

Mountain Timber Reserve. This town was to be our headquarters.

After all arrangements had been made about the "grub," and about the—for some of the fellows it looked just as necessary—mail, etc., the party started for the mountain, all expecting interesting work and a pleasant summer. If we were disappointed or not I will leave to the reader to decide after reading this article.

About twelve or fifteen years ago the timber reserve, consisting of about forty-three townships, was visited by immense forest fires devastating considerable areas. Where before had been valuable spruce timber the fire left it a wilderness. The grey tree stems stand there for a time till insects, fungi and storms have played their parts and felled them to the ground, where they in places form an almost impenetrable chaos—in truth a sorrowful sight! These fires were however, confined mostly to the western parts of the mountain, though the east was far from left intact. But still tracts of good forest are left in these eastern parts, and it was there the valuation survey was conducted last summer.

The first thing that caught my eye was the richness of vegetation. Following a winding trail up the mountain side you will find poplars, oak and ash, mingled with Manitoba maple, elm and birch. Coming higher up on the second plateau, white and black spruce, larch, poplars, birch and also balsam seem to gain ground and leave the other varieties behind. Jack pine is found in the southeastern part of the Reserve. There are in some of the valleys groves of Manitoba maple. When I first wandered into one of them I was surprised to find, at the foot of almost every tree, a basket shaped thing, made of a single piece of birch bark. On looking more closely I noticed in the trees a cut in which was placed a little piece of wood sloping downwards. Here is where the Indians come in the spring to tap the maples for sap of which they make syrup.

The undergrowth is quite dense, mostly consisting of hazel and mountain maple.

The scenery is very picturesque, deep ravines from the bottom of which you can hear the rushing of some rapid river or creek, beautiful little lakes lying there in the stillness of nature, the home for one or two families of the white-breasted northern diver, or a little colony of ducks, and serving, on a hot summer day, as a place of refuge from flies and mosquitos for the aristocrats of the forest, the proud moose and elk.

Now, may I ask you, my readers, to forget the worries of life and come and spend a few days in the camp of the forest survey party. It is the month of August and you will find our