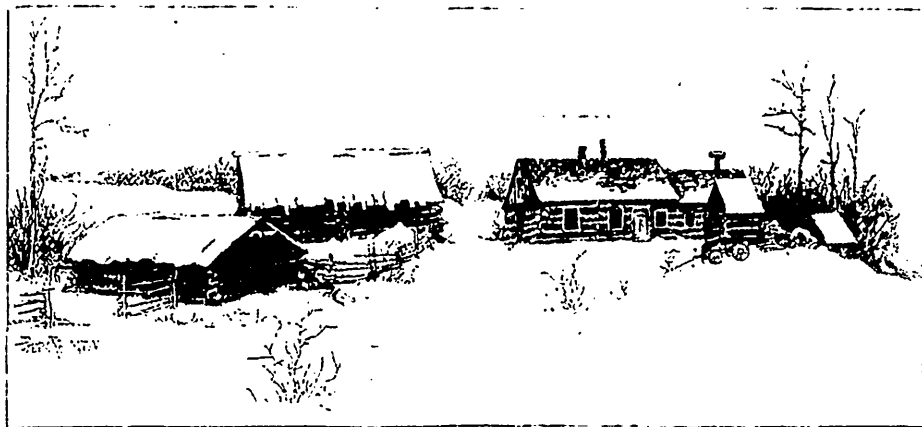


THE LUMBER JACK.*



THE LAST SETTLEMENT ON THE WAY TO THE LOGGING CAMP.



IN no country is the timber trade carried on under more picturesque conditions than in Canada. From the time the tree is felled until the log finds its way on shipboard, or to the teeth of the saw-mill, the surroundings are as romantic and exciting as we need wish. Life among the loggers, from a distance at any rate, seems the very ideal of healthy independence. Drivers, fellers, and explorers all have their definite work, and stand out in bold personality from their background of river and snow.

The war on the woods begins in the good old fashion with a reconnaissance. In the late autumn or early spring, when the leaves are thin on the trees, the explorers set out. A small party they are, five or six in number, fully equipped for a long ramble in the unknown

forest. Food, blankets, cookery pots, all have to be taken with them, to be shared amongst their bundles which, secured by the leather strap or "tump" line, are slung across the chest or forehead. Armed with the hunting-knife and trusty rifle, as their food purveyors, they go forth into the woods as did the trappers of old, but in search of vegetable prey. For weeks they will keep on the move from fresh patch to fresh patch, until some likely spot is reached. Then, climbing a tall pine on the hilltop, the leader will carefully survey the district.



* For two of the large engravings which accompany this article we are indebted to the courtesy of Joseph Phillips, Esq., Publisher of The National Monthly.—ED.