

## About a Log and Other Things

**D**ID you ever think of the successive steps through which a tree standing in the forest must pass before it is transformed into useful lumber to be sawn and shaped into a thousand forms and put to innumerable uses? I was greatly interested when in British Columbia by what I saw in forest, stream, and mill, and tried to imagine what I could not see of the transition of a piece of standing timber into a finished article of household or office furniture.

The pictures running through these pages may help you do some pleasant imaginative thinking. The first is a view of Ocean Falls, B.C. Our minister there, Rev. Wm. Deans, has recently started a league for his young people, and we all join in wishing them all very happy times together. He says of Ocean Falls, "It is a new place, and the large mill is not in operation yet, but will be very soon. It is one of the biggest saw-mills in British Columbia, having a capacity of 300,000 feet each ten-hour day." That means a lot of cutting; but there are literally billions of feet of the highest class of standing timber in British Columbia, and many such mills are already at work. In the picture of Ocean Falls the pulp mill may be seen on the right. Near by are the falls from which the

fall before the inexorable axe and saw of the woodman, and are transported to the mills, to be converted into all forms of useful lumber. The scenes in the woods as the men are at work make a charming picture, as is shown by the four-horse team and log comprising our third illustration. You can imagine how the business proceeds by various ways and through successive stages of transportation until the mill is reached.

If this be one of the great mills on some mighty river like the Fraser, the appearance of the yards is very interesting indeed. One Saturday afternoon, in New Westminster, between gentle showers of pleasant spring rain, I watched the mill men at work. In the river were many hundreds of valuable logs of varying sizes, but all seeming to me to be larger than the ordinary, though I was assured they were not. I looked interestedly on as one after another of these sticks was hauled easily out of the water, up on to the table, and ripped up as if it were so much paper. The little picture, No. 4, shows the end of one of these average logs as the man in charge was about to measure it. I found that though it was only 24 feet long it contained 4,400 feet. Can you calculate its diameter from these figures? If so, you will see that my

all may do if we but keep our eyes open to what is happening about us from day to day.

I would like to tell you something about British Columbia fishing, but you might declare my stories "fishy," so I shall just conclude by showing you part of a string which actually represents one hour's sport with the hook and line in the Fraser. My good friend, J. H. Chapman, of Chilliwack, assures me that the figures on the fish represent the actual weights of the various specimens, and certainly they look as if they were true enough. Assuredly, British Columbia is a fisherman's paradise if I saw straight and heard aright when I was among friends up through the Chilliwack region where this string of fish was taken. That all our young readers may see and enjoy their own glorious country before many years is the earnest wish of the Editor.

### "I'm Pretty Little But I'll Try"

She was only seven years old, Eileen Martin, the section foreman's daughter, as she stood reaching up to a telephone at the little town of Alta, Cal., last Saturday, telling the agent at the nearest station that a rail was broken. Child-



1. GENERAL VIEW OF OCEAN FALLS, B.C., ONE OF MANY NEW TOWNS.

place takes its name and which supply power for the mills, and away down on the left is the school-house where the religious services are held as yet. But while you would look in vain for this new place on most of the maps of British Columbia, it will not be long before it becomes as many other such industrial centres have become, an important and influential town.

As I visited various places throughout British Columbia, and saw the illimitable wealth of the timber areas of the Province, and then remembered that one can only see just the merest fringe of the almost boundless forests as he incidentally moves from place to place, I was almost awed with the immensity of it all.

The giant trees are everywhere imposing. The mighty monarch of the forest shown in the second picture represents one of them as I saw him right in the heart of Stanley Park, Vancouver—the grandest natural park within the reach of civilized man, I suppose. And millions of such trees as this raise their hoary heads all over the Province, as if they were giant sentinels guarding their native haunts from the encroachments of civilization. This big fellow was nearly seventy-five feet in circumference at the ground, as I measured his mammoth trunk.

But one by one these forest monarchs

snap-shot does not unduly magnify the relative and proportionate heights of man and log. That the man with the measuring stick was the tallest of the whole gang may be seen from the next picture, No. 5. Look at it well.

I give it to show you what this same 24 foot log looked like as it rested on the table with the first slab sawn off the side. Notice the five workmen ranged up by its side. They are all good solid fellows, but none of them is tall enough to top the log after all. It was interesting to watch the work as the log was turned first this way and then that, sawn here and then there, and variously handled until it presented a splendid appearance in as fine a bit of square timber as I had ever seen. The sixth picture illustrates this. But I cannot tell all.

I watched this same log as it went forward to successive saws, and as far as I could see nothing was lost in the process, or at most very little; for joist, plank, boards, scantling, and all else, even down to frail lath, were all turned out of that same log, and I felt like moralizing a little on the benefits of economy, but having nobody else to preach to but myself, I did not. You have done in similar cases many times, postponed the operation until a convenient season. But it was all intensely interesting, and I learned a number of things I never knew before, as we

like, she knew the semaphore signals, had come to the track to see the Overland Limited whir by, and had watched the long finger drop, letting the train into the block.

"I'm pretty little, but I'll try," she said, when the station agent asked her if she could not stop the train that was past him, and started out with her sister of fourteen who had just appeared. They ran down the track, stopped the train, and saved a wreck.

Pretty much every primary school in the city ought, within the next week, to hear of Eileen's "I'm pretty little, but I'll try." The alert attention which knew the semaphore signal, the quick wit which understood what a broken rail meant, the decision and initiative which alone sought the telephone, the courage with which she and her sister started up the track, waving their aprons to stop the big Overland Limited as it bore down upon them—these are the qualities which through life bring self-help, help for others, success, and happiness.

And she was only seven years old, "pretty little," but ready to "try."—Philadelphia Press.

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