

woods where I got my initiation in the lumbering industry, and will ask them to accompany me while in fancy we pay such a visit. Let us begin by breakfasting with the men in the commodious cook camp. Here two long tables are spread with as well cooked and substantial a meal as will be served in a first-class hotel. The men eat very heartily; they are strong, healthy young fellows with appetites known only to



CORNER IN BUNK CAMP

Showing boys mending boots, etc., others playing cards in an upper bunk, and one reading by the light of his lantern.

men who work among pine. The meal is taken in silence save for the rattle of knives and forks, for in this dining hall it is not etiquette to talk while at the table. After breakfast the men retire to the bunk camp and indulge for a few minutes in "a smoke."

Very soon they are all astir, the foreman has shouted his "Hurrah, boys," and they file out through the door ready for another day of toil. Long before daylight, and while our friends in the city and country are still fast asleep we are on the trail through the sombre forest to the scene of the day's work. The trail is well beaten, for sixty men and twenty horses pass over it night and morning. It winds through deep ravines and over steep bluffs. As we pass along, we hear re-echoing through the otherwise calm stillness the sharp cracking of the frost at work among the trees. When the place where work begins is reached the first rays of dawn are appearing, and now in the dim light we watch the loaders break loose part of the great pile of logs that have been frozen together, placed seven or eight tier deep upon the railway. With aid of axe and cant-hook, five or six of the top logs are broken away together, and fall with a loud crash to the skids beneath. When a large load of these logs have been rolled upon the sleigh they are bound on with chains. It does not take a large load of logs to weigh two or three tons, and I am safe in saying that some loads weigh seven or eight tons.

We must watch the horses as they set them to move the load away from the railway to the main road a few rods out. They are a fine team; there are few poor horses in the lumber woods. Every sinew in their great bodies is strained, as bending almost to the snow beneath they slowly move their mighty burden toward the drawroad before them. We doubt if they will manage it. The iron shoeing of the sleigh grates upon a stone and the load now scarcely moves. The teamster, standing upright upon the load with a firm grip of the lines, sees that danger of getting his team stuck and their honor impugned is very apparent. He is proud of his horses and will avert

this danger if possible. To do this he must stimulate his team to reserve no effort in the struggle. A shout, bearing with it a meaning known only to the horses, breaks from him; with a last splendid effort they succeed in pulling the load off the stone and placing it on the hard ice-covered drawroad where it is safe from further trouble.

We will now visit the lake where the logs are dumped about a mile distant; we must remember that we are in the region of Muskoka's beautiful lakes, and the one we are to see nestles amid slopes and cliffs, all clothed with the primeval forests of pine. We reach the lake just as the sun is rising over the tops of the dense dark forest on the opposite shore. The snow-covered bosom of the lake sparkles in the cold, bright, morning air; look where we will along the shore and only trees are visible, their dark sombre hue forming a pretty contrast to the snow-mantled lake.

We are roused from contemplation of this beautiful scene by the sound of falling trees back from the shore. A short distance from where we came on to the ice we notice a team coming down the slope, and on moving nearer find that they are "sloping in" freshly cut logs; following them back up the trail we come to the gang who are felling trees. The chopper has put in his niche, and the two sawyers are now hard at work cutting into the opposite side of a great pine. It has braved the storms of centuries, but this morning must bow its proud crest to the will of the advance guard of the army of lumbermen. When the saw reaches a few inches from the axeman's niche the remaining timber begins to break. The sawyers yell, "Look out below," and dash back out of danger's way. The tree crashes through the tops of its mates, breaking off the smaller trees on its way down.

It is now cut into logs of the required length, while two "swampers" make a road by cutting down the small trees and removing the brush. We may spend some time watching the road repairers or "gipers" smoothing the rough places on the drawroad, and the road cutters or "beavers" making roads to the skidways.

At about half-past ten o'clock a loud call of "Dinner!" rings through the bush. The chore boy has come with a hot dinner of pork and beans. All of the men in the near vicinity congregate at a central point where one of the "gipers," despatched to the woods some time before, has prepared a large pile of tea over a hot fire of dry pine wood. Besides pork and beans, cakes of many different kinds are in evidence, also



AMID THE SNOW

a brand of the choicest molasses. Each man takes a tin plate and helps himself to a dinner as large as his appetite. They sit down around the fire on improvised seats formed of dry logs. Good-natured repartee is indulged in, and unless the weather is bad a pleasant hour is spent.

When the required number of trips have been made, and five o'clock has come, the men leave for the camp. Supper is over for all before seven o'clock. Then the teamsters look