Emery will be accompanied by Professor Stockley, who goes to visit Ireland.

Patent Report.

Below will be found a list of patents recently granted to foreigners by the Canadian Government, such patents being secured through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, patent attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C.

- Nos. 79,716—Paul L. T. Heroult, La Praz, (Savoie), France, electric furnace.
- 80,059—Leonard F. Cowey, London, Eng., weighing apparatus.
- 80,111—James Crabtree, Birkenhead, Eng., improvements in or connected with refrigerating chambers.
- 80,619—L. C. H. Charrier, Vendome (Loir-et-Cher), France, wood carving machine.
- 80,621—Alf. Geo. Floyd, Gladstone, Tasmania, Australia, apparatus for playing games adapted to cultivate the observation and memory.
- 80,680—Christian Esser, Wiener, Austria, method and apparatus for the production of half stuff from peat turf.
- 81,086—J. H. & W. C. Quiggin, Liverpool, Eng., table tennis nets.
- 81,219—Hermann Claassen, Dormagen, Prussia, Germany, separating sugar from syrup, molasses, etc.

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SUPERIOR COURT.
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC,
District of Montreal.
Dame Edwige Martineau, of the parish of St. Leonard-Port-Maurice, in the District of Montreal, wife common as to property of Stanislas Corbell, farmer of the same place, duly authorized for the purpose hereof by a judge of the Superior Court of this district, has this day instituted an action for separation of property against her said husband.
Montreal, June 16th, 1903.
BEAUDIN, CARDINAL, LORANGER & ST. GERMAIN,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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The transfer books will be closed from the 15th to the 30th of June, both days inclusive.
By order of the Board.
A. P. LESPERANCE, Manager.
Montreal, May 30th, 1903.

Society Directory.
ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1863.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhail, President, D. Aallery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; M. J. Ryan, treasurer, 18 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 3.30 p.m.

A.O.H. DIVISION NO. 6 meets on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month, at 816 St. Lawrence Main street. Officers: W. H. Turner, President; P. McCall, Vice-President; Percy J. Quinn, Recording-Secretary, 931 St. Denis street; James Scullion, Treasurer; Joseph Turner, Financial Secretary, 1000 St. Denis street.

A.O.H. LADIES' AUXILIARY, Division No. 5, Organized Oct. 10th, 1901. Meetings are held in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, on the first Sunday of each month at 2.30 p.m., on the third Thursday at 8 p.m. President, Miss Annie Donovan; vice-president, Mrs. Sarah Allen; recording-secretary, Miss Rose Ward; financial-secretary, Miss Emma Doyle, 68 Anderson street; treasurer, Mrs. Charlotte Bermingham; chaplain, Rev. Father McGrath.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1863, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P. President, Hon. Mr. Justice O. J. Doherty; 1st Vice, F. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Vice, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green, Corresponding Secretary, John Cahill, Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY organized 1885.—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. Father Flynn, C.S.S.R.; President, R. J. Byrne; Treasurer, Thomas O'Connell; Rec.-Sec., Robt. J. Hart.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., immediately after Vespers. Committee of Management meets in same hall the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. M. J. McKenna, Rev. President; W. F. Doyle, 1st Vice-President; Jas. P. Gunning, Secretary, 716 St. Antoine street, St. Henri.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized, 18th November, 1878.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chancellor, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; President, Fred. J. Sears; Recording-Secretary, J. J. Costigan; Financial-Secretary, Robt. Warren; Treasurer, J. H. Feeley, jr.; Medical Advisers, Drs. E. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connell and G. H. Merrill.

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