

AN EXPERIENCE ON THE DRIVE.

THE following story, the veracity of which we do not vouch for, comes from Bangor, Maine:

BANGOR, Me., June 19.—There has been much rain of late, and the streams and lakes of Maine are so full that the drives of logs have come early from the hands of the operators into the charge of the lumbering associations, which handle the drives from the mouth of North Twin Lakes, seventy miles away, to the booms in this city. Thus the men who have been working in the woods all winter cutting spruce are now either out or on their way out.

Bangor is a centre for these fellows when they finish with their drives, and spend cash so freely that within a week they are generally ready to go to work again, drained to the bottom of their pockets.

One of these men, who came out Thursday of last week, had an adventure that will make him be talked of in all the camps of Maine. His name is Joe, he does not know what his other name is, because nobody ever told him; he cannot read or write, but his heart is in the right place, and he has many friends among the crew with which he has passed the winter.

Joe's crew was at work on Rainbow Lake last winter. The route to it lies away up the line of the Bangor & Aroostock Railroad, seventy miles, then across two lakes, and then up a mountain torrent to Rainbow Lake, which is so much higher than any neighboring body of water that the stream, named as is the lake, Rainbow, which connects it with the chain below, is a foaming rapid throughout its entire length.

The firm that was lumbering at Rainbow last winter cut a big lot of spruce. In order to get it down into the lake below they had to do a lot of hard work. At the outlet of Rainbow Lake, where the stream begins, was erected a dam, which held the water back from the stream below. Then two more dams were built at intervals down the stream, with gates to be lifted when a free flow was necessary. The fall in one mile, from Rainbow Lake to Nahmakanta Lake, the next below, is more than 500 feet. In some places the stream is almost like a cataract. The river runs between high rock walls that make passage along the waterway exceedingly difficult and dangerous.

With the gates in the three dams the lumbermen were able to control the flow, so that when they desired it the thundering rush could be converted into a babbling brook, and again transformed into one of the most wonderful natural water chutes in the world.

The plan was to collect the logs at the outlet, get on a big head of water with the dams, and then let them go suddenly. The two intermediate dams were to hold the water at various points when jams occurred along the narrow way. When all was ready the order was given and up went the gates of the first dam. The water sucked through in a fearful whirlpool, and with it went the first of the logs, scooting at a terrific speed down the narrow stream towards Nahmakanta.

Joe and the other men were out on the yarded logs, starting them on their way from the jam at the outlet, when some one got nervous and called, "Look out!" Instantly the men started

for shore. The whole jam was moved together and there was death in the stampede.

Every man but Joe got ashore in safety, and Joe, just as the jam caught on a rock and lodged a few yards within the dam, leaped from what he thought was safety to an immense pine "butt," the lower end of a tremendous tree trunk, which immediately separated from the jam under his weight and went sailing toward the dam, where the flood was swirling angrily and boiling through the big hole under the gates.

Joe wore boots with steel spikes in the soles, like all woodsmen, so that he could hang to the logs all right, and he still carried his pick pole with which he had been working on the jam. The frightened members of the crew shouted all sorts of orders at the man as he floated away, and the boss screamed frantically, but the roar of the waters drowned it all, and away went poor Joe.

The orifice under the first dam was ample, and in three seconds the man and the log had gone through it and were spinning away down the narrow toboggan chute of the stream toward dam No. 2. When the crew last saw Joe that morning, he was still on the butt erect and alert, with his pole as a balance, going toward eternity at a rate to beat the Empire State Express.

Everybody shuddered when he thought of the second dam, where the passage was too small to allow the passage of the man and the log too, and where Joe's brains must be dashed, along with his mangled body and the splinters of the butt, against the projecting timbers of the structure.

But Joe was looking after himself. He weighed various chances to leap ashore between the two dams, but the rock walls, lifting high in the air above his head, gave him little comfort. He knew the second dam and that both the log and himself could not pass under its gates. Whether or not the signallers had the gates lowered made no difference with his chances; his momentum could not be checked, and to be dashed against the dam at the rate he was going would mean a horrid death.

Now the second dam was in sight, the gates wide open underneath and the low wooden structure over them. Joe saw one chance for life and took it. He had been to the circus with his brother once, up in the Canadian provinces, and there he had seen an equestrian ride a swift horse and leap over a bar as the animal passed under it.

The log was running at the speed of a train. When it had reached a point six feet in front of the dam, Joe lifted his pole high above his head and gave a mighty leap. The momentum of the log sent him flying through the air, over the dam by three feet, and across to the other side. Joe hardly dared to look as he began to come down, for fear his log had caught and that he was going to drop into the current and be killed under water.

Good luck was with him. He met the butt coming through the gates and landed on it neatly. The pole steadied his fall and the spiked boots held him firmly in place. Joe sighed with relief. But dam No. 3 was still to be passed.

On went the log at increased speed as the grade grew steeper. In twenty seconds the third dam was in sight, and Joe made another

splendid leap, clearing the timbers like the jettile from a rifled gun, and catching the at the other side as handsomely as any rider.

From there to Nahmakanta was easy. held to the log until he reached clear of the foot, and until his momentum had carried him out into the lake for almost a quarter mile. Then he sat down on the log, straddled and poled her ashore with his pick.

NEW BRUNSWICK LETTER.

[Regular Correspondence of the CANADA LUMBERMAN.]

THE month of July has been one of the most active in the history of the lumber trade of the port of St. John. The harbor has been alive with vessels and all available help has been employed in loading the same. This season has been brought about partly by the strength of the British market and partly by the fear that an increased duty would be imposed by the United States Government. A fortnight ago there were in port fifteen ocean steamships, totalling 25,655 tons, and sixteen sailing ships, totalling 13,582 tons, all loading for English and continental markets. It required not less than 25,000 stowards, or in round figures 50,000,000 superficial feet to load these vessels, making a record of shipments for a month within a few millions of being half as much shipped during the previous year, viz., 100,000,000 superficial feet. During July, 1895 and 1896, the shipments to the British market were 18,070,000 and 25,000,000 feet respectively.

At the time of writing much attention is directed to the action of the United States Senators with regard to the tariff. In the vicinity of the city there are fifteen mills. Four of these are owned by Canadians and eleven by Americans. The Canadian mills are those of Messrs. Randolph & Baker, George Barnhill, W. H. Murray, Hillyard Bros. The American mills are those of S. King & Sons, Andre Crushing & Co., C. F. Woods, two mills, Charles Miller, Stetson & Cutler, two mills, Dunn Bros., E. D. Jewett, Purvis & Murche, J. R. Hamilton and J. R. Warner. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that an effort has been made to secure an insertion in the tariff act of a clause providing that lumber cut in the Province of New Brunswick, when owned by American citizens and manufactured by American labor, should be admitted free of duty. The shingle mills in St. John are owned by Charles Miller, C. F. Woods and S. T. King.

The Hammond River Lumbering Co., of Roberts, is being incorporated, with a capital stock of \$25,000.

The last instalment of the corporation drive has passed into the boom limits. A prominent lumberman states that the past season has been the most successful for river driving in the history of lumbering on the St. John river. He thinks that the Messrs. Moore, whose driving contract terminates this autumn, will make at least \$20,000 on this season's operations.

Mr. George Upham has completed his new mill at Fredericton. The machinery is driven by a 100 horse power engine with large boiler, sawdust being used as fuel. The mill is fitted with Connell Bros. rotary machinery capable of sawing 40,000 feet per day. Mr. Donald edge planer and lath machine. Mr. Upham is superintendent. C. E. Parker, sawyer and foreman, and F. Dibley, etc. About thirty men will be employed and the output will be chiefly deals. The logs come from the Tobique river.

St. John, N. B., July 23rd, 1897.

Let me ask, says Mr. Andrew Carnegie in a recent address, under what conditions does the employer of labor make profits and become prosperous? Only when labor is prosperous, is his reply, and in great demand; when wages are the highest, and when the demand for his products are the greatest. Then, and then only, is the employer prosperous. On the other hand, when labor is not fully employed, and can be obtained for the lowest wages; when there is little demand for his products, then the employer can never be prosperous. In most cases he must not only make profits, but he must see his capital repaid month after month; he cannot gain, he must lose. Before the employer can be prosperous, prosperity must exist throughout the land.