



A BIG LOAD.

melody of some old Scottish song, or perhaps some sacred hymn; for your Canadian, outwardly at all events, never forgets his Church. It is even recorded that the priests make their way from shanty to shanty to conduct religious services in the woods, and that many of these lumbermen, some of them the roughest of the rough, begin and end the day with a form of prayer rattled through with a celerity that would have wearied even Henry Beaucherk.

When the snow grows so deep that it is difficult for men and horses to leave the beaten roads, then skidding and swamping and felling all come to an end, and another stage of the operation begins—the sleigh haul. The log road is broken, the snow-plough is run over it, if necessary, and the sprinkler is set to work—a big wooden water-tank mounted on runners, with two small holes in the rear from which

the water falls into the ruts, leaving long ribbons of ice for the log-sleighs to run upon. The profits on the rest of the winter's work must depend on the size of the loads that can be drawn, for the horses cannot be hurried—the work is too heavy. They can make only so many round trips a day between the skidways and the banking-ground, and if the job is to be hastened it must be done by making the sleighs run more easily and then increasing the loads. So every effort is put forth to get this ice railway in the best possible condition, and the "road-monkeys," or "road-hogs," as they are variously called in lumber-camp slang, are constantly at work keeping it in repair.

A tremendously strong and heavy sleigh pulls up in front of a skidway and the logs are rolled upon the great cross-beams—"bunks," the driver calls them—