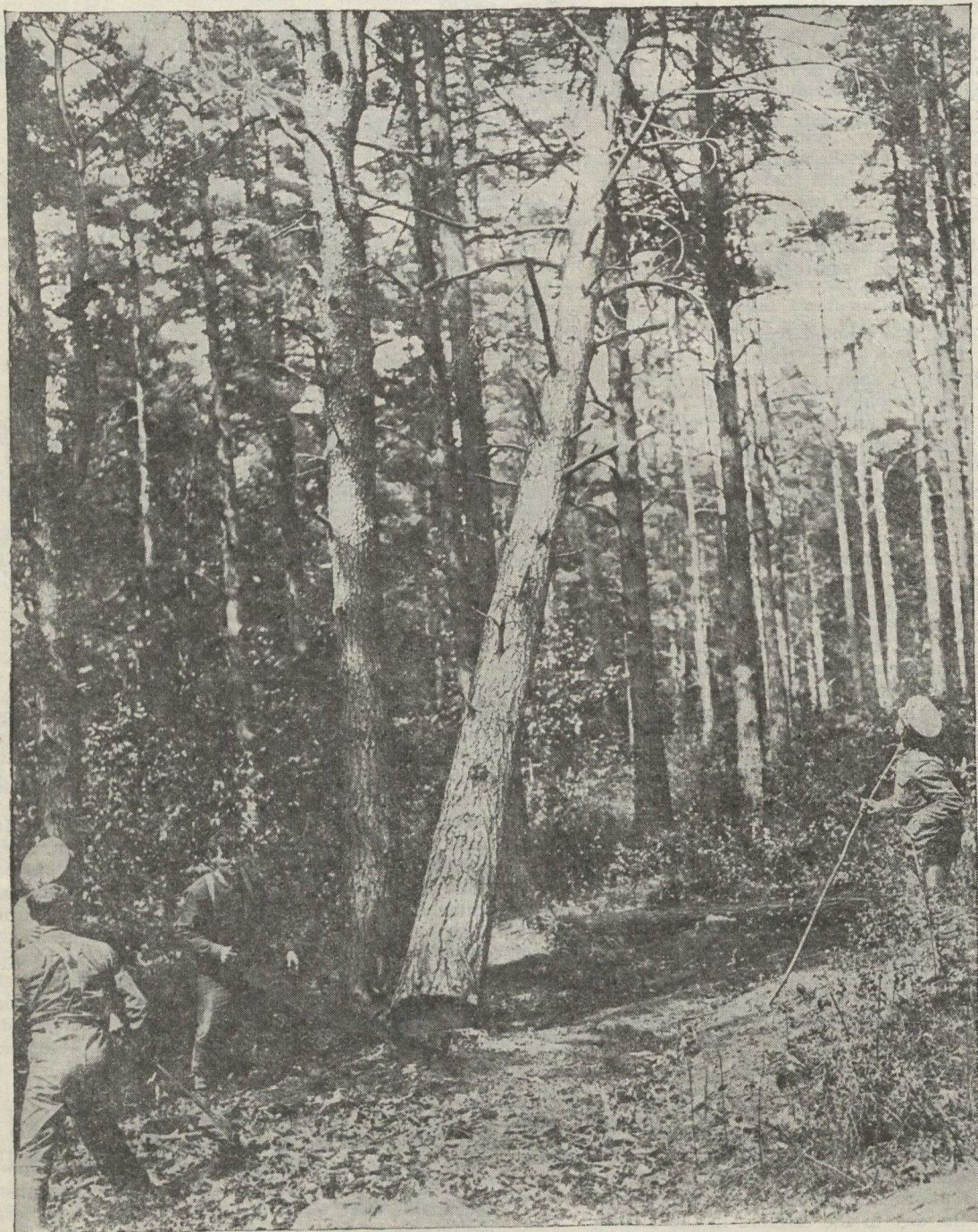


CANADIAN BUSH-WHACKERS IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK

By JACOB HOLDFAST



GIVE every man his due. I have critically examined this photograph of what is called the Canadian Foresters busy cutting Scottish firs in Windsor Great Park. I think it is a good-natured libel on Canadian bush-craft. I don't mean to say that the men represented in the photograph couldn't give pointers to any British park ranger or warden of the forest in cutting down trees. But I do mean to point out that in the first place, to follow the Canadian custom, they shouldn't have sawed the tree off at the roots—English style—but should have left a good, respectable stump to show where they had been working. Ten chances to one these men sat on the ground to saw down that fir—which is neither dignified nor comfortable. In the second place, when they started that tree going they should have been sure it was going clean down. As the picture shows, the fir is comfortably lodged in another one and doesn't intend to come down till somebody cuts the other tree, which is a ticklish and dangerous job. The man looking up at the top is wondering if he could climb up and hitch on a rope to pull it off. The other chaps are trying to tell him what a silly piece of business that would be.

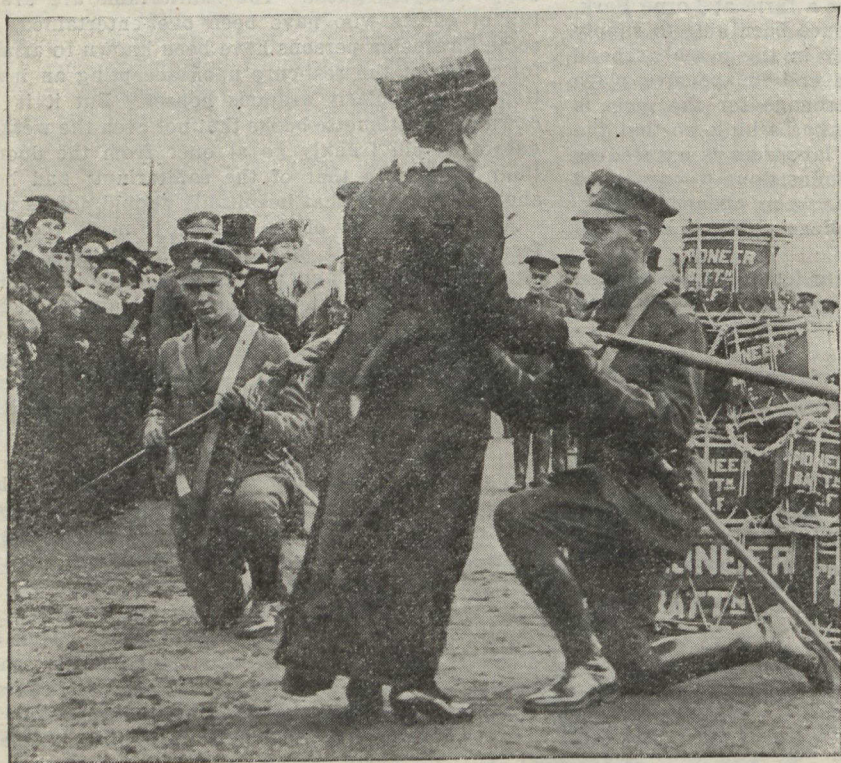
Now, as an old bush-whacker myself, I desire to point out to these young lumberjacks that they should have notched that fir with an axe the way they wanted it to go, if it didn't happen to be a leaning tree and if the tree began to balk in that direction they should have driven it over with wedges.

But of course it's easy for an old bush-whacker to find fault. I see the London Daily Mail has something to say about these Canadian bush-whackers as follows:

At present they are marking down and surveying certain tracts of forest land, "blazing" the trees—mainly the soft wood trees of pine and fir—and so arranging their scheme of attack that the beauties of our rural scenes shall not be unnecessarily marred.

They were brown, lithe woodsmen—half-soldier, half-trapper, and wholly romantic. They were diagnosing the cases of certain tall, feathery-topped pines very much as a doctor deals with his patient, and jotting down their calculations in a charted case-book. Already behind them could be heard the battle-music of saw and axe, broken into now and again by the sudden scream of the steam-driven "circular." Sundry gaps appeared now and again in the dark line of foliage—each gap meant the fall of a giant, and no giant has ever been dismembered so speedily as he. Half an hour ago a king of the glade, he is now a neat pile of railway sleepers ready for the track. "If we had all our tackle here," said one of the pioneers, "I guess we'd be able to turn you out a complete box of matches from the waste product of that tree—and do it while you wait!"

This soft-voiced, keen-eyed young man seemed to know everything there is to know about the trees and the forests of the inhabited globe, and how to make the best use of them. "You in Great Britain have over two and a half million acres of forest," he said, "and as a war-time asset trees and their products are so much fine gold—properly handled."



CANADIAN COLOURS FOR THE—FRONT.

A controversy with Sir Max Aitken as one of the arguers has lately started as to whether or not the Princess Pats carried their colours right to the firing line. Full particulars of this are reprinted on page 16 of this issue. Meanwhile No. 5 Pioneer Battalion, of Montreal, gets its colours, "which," as the correspondent says, "it will carry to the battlefields of Europe." Lieut. Quinlan is here shown receiving the colours from Mrs. Lordley, wife of the officer commanding.



CLOTHES COBBLERS IN CAMP.

These four men in camp at London, Ont., are experts in cobbling up the clothes that are scuffed and ripped by strenuous soldiers at drill and on route-marches. Swedish gymnastics are responsible for many a rip and a button off. The amount do in a day would be an eye-opener to any downtown repair shop. Two of these men served twenty years each at mending soldiers' clothes in Canadian camps—but far different clothes.