

to a depth of two or three inches. The tanks are kept busy all the time, sometimes being out all night, so it is not very long until the roads are all a solid mass of ice.

When everything is ready along come the shanty boys once more and quite an imposing sight they make winding down the trail with their lighted torches, about half-past three in the morning; with the thermometer prowling around between thirty and forty degrees below zero. They break down the skidways they have so dexterously piled in the fall and load the logs on to the waiting sleighs which haul them away to the lakes, from whence they are driven with the spring freshet to the sawmills where they are sawn into our unequalled red and white pine lumber.

Many people will no doubt wonder, what these men, who are willing to brave the dangers and hardships of this rough life, do for amusement. They are generally too tired at night to do much, but tell a few stories, have a smoke and go to bed, and it may be said that no place else, will you hear such thrilling and interesting adventures, as the secluded life of the lumberjack makes him rather morose, and uncommunicative to the outside world. When Saturday night comes around they generally have a dance in the camp, two or three violins supplying the music. On Sunday card-playing seems to be the favorite form of amusement; a few of the men take their rifles and go off for a day's sport in the woods.

The lumberjack as a rule gets a very hard name, but it must be remembered that he is generally only seen, when after his long, toilsome winter, he comes out for a few days in the spring to have a time. And taking everything into consideration I hardly think we can blame him o'er much for having it. If everyone could only meet these men when they are at work, and live among them for awhile, I think it would be safe to say the prevailing opinion of them would be vastly changed, for a braver and more fearless set of men doesn't exist.

NIMROD.

