

as I knew how, and yet as closely as justice would allow. When I finished the work and footed up the result, I called him to me and asked him if he still intended "to break me in two," if the result of my work displeased him, to which question he promptly returned a prompt and profane answer in the affirmative. I then proceeded to make out a scale bill for him. Now the manner of a scale bill as used in the woods is this:

Feb. 9/95.  
John Jawbreaker's Logs. X-X. . . . . Log. Feet.  
1,470 147,810  
C. C. COTTRIMARD,  
Deputy.

This bill I wrote out on a "scratch block," such as all scalers are provided with, and as my belligerent friend advanced to take it I tore the leaf off with one hand, whipped out my "gun" with the other, rolled the bill into a spill, thrust it into the barrel of the "gun," and holding the latter six inches from his countenance asked him how it suited him. You never saw a man so well pleased with a scale in your life. And I never had any more "kicking" from him. Urbanity as a general thing pays in the woods, as elsewhere, but there are occasions when a little abruptness has a great deal of saving grace about it.

But if a foreman can't bulldoze the scaler he has still at his command a beautifully efficient means of "getting even," so to speak, with that unfortunate dispenser of justice. A lumber camp is the one perfect democracy of earth, and if the White Czar or Czar Reed, for that matter, passed the night in one, he'd be compelled to sleep with some lumber jack or other, according to the assignment made by the foreman, or his executive officer, the "cookee." Now a deep-rooted prejudice exists in every well regulated lumber camp against sleeping with the scaler, and truth to tell, more can be said in its favor than in that of most prejudices. As it was tersely put by my good friend Fred Bonness, the dislike to the scaler's nocturnal comradeship is this:

"You see," said Fred, "the dashed blank tramp has to work every day, and Sunday, too, and of course he has no time to boil his clothes, so as a matter of course, he's lousier than a pet coon, and no white man wants to sleep with him."

Such being the case—and candor compels me to own that Fred's remarks contain more truth than poetry—the scaler is invariably assigned to sleep with some gentleman noted for lack of personal cleanliness, and success in the raising of the product known to science as "pediculus humanus." It will readily be seen that the scaler, having to sleep in a different camp every night, is certain to carry away from each one more than he brought to it, and to become a walking terror to himself and to everyone else before spring puts an end to his woodland miseries. But his work is not at all like the prize puzzle shown in the picture of the high landing. Occasionally he strikes an oasis in the desert.

A scaler has no Sundays; he must work every day or his work will "get ahead of him" to such an extent that he can never catch up. He must bear with the abuse, covert or open, of everyone he has to deal with, and "turn the other cheek," as long as flesh and blood can stand doing so. He must be constantly on the watch for every possible scheme to beat him. He must be ab-

solutely bribe proof, perfectly unscarable and as "sandy" as a bull dog. He must be able to work all day, and every day, regardless of the weather, and if he is, as he is generally called, "a crank," he is a crank which saves a vast amount of friction to the rest of the machinery of the logging world.

On the regular routes where logging is done by men who are regularly engaged in the business, and nothing else, the scaler's lot, like the policeman's, is there verse of happy. But on the "moss-back route," that is to say on a route where the logs are hauled by farmers, may God be good to him, for man's sympathy cuts no figure. To say that the average farmer holds the average scaler a thief is stating the case very mildly indeed. I would like to put on record the average scaler's opinion of the farmer—considered as a log hauler—but the English language won't do it. In the first place the farmer will never do to-day what he can put off till to-morrow, and per consequence never gets his logs stamped till the scaler has been forced to make at least three vain visits to his landing. And the guileless agriculturalist—particularly if engaged in making mistakes in the matter of section-lines—is extremely suspicious, and will seldom direct the scaler to the landings in his neighborhood, unless he is personally acquainted with the scaler, and knows he is a scaler, and not that nemesis of the woods commonly called a "cruiser." Hence it follows that a new man on the moss-back route has the pleasure of always discovering that he has left several landings behind him, on every trip he makes over it. And there is always the extreme friction existing between the farmer and the scaler as to the number of logs the former has landed; as to the proper number of feet the logs contain, there never was, and never will be, an agreement, the granger always "knowing that the scaler has beat him out of at least fifty," and perfectly certain that he (the scaler) has been paid for doing so.

Give him his own count and he won't be satisfied, as witness one I had the pleasure of "fore-gathering" with last winter. That gentleman told me he had something more than 800 logs on the ice, that if I did not believe him (I knew perfectly well he was lying), that he would swear to it, and that he wanted them all scaled, or there would be trouble. I went to work on the landing, and before I was one quarter through, I saw plainly that there would be but little more than 700. So I made up my mind to give the farmer all he claimed, and see what the result would be. So I began "splitting" logs, that is, putting down the amount contained in each log, as two logs, as for instance, one 80 ft. log as two 40 ft. logs, and when I had scaled the whole lot I had record of 807, or 7 logs more than he claimed. And still he was not happy. He had tried to cheat me on the count, had apparently succeeded, and yet he had gotten the worst of the deal, and he don't know to this day how it came about, but he never fails to refer to me as "the slickest thief he ever saw." Add to the other miseries of the moss-back route, the fact that the landings are always 3 or 4 miles from any house, and that the unfortunate condemned to expiate his sins by travelling it must regard eating, sleeping and resting as to be indulged in on the instalment plan, if at all; that

the inhabitants look on him as an agent of the "lumber ring," sent out for the sole purpose of their spoilation, and that all of them are in league to "beat," mislead, bully if possible, and abuse in any event, the poor devil whose only crime is that he stands between them and the great log-buyers, seeing that they are paid for all they haul but also seeing that they haul all they are paid for and in sober truth is the best friend they have. He would have to be more, or less than human, did he not return the affection of the inhabitants of his bailiwick, with interest. Taking the scaler's winter life altogether, it may be said that on a regular route it is tough, but so is the scaler, and he can stand it. On the "Moss-back" route, well, I don't know any better description of that than "Jimmy" Monroe's:

"It's pure hell," said "Jimmy," and he'd been there often, (over the moss-back route, I mean.) The scaler who works it, and asks for another chance, would out-tough Joey Bagstock, of immortal memory, but as yet has not been discovered, and if he ever is Charlie Sinclair will have him framed. C. C. Kelly, in Mississippi Valley Lumberman.

#### THE MILTON PULP COMPANY.

Two and one-half miles from Milton proper, but still in the parish of Milton, and five miles from Liverpool, N. S., are the mills of the Milton Pulp Company, the principal owners of which are A. G. Jones & Co., of Halifax, and the manager of which is Mr. Hughes, formerly of that city. In the manufacture of the pulp spruce is exclusively used and there is an unlimited supply. The logs are rafted down the stream and pass through an artificial canal several hundred yards to a slide that takes them right into the mill. Here they are sawed in lengths of about two feet, the bark peeled thoroughly and then placed in large cylinders, where they are ground into pulp by stone grinders. The next process is straining, and then the pulp goes to the presses, where it comes out in great sheets. These are torn off in strips of about 20 pounds, folded in squares of about 18 inches and sent in piles to an hydraulic press, where the water is squeezed out; then it is packed in bales of 200 pounds each and is ready for shipment. In the mill about 40 men are employed and about 40 tons of pulp are turned out every day. The motive power is water and the power 1,500 horse. Everything about the mill is modern; the hydraulic press is new and of tremendous strength.

The pulp is carted to Milton Landing and Liverpool and shipped to Boston and New York by vessel. Here it brings \$25 a ton, and is soon converted into printing paper for the great metropolitan dailies. It used to realize \$60 a ton, but with the expansion of the industry the price rapidly came down.

The construction of an electric road from Liverpool through Milton to the mills is just being commenced. It will do away with the five mile haul from the works to the seaboard, and will also be a great convenience for ordinary and passenger traffic. The pulp manufactory means a good deal to Liverpool, Milton and the surrounding country.

The French River Boom Company have finished the season's work at French River, Ont.