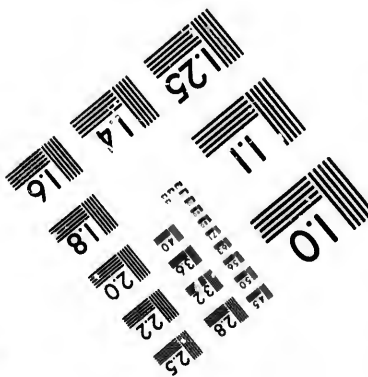
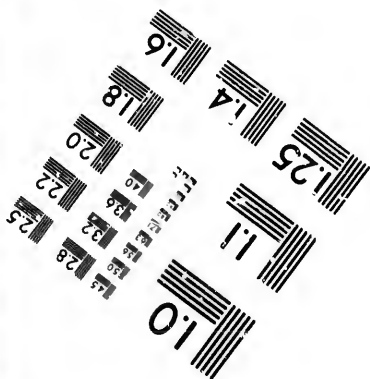
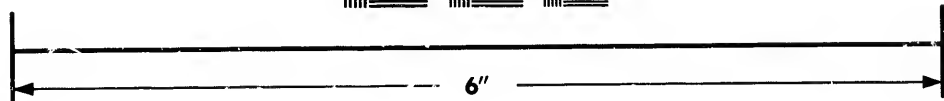
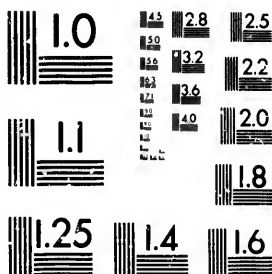


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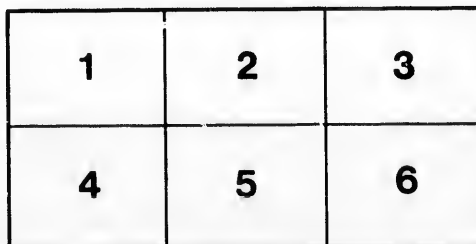
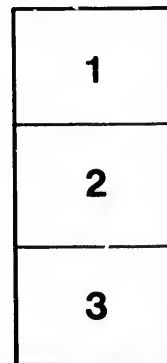
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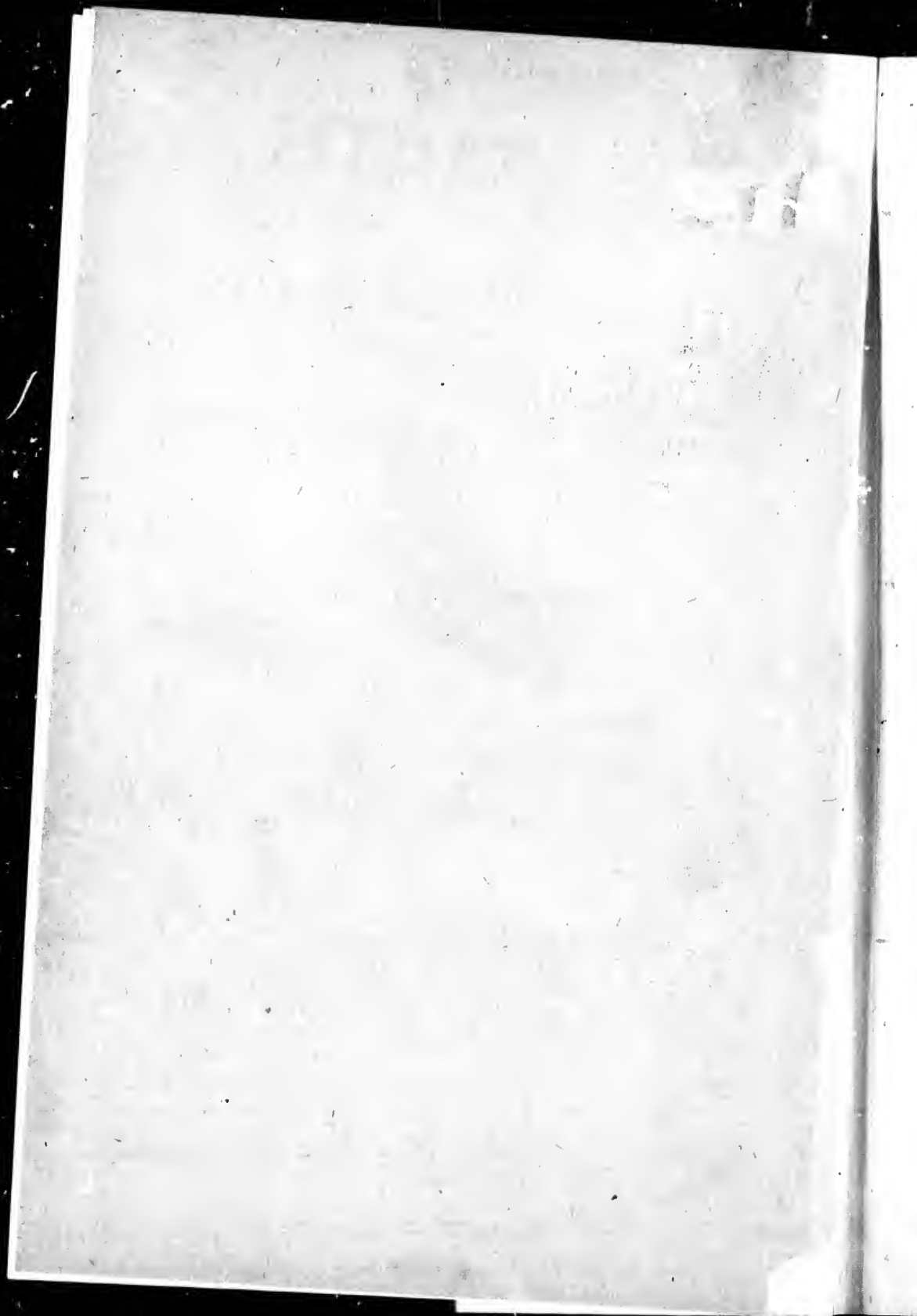


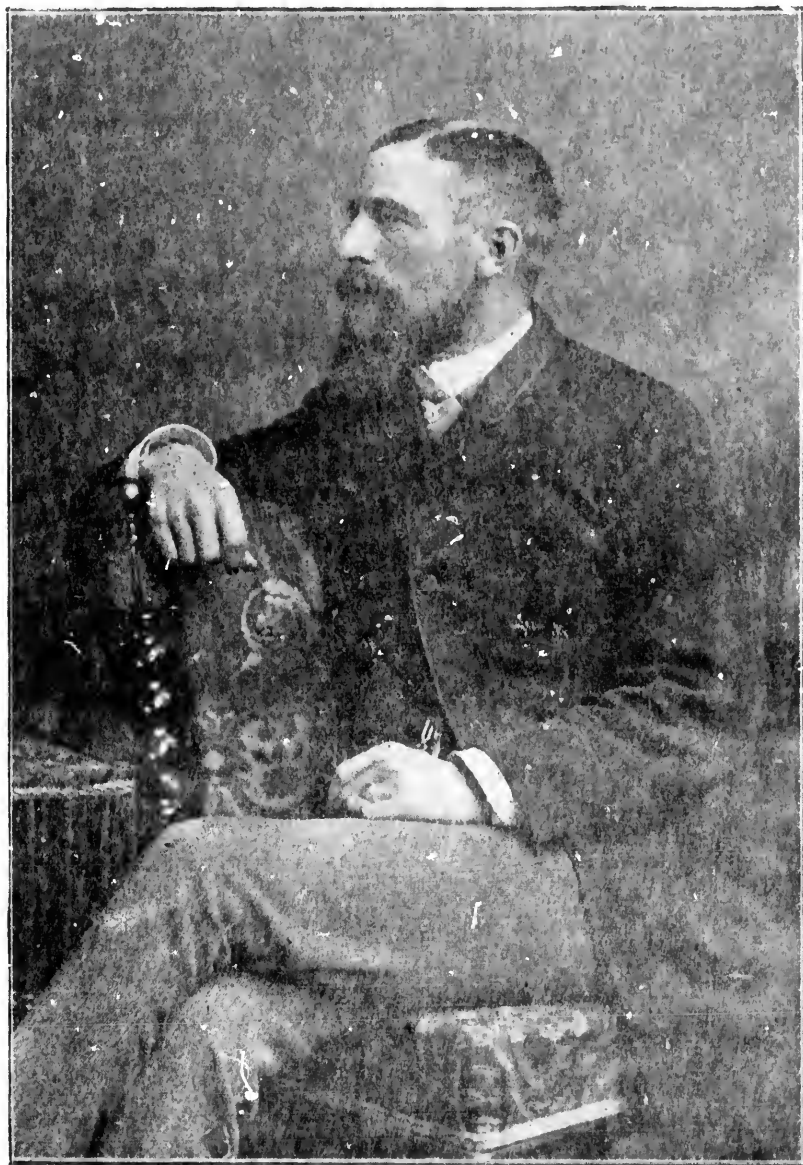
# UP TO DATE

or the  
LIFE OF A LUMBERMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY  
CAPT. GEO. ST. THOMPSON







Gratefully Yours  
Geo. S. Thompson

*Photo by W. Notman & Son, Montreal, taken in 1880. . . .*

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# UP TO DATE

--OR--

## THE LIFE OF A LUMBERMAN

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### CHAPTER I.

#### ABOUT MYSELF.

The name I have been known by since I came to Canada is George S. Thompson ; what my right name is I am not quite sure.

I will tell the reader all I do know about it, and he will then know as much as I do, and can call me by any name that may suit his or her fancy. I will be satisfied. If the reader is or not, it will make no difference to me.

I was born in India in or about the year 1848, or perhaps earlier, or may be later ; I have no sure data to draw upon.

My first recollection of anything is seeing a number of men who wore red coats, my father being among the number. My next recollection is being on board a large ship on which there were also a number of men dressed in the same way. We were a long time on board the ship and left it at what I now think must have been the town of Portsmouth, England, and we journeyed some distance before we landed in a town or city, the name of which I do not remember. When I say we, I mean my father and a lady who acted as my governess ; my father called the lady by the name of Annie ; what her surname was I do not know. Annie told me my mother died in giving birth to me her first born.

Annie usually called my father Captain. I will not give the name because I have certain reasons at present for not making it public.

I do not think Annie was in any way related to us. My father and Annie called me by the name of Sidney. During our stay in England we but seldom saw my father, but occasionally he would visit us for a few days, and on several occasions he took Annie and I travelling with him, and we used to stay at some very large houses—especially do I remember staying at mansions where there were beautiful gardens and grounds. My father, about this time, appeared to be nearly always in bad humor when alone with Annie and I. There were frequent

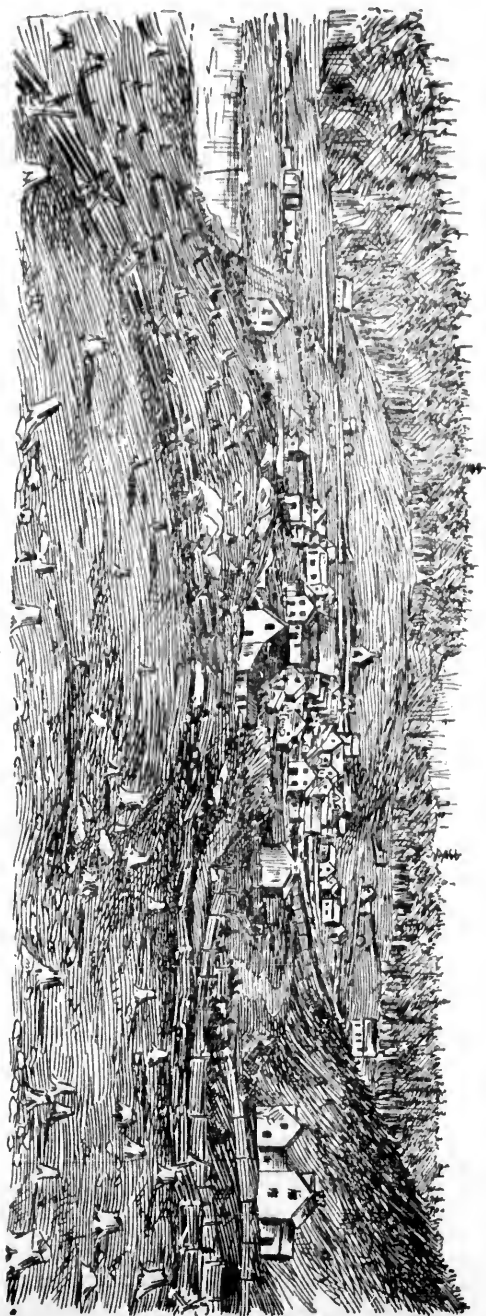
quarrels between them, and at these times I would hear my father tell Annie it was all her fault—that he would not have got into trouble only for her. What he meant by the expression I do not know. He used to often say he would sell out and go to some foreign country and leave us all for ever. This kind of thing went on for a long time until finally my father told Annie there was going to be a war in America, and he would go out and take part in it. Soon afterwards the three of us were on board a ship, and in due time we arrived in New Orleans.

We took lodgings in the city and my father would be absent for days at a time. Annie used to teach me my lessons, and also instruct me in my religious duties, for she was a devout Roman Catholic, and took me to church with her almost daily. My father seldom if ever came with us, so I do not know if he was a Roman Catholic or not.

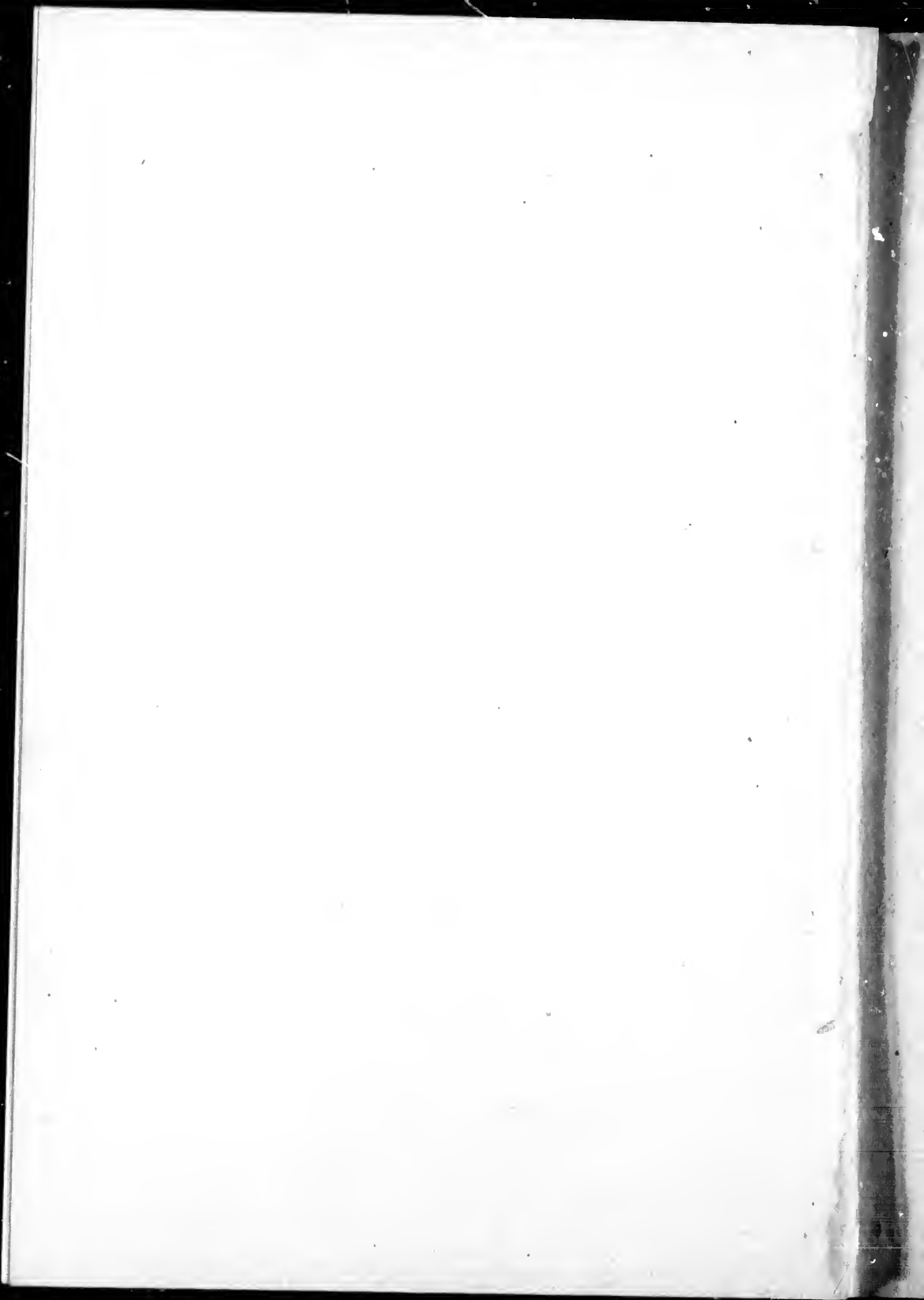
The time did not appear long to me after our arrival in New Orleans until there were most exciting times—crowds of people gathering on the street corners ; men and boys drilling—myself among the number ; every where there was hurry and excitement.

My father told us he was drilling men and getting ready for the war that soon would be on. I noticed that Annie and others called my father by a different name after we came to New Orleans. I spoke to Annie about the change, and she told me to ask no questions ; that my father would be angry if I did. Annie said my father knew what he was doing, and also what would be best for us all. I was easily satisfied ; anyhow I was too young to be inquisitive, and therefore took no more interest in the matter. To proceed with my story : the roar of cannon was soon heard down the river below New Orleans, and my father told us it was the Yankee men of warships bombarding the forts, and it was only a short time after the firing commenced until my father rushed into the house and told us the Yankee ships had silenced the forts and were on their way up the river to take the city. All the soldiers, my father said, were leaving the city, and he was going with them, and was going to take me with him. Annie cried, and wanted my father to leave me with her, but he refused. He said there were numbers of boys no larger than I was who were going to fight, and I would take my chances with the rest. Anyhow my father said we would soon return and drive the Yankees out of the city ; but in that he was mistaken, for he never saw the city again, or Annie either, for my father was soon afterwards killed in one of the big engagements or battles, and I could not return ; neither did I want to return to the city. I threw in my lot with the Southern army, and drifted around with them until the close of the war. My experience of that war was just the same as thousands of others alive to-day ; many have written all about it, so that there is now nothing left for me to say, so I will not inflict any of my war experience on the reader—not in this book at least—but will proceed with my story. At the close of the war I returned

VILLAGE OF HALIBURTON, FROM A PHOTO TAKEN IN 1878.



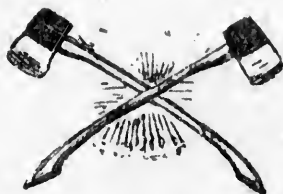




to New Orleans to see if I could find Annie, for I had heard no tidings of her since my father and I had seen her last together at the beginning of the war. I diligently searched the city but not a trace of her could I find or get the least clue to her whereabouts. I thought probably she had gone back to England, so I concluded to go over myself and see if I could find her or any of my father's or mother's relatives. I managed, after considerable suffering and difficulty, to work my passage over, and on my arrival in England commenced my search, but I might as well have been searching for a needle in a hay stack.

In the first place, I did not know what Annie's surname was, neither was I certain of my father's, so I wandered nearly all over England, Scotland and Ireland, and although I am certain I saw some of the fine old mansions I had visited with my father and Annie, when I would attempt to go up to one of them the servants would drive me away. I did get some of the servants to listen to my story, but they only laughed at me and said if they told what I said to their master I would be put in jail as an imposter.

So after considerable time spent in futile attempts, I finally concluded to give it up and return to America, and about the year 1869 I took ship at Liverpool for Quebec.



## CHAPTER II.

## I SAIL FOR CANADA.

On my voyage out I fell in with a youth who, like myself, was travelling alone. He told me his name was George Thompson, and he was going out to a brother who was living in Haliburton, county of Peterborough, Ontario. He told me his brother had sent him money to pay his passage out, and in return therefor he had agreed to work for his brother one year to repay him. George did not appear to relish the idea of that part of the bargain ; or he did not like to part from a young lady with whom he had become acquainted on the voyage out ; the young lady was en-route for Chicago—the same city that I was booked for. I suggested to George (in a joke) that we make an exchange of tickets ; he took my joke in earnest, and for several days would scarcely talk of anything else. I got him to tell me all he could or would about his family in England, but it was little he appeared to know about them. He had not seen the brother he was on his way out to join since their father's death, which occurred when he, George, was about five years of age, and he said the last time he had seen him was when he was home shortly after the death of their father, and then only for a short time. So he said if we made the exchange there was no danger of detection, for he had no other relatives in America.

I considered the matter over and finally concluded to make the exchange. I thought, perhaps, it might turn out to be a good thing for me, for I was heartily sick of being alone in the world, and when George appeared so willing to give up his relatives I thought I might as well take his place with them, so I got him to tell me again and again all he could about his mother and family and their history, all of which I carefully noted down, and also had him give me a specimen of his hand writing, for he said he had promised to write to his mother, of whom he appeared to be very fond. I also agreed to write to one of his sisters—Jennie—who was married to a man named William Brian. He said his mother could neither read or write, also that he had never written but few if any letters to any one, so he said my writing would not give me away, and before we reached Port Hope we had everything arranged for the exchange. I gave him my ticket to Chicago and I took his, which was good to Peterborough. We also exchanged clothes, but it was a scanty supply either of us possessed. He had a volunteer uniform in his outfit, which I took with me. I had more cash than he, so I gave him all I had with the

exception of about one dollar, for I thought George being a greenhorn, would need it worse than I; anyhow, by the time we reached Port Hope on the Grand Trunk Railway I had seen enough of Canada to tell me that I would have no trouble in getting a good living in so fair a country as I had so far seen.

So at Port Hope George and I parted, and I have never seen or heard any tidings of him since, and I rather think he must have perished in the great fire that devastated the city of Chicago a few years later. If he is alive and should happen to read this book I will be glad to hear from him.

I arrived in Peterborough one fine day in the month of August, and I was directed to the Royal Oak Hotel, kept by a man named Wilson—and old pensioner—and after taking dinner I boarded the Royal mail stage for Bobcaygeon, distance 24 miles from Peterborough.

George's brother had written him instructions as to the route. Of course he gave me the letter, which I thought it best to use as a kind of credential, and so disarm any suspicion that might have arisen. In the letter George was instructed on his arrival in Bobcaygeon to put up at Mr. Orr's Temperance House, and if short of cash to show Mr. Orr the letter. On my arrival in Bobcaygeon I did as the letter directed, and got a warm welcome from Mr. Orr. I found I would have to remain over for a day, as there was only a tri-weekly stage to Minden, a distance of 30 miles. I spent a very pleasant day in Bobcaygeon. It is both a pretty and interesting village. Some of the best fishing in Canada is to be had there, and the inhabitants are very sociable and kind-hearted.

I found Mr. Orr and his family very hospitable and kind-hearted, a more honorable and sincere christian man than Mr. Orr never lived; he was of Scotch decent, extremely sharp and canny, but strictly honest, though close in making a bargain. He had accumulated considerable wealth, and at the time I am writing was just laying the foundation of a large temperance house and store, which he was having built of stone, and up to date it is one of the largest and finest buildings in the county.

Mr. Orr did not live long after the building was completed, but I am certain he now occupies a much grander mansion in Heaven. Mr. Orr, on that first trip of mine, also on subsequent occasions, always gave me some good sound advise. A good many persons have been liberal in giving me advise, and that is about the only thing I ever did get free. It costs the giver nothing, and usually is worth less to the receiver. But Mr. Orr's advice was always above the average quality, and also extremely brief, perhaps that was the reason I thought his advise so good.

I liked Peterborough and Bobcaygeon so well I was half inclined to go no further. Besides, the nearer I got to my adopted brother the more doubts and misgivings arose in my mind as to how the course I was pursuing would end. I gleaned from Mr. Orr all the information

about George's brother that he could tell me. He gave him a good name, said he was fairly well to do and was a great "hustler." His wife, Mr. Orr said, was a good woman, and that I was going to a good home.

Next morning I boarded the stage for Minden. One of my fellow passengers was Mr. C. E. Stewart, the present proprietor and editor of the Bobcaygeon Independent newspaper. A few years later M. W. Bro. Stewart assisted at my initiation into the Ancient Order of Free and Accepted Masons, in Verulam Lodge, at a meeting held in the village of Bobcaygeon.

Charlie, as Mr. Stewart is familiarly called by nearly every one acquainted with him, went right through to Haliburton with me that day, and he took advantage of the occasion and of my innocence to regale or "stuff" me with all sorts and kinds of stories that are usually trotted out for a new arrival's benefit. I did not mind Charlie taking a few "rises" out of me, for he did it in an inoffensive way, for he is a perfect gentleman, and a good hearted, genial fellow. I could also afford to put up with Charlie's jokes, for at quite a number of stopping places he set up the beer in good style. The Bobcaygeon road appeared to me on that trip to be one long drawn out tavern, for nearly every other house along it sold whiskey or beer, and without a license at that. The Bobcaygeon road is celebrated the world over as being one of the roughest of roads. "Uncle Jim Welsh," a well known character in Peterborough and district who used to buy furs, swap horses or make most any kind of a trade, once told me that he was one time travelling over the Rocky Mountains, and was sitting on a stage—on the front seat of one of those celebrated stage coaches. Uncle Jim said just as they were travelling over a most infernally rough and dangerous stretch of road, he remarked to the driver that it was a very rough road that they were then driving over. The driver replied that it was nothing to a road he had at one time driven a stage on in Canada. Uncle Jim inquired of the driver the name of that road; the driver answered it was called the Bobcaygeon road.

I certainly thought my toe nails would be shaken off in that first trip of mine. The settlers along the road, Mr. Stewart told me, were nearly all old soldiers—pensioners, whom the government had given grants of land to for past good conduct and service. This news settled me from ever wanting to be a British soldier, for I thought if that was the way they rewarded those who had merited reward for good conduct I wondered what the fate of those could be who had bad conduct served up against them.

I need scarcely explain what little soil there is along the road is largely composed of sand and the balance rock—that is if rock can be called soil. I afterwards used to hear those old pensioners say that they wished they had brought some of the old cannon captured in the Crimea war with them, so they might shoot the seed into the ground, for they

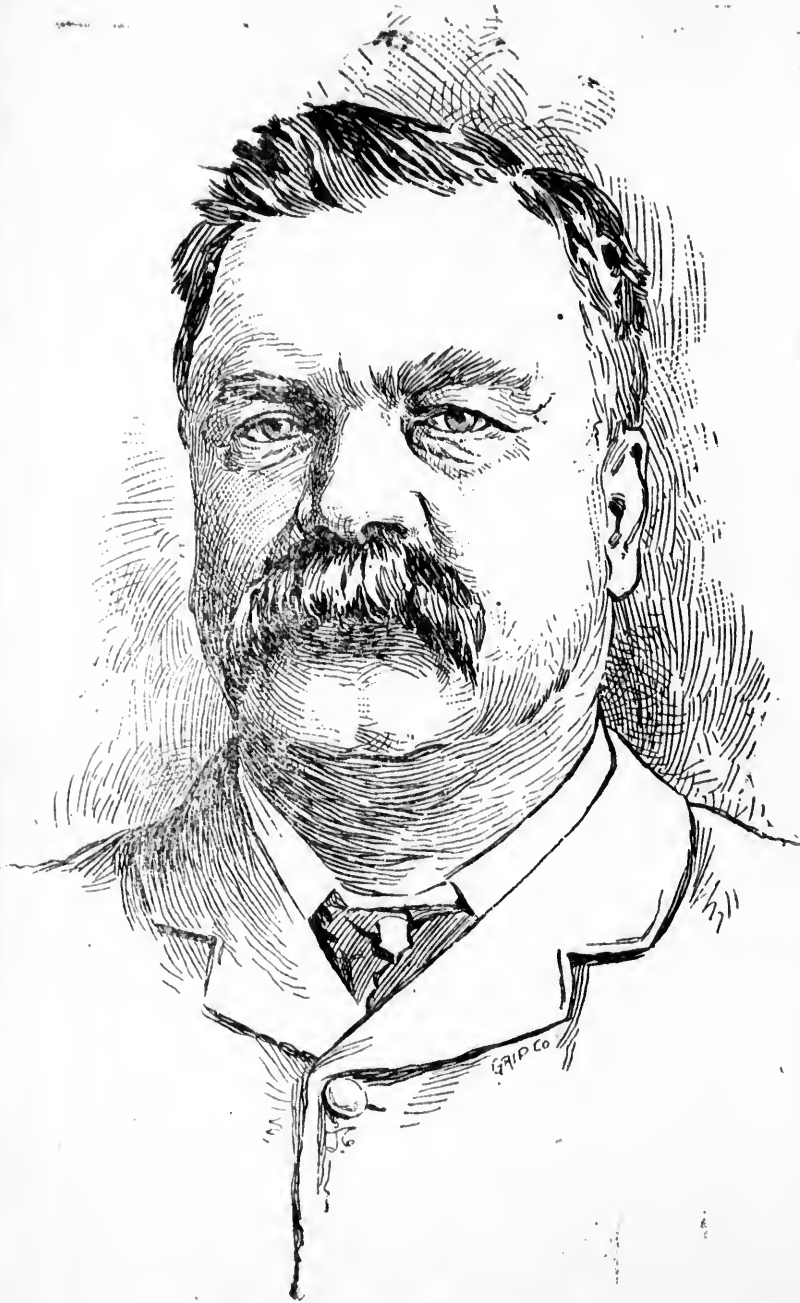
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THE LATE NORMAN BARNHART

said that was the only way they knew the seed would be successfully planted in that kind of soil.

It was along this Bobcaygeon road that a farmer, when pointing out the good features of his farm, probably to some stranger with a view of selling it, would always claim that the back fifty was splendid farming land ; of course the settler could not help but admit that the front fifty was a little rough and rocky, for the stranger could usually see that for himself. This "back" fifty racket got to be a well known remark, and it has often provoked a smile from parties who were not so green as they looked. To explain so that any one will understand the joke, I may say for the benefit of those who do not know, that free grant lands in the province of Ontario are usually surveyed out in on one hundred acre parcels or lots.

The country along the Bobcaygeon road was at one time heavily timbered with the very best quality of white pine; the pensioners, when clearing the land, made fires which burned and destroyed the forests of pine, causing a loss to the people of Ontario of millions of dollars, so the poor old soldiers took their revenge on an ungrateful country. Of course they had no idea or revenge in their minds when they set fires, but it acted that way all the same. Most of the clearings made by those early settlers have long since been deserted, and are now growing up with useless brush instead of being replanted with young pine or other valuable trees. To proceed on my journey : the stage arrived in Minden at noon. Mr. Stewart pointed out George's brother to me ; he happened to be about the first man we saw as the stage rattled down the hill into the village. He was standing in front of the post office, no doubt awaiting the arrival of the stage. George had told me that his brother carried the mail from Minden to Haliburton, a distance of 20 miles.

I saw at a glance that he bore no resemblance to me. Mr. Stewart introduced us, and I received a most affectionate greeting, and the first ordeal was over. Not a doubt crossed his mind but that I was the "Simon pure" George. He took me over to the Buck Hotel, and I got a good dinner. Steve, as I will now call him, was a fine looking specimen of manhood ; he had a sharp, piercing black eyes black hair and long bushy whiskers. Altogether he was what any one would call a good looking man. Nearly all the ladies said he was handsome, and they usually are good judges. Steve appeared to be a universal favorite, everybody called him Steve, I of course did the same. After an hour spent in Minden we boarded Steve's stage which took us to the foot of Kushog Lake, a distance of four miles, where Steve had a skiff row boat to take us sixteen miles up the lake to the village of Haliburton, where we arrived just about dusk. Steve introduced me to his wife and family—a little two year old girl and a baby boy. Mrs. Steve was born in Canada, so I had no difficulty in answering any of her questions. Steve was also easily satisfied—in fact



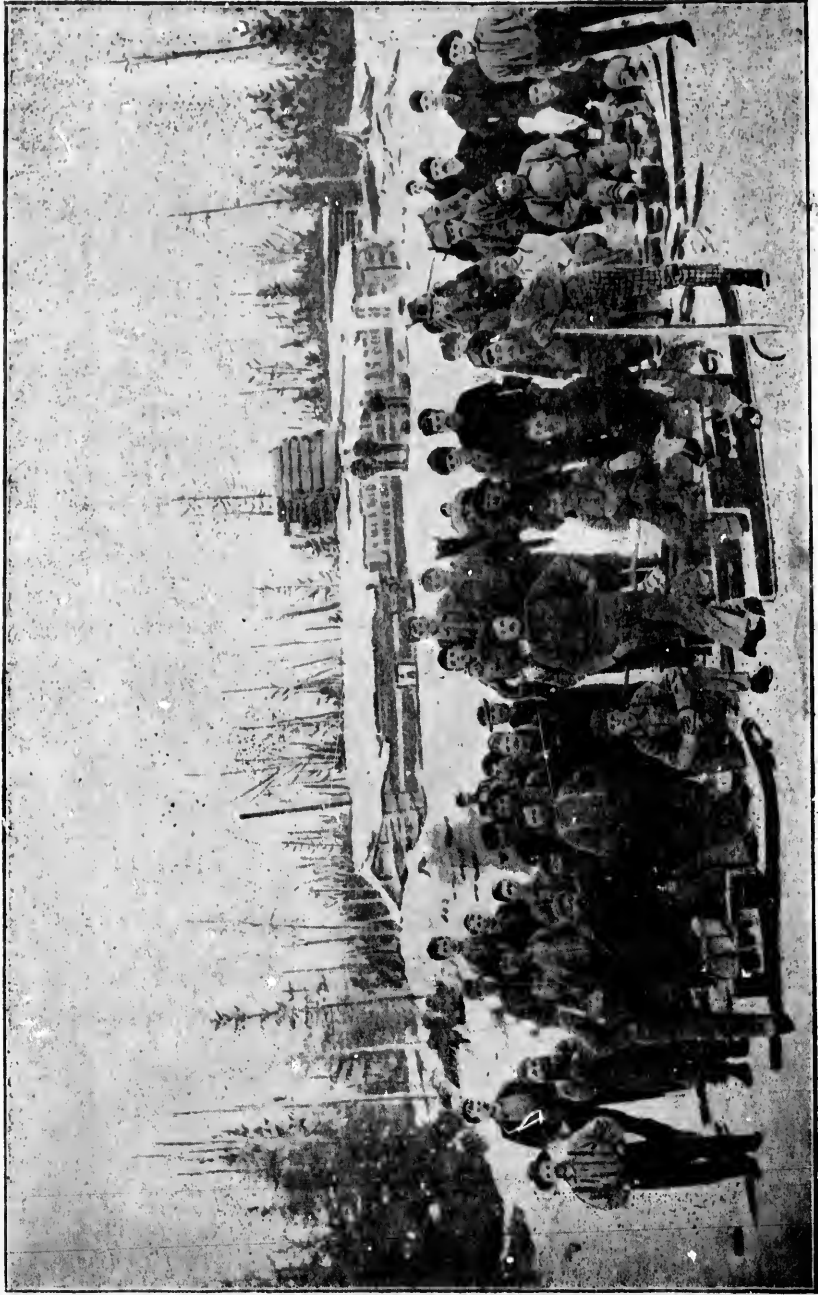
he did not appear to know much about his own people. From what I had learned from George, Steve had rambled a lot, and had travelled nearly all over the world, and they had heard little about him, and after their father's death the family had scattered, and so lost track of each other to a great extent. Steve was a poor scholar, and did not care to write, and would only write to his mother about once a year. So I had plain sailing with Steve and his family, for as I have already said, he knew little of the family history and I knew less, and neither of us appeared to be overly anxious to talk on the subject. It soon got to be a topic seldom mentioned. Work was what Steve wanted from me, and at four o'clock next morning I was called to breakfast. Mr. Orr had told me that Steve was a hustler, and that Mrs. Steve was most kind-hearted, but as I arose that first morning I could not help thinking that Mrs. Steve was rather over doing hospitality when calling me to eat again so soon after the hearty supper I had taken about nine the previous evening, and I was more than surprised when, as I sat down to the table, she remarked that breakfast that morning was rather later than usual with them. She said she thought that after my long journey I would be tired and need a little rest, so she had delayed the breakfast. That news fairly took my breath away, so that I was unable to thank her for her consideration. I took a quick glance at both their faces to see if it was only a little joke, but I saw by the expression on their countenances it was dead straight business. Steve noticed my surprised look and he gave a little cough and at once proceeded to ask a blessing. I was too much astonished to join in or even say amen, for about that time I felt that I was not suffering with hunger, and I am afraid I was not as grateful for it as I otherwise might have been.

I soon found out that early breakfasts were no novelty in Steve's family, and I had not been long with them till half the time I could not be sure whether it was supper or breakfast I was eating. There was always plenty of well cooked, coarse food; Mrs. Steve was always scrupulously clean, so I fared well enough, she was kind to me, and I liked her very much. I am sure I could not have thought more of her if she had really been my own sister. By our early rising we would take advantage of the calm nights to row the freight boat down to the storehouse at the foot of Lake Kashog, sixteen miles, before the wind would rise, so that on our up trip we would have the fair west wind mostly prevalent in the summer months in that section, so we often used to run the round trip of thirty-two miles and be back to Haliburton and unload our cargo before noon. The round trip would have been considered a good day's work by most men; not so with Steve, for in the afternoon we would put in another day's work logging or cleaning up land on Steve's village lots. He used to tell me that it would keep us from getting stiff. The mail on those days was tri-weekly—Tuesdays, Thursdays and

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OLD TIME CAMBOOSE SHANTY.  
*J. R. Booth's Limits, Nipissing District, Ont (See page 22)*

Saturdays. On mail days we usually ran two boats—a freight boat and a skiff. The freight boat would sail at four a.m., skiff with the mail at 6 a.m. Other mornings the freight boat would sail at two a.m. The crew of the freight boat consisted of three, except mail day, when it was manned by only two, the third man would have to bring the skiff with the mail, which he considered a soft snap, for usually there would be passengers who assisted in rowing who had to pay their passage just the same; Steve did not know what "D. H." meant. The stage would be waiting at the foot of Kushog lake to convey the mail and passengers over the four miles drive to Minden. Steve mostly went along, but occasionally I would be sent, and then I would get a good dinner at the Buck Hotel.

Dan suck, the proprietor, was quite a noted character, and about as fine a fellow as I ever met. He was about the best looking man in the country; his wife was also one of the most beautiful of women, and they were both just as good as they looked. The Buck Hotel was far-famed for its good table, but Dan made no profit on the dinners I used to eat there, as the appetite acquired after that twenty mile trip was not easily satisfied. Dan used to wait on me and try to fill me up. I never bothered taking the hides off the potatoes until I had eaten five or six, as I did not have time, I was so hungry.

Dan used to call me "Haw and Gee," through a story Steve told him. It occurred in this way: One afternoon Steve wanted to do some ploughing on his farm; the land was very stony and there were too many stumps of trees scattered over it for him to hold the plow and handle the reins, so he took me along to drive the horses. On the occasion referred to, when the animals were hitched ready to start, Steve asked me if I knew "haw and gee." I thought he was referring to some individuals, and I innocently asked where they lived. Next day Steve told Dan and that's how he came to call me "Haw and Gee."

I would usually have to walk the four miles too and back from Minden; the passengers and freight would load the stage. The driver of the stage was a quaker; he was almost a load in himself, for he weighed nearly four hundred pounds net, not counting tare. His face always put me in mind of the rising sun, or like of the pictures of the man in the moon one sees in Josh Billings' almanac, for his face always wore a broad grin, and the spirit appeared to move him to talk all the time. He was the only quaker in that section of the country, so I guess he must have been a "bank beaver" quaker.

The beavers always put out from among them any that are too lazy to work or are in other ways objectionable to them, then the beaver so put out has to live by himself, so the trappers call them "bank" beavers. Of course I did not for an instant insinuate that this quaker did not like work

—far from it—for he liked work so well he could lie down right beside it and sleep both peacefully and contentedly.

Steve, or my brother, as I will now call him, at the time I am speaking of, had a gentleman working for him by the name of Williams, who claimed to be a brother of the celebrated English lawyer, Sir Montague Williams. Mr. Williams was one of the crew of the freight boat ; Steve and myself made up the rest of the crew. Mr. Williams told me that his wife was the daughter of an earl, so here I was right among my own class of people, for I always had an idea that I must be the son of some son of a gun of large calibre. Steve, Williams and myself made up the crews of both boats. Sunday was the only day that we got any rest ; Steve and his wife were good living and God-fearing people, and kept the Sabbath holy as all Christian people should, and on that day would do no work beyond a few chores which any other man except Steve would have called a good day's work ; but all the same twelve o'clock Sunday night Mrs. Steve would jump out of bed—the last stroke of the clock—and commence to get our breakfast ready. I used to fancy she must have lay awake so as not to miss hearing the hour of twelve strike. The clock was never slow—in fact it had a habit of getting a couple of hours or so ahead of other people's clocks.

The first Sunday I spent in Haliburton Steve insisted that I wear the volunteer military uniform that I got from George. I put on the uniform and went to church—full dress parade. No doubt I created quite a sensation, for Steve said a military uniform had never before been seen in that village, neither do I think there has been one seen there since.

We were busy with our boats until the ice put a stop to navigation, about the last of November. Steve made a lot of money with the boats that season, and I expect he has got it all yet, for he seldom gave me any. About all I got of it was ten cents occasionally to put on the collection plate when I would go to church. After navigation closed Steve kept a livery stable in connection with the stage. There was always lots of work, Haliburton at that time being a stirring, busy village, doing lots of business. It had a population of about three or four hundred people.

The accompanying cut shows the village as it was in 1878 from a photo taken in that year. The larger of the two houses in the extreme right hand corner was Steve's residence, the smaller one my own ; both were built by Steve. The village has changed but little since, and that for the worse. The rocks and stumps are still there, but lumbering is now almost a thing of the past. The first winter I spent in Haliburton, lumbering was in full swing. The early settlers were nearly all English. The settlement was formed by an English company who went by the name of "The Canadian Land and Emigration Company," London, England. The company purchased the land from the province of Ontario, ten townships in all, or about one half million acres. The

company got the land practically free on the understanding that it would bring out emigrants, build roads, saw and grist mills, and settle up the land in a specified number of years. The first manager of the company in Canada was Mr. C. J. Blomfield, son of Bishop Blomfield, of London, England, and the company's agent in Haliburton at the time of my arrival there was Alex. Niven, P. L. S. The land the company got was and is yet of little value. And I used to hear an old hunter and trapper say "it was only fit for darned fools and bears to live on," and I guess he was about right. The pine timber on the land at the time the company got it was worth a very large amount of money, but the company or its officials, to judge by their action, did not appear to have been aware of that fact, and the lumbermen were not slow in "catching on" to the company's ignorance as to the value of the pine.

There were more "aristocracy" to the acre in and around Haliburton than any place I have ever been in; nearly all were poor, but they made up for that in pride, and when visiting among them I used to be reminded of the blessing Bobbie Burn's was said to have asked:

"Hieland pride and Hieland scab  
There is in this house a plenty  
And if the Lord has sent me here  
It surely must have been in his anger."

No doubt those scions of English nobility had been sent out to Haliburton by their friends in England, thinking they could keep them cheaper in Canada than at home. Quite a number of the well-to-do settlers had a Lord's or an Earl's son, or some son of a gun, working for him, doing chores for his board and lodging. So I was on a par with the rest. Once in a while one of the more fortunate ones would receive a remittance from "home," every one in the settlement would soon know about it, and then nearly everyone in the community would swoop down on him and bleed him in every way possible—selling him old plugs of horses, borrowing money—anything to relieve him of his "remittance." The English colony would also help to rob him, but would do it in a more polished way, and would have a jolly time as long as the money lasted, so it was generally either a feast or a famine with most of them.

I had a good thing the first winter I was in Haliburton; my mate, Mr. Williams, who I have referred to, before, got a windfall of forty thousand pounds sterling, left, to either himself or his wife by some relative in England. Presto! what a change the money made. Steve, instead of being captain and boss generally, was no longer in 'it; Williams spread out bigger than a drum major. Servants were engaged wherever they could be got; a six footer of a valet was brought up from Toronto to wait on Mr. Williams' son—a kid of about ten years of age—who only a few weeks previously had been running barefoot around the muddy streets of



Haliburton with sand cracks in his heels. It was a sight to see the six footer, stiff as starch, marching about ten paces in the rear of the Williams' kid. Open house was the order of the day; the Williams' house, was a log structure containing four rooms, not one large enough to swing a cat in; but that cut no figure. Mr. Williams' windfall was a God-send to the English colony, and in fact to all of us. I came in for quite a share of the good things, for about all I did that winter was to drive the Williams' family or his guests around; the servants would frequently slip me a bottle of "good stuff," which I would carefully store away in Steve's stable for future reference, and soon I had a good stock of liquors laid by, and occasionally I would trot out a bottle of my best and spend a splendid evening with some of my chums.

Mr. Williams moved away down to the Southern States in the spring, and his departure with so much money was greatly regretted by all, myself among the number, but my mate will never be forgotten by the people of Haliburton, for up to date their mouths still water when they think of the good time they had that winter at Mr. Williams' expense.

I was driving the stage one day that first spring and was in Haliburton when an incident occurred which is worthy of note. I shall never forget it, and hope my fair readers will take warning by it. The day I refer to I was passing a farm house, about four miles west of Haliburton, when the farmer came out and handed me some money to purchase some groceries for him and deliver them on my next trip. The farmer was a fine old gentleman, about sixty years of age, and was noted for his piety, or rather his long prayers, which were frequently rather too personal to suit some of his hearers. His prayers were also noted for their brevity. The old gentleman was reputed to be wealthy. Anyhow I knew he had the best farm and the best stock in the district; he also had quite a large family of grown up sons and daughters at home. Just as I was ready to drive away, his wife came to the door and asked him to send for some sugar. The old fellow glared at his better half in apparent amazement for a minute or two. "What," he said, "do you mean to tell me that the two pounds of sugar I brought home at Christmas is all gone?" I nearly fell out of the stage, for it was then about the middle of April.

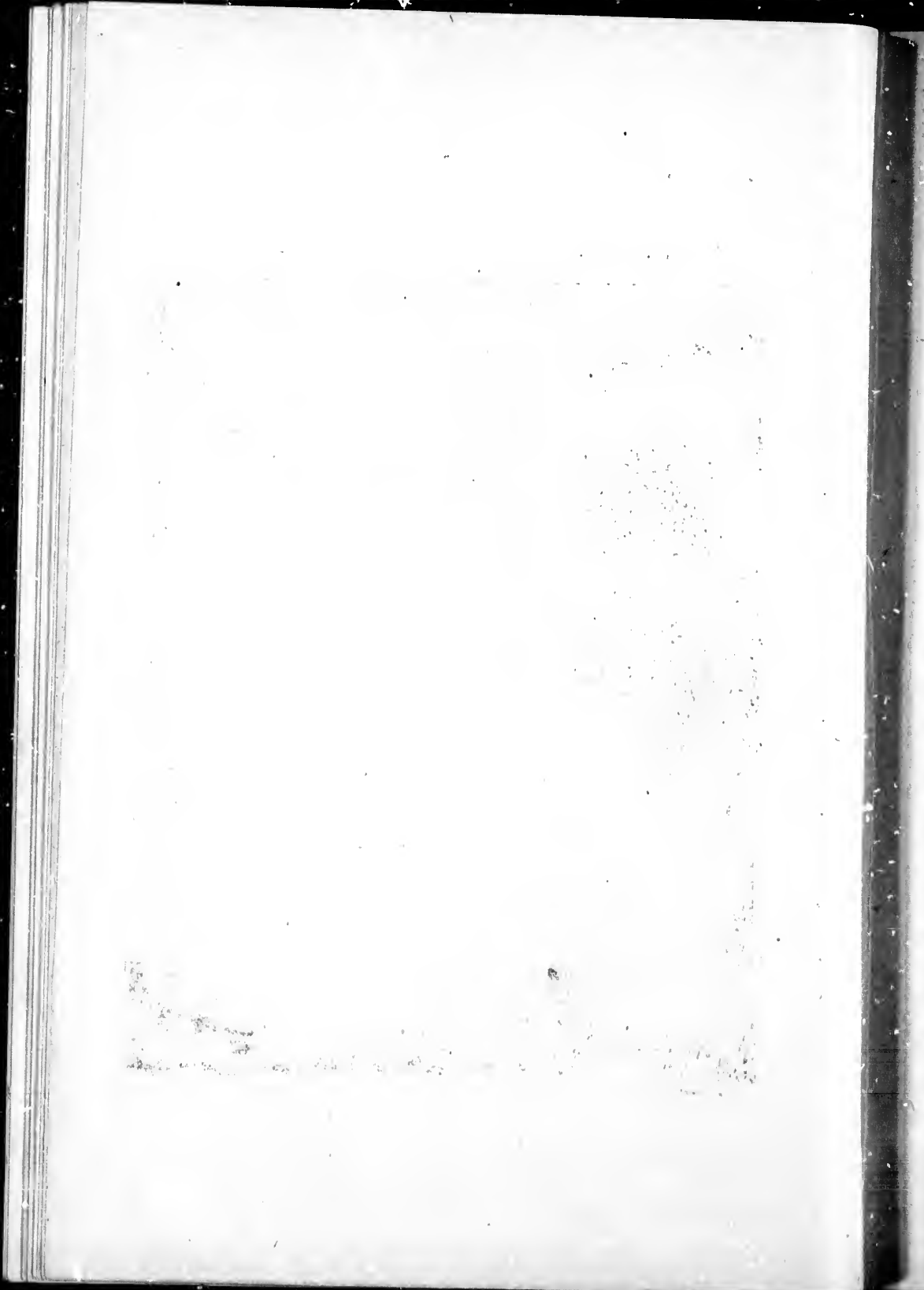
Writing about Christmas puts me in mind of the the first Christmas day I spent with Steve and his family. A few days before Xmas Steve said we would have a Xmas plum pudding; he said he had not had one since he was married, Mrs. Steve not knowing how to make it. Steve said our mother always made large puddings at Xmas, and the longer any of it was kept the better it tasted. Steve went up to the store and purchased ten pounds each of currants and raisins, along with two pounds of lemon peel and other ingredients which the storekeeper told us were necessary in the make-up of a first class Xmas plum pudding. Steve and



SHANTY FOREMAN AND GANG OF SAW LOG CUTTERS.

*Lesser, Connolly's Limits, La Cloche, Spanish River, Georgian Bay, Ont. (See page 21.)*





I brought the outfit home ; he told his wife all he knew about making the pudding. He knew less than I did about it and I knew nothing whatever. Mrs. Steve promised to make the pudding. Steve and myself had to go away the day before Xmas, but managed to return for our Xmas dinner. As we drove up to the house we were surprised to see a big fire burning along side of a pine stump and the big sugar sap kettle hanging over the fire ; Mrs. Steve, with a stick was stirring something in the kettle. Steve asked her why in thunder she was washing clothes on Xmas day ; Mrs. Steve replied that she was not washing clothes—only boiling the Xmas pudding. She went on to say that after she had mixed up all of the each ten pounds of currants and raisins and ten pounds lemon peel, along with about ten pounds of suet and forty pounds or so of flour, she found that no pot would hold it, so she thought she would try the sap kettle. Steve's countenance was a study while listening to the foregoing ; I tried to keep a straight face, for I did not like to hurt Mrs. Steve's feelings, but to look at that pudding in the sap kettle and not laugh was more than my make up could stand, but I managed, by nearly biting my lips through, to restrain myself. Mrs. Steve was such a dear little woman, and always so earnest in anything she did or said that I did not like to laugh. Steve for a while did not appear to know whether to laugh or swear ; finally we both roared out laughing. That settled it ; Mrs. Steve at once got angry and told us to take our pudding or whatever we choose to call it, she would have no more to do with it, or would she ever make us another ; Steve said he did not think we would need another, for he said the one in the kettle looked large enough to do us the balance of our lives. Steve and I had considerable difficulty in navigating the pudding out of the kettle into the house. It was not bad eating ; in fact we thought it good. It was a little hard on the digestive organs, but all rich plum puddings are that. One good feature about our pudding was that after partaking of it we would have to skip the next meal and take pills instead.

When navigation opened in spring, which was about the first day of May, Steve went into partnership with a man who had built a small steamer during the winter. It was the first steamer that ever run on those waters ; the shanting boys named it the Royal Mail Steamship "Bull of the Woods." She was built on the stem winding stem setting principle, and was modelled as no other boat was ever before modelled ; so it is difficult to describe her—she had to be seen as well as heard, for the noise she made when in motion could be heard for miles, and the old hunters vowed vengeance on her, for the infernal noise she made frightened all the moose, deer, bears, wolves and other large game out of the country, nor has any fish been caught in those waters since. We tried to take a photo of her but failed ; the camera refused to work point blank. I did get somewhere near it once. I secured a pot of coal tar and made a

sketch of her on the side of the postmaster's boathouse, which had just been newly painted with whitewash. I was somewhat in tune with the postmaster's daughter at the time, but when he saw that sketch and found out who the artist was, a coolness sprung up all around, and through that boat I have no doubt I lost the making of a charming wife. Anyhow the steamer I found, was to be a decided improvement on the "armstrong" mode we had in vogue on the freight boat the previous season. Steve was captain and purser; his partner was chief engineer and fireman I was all the rest of the crew.

In those days there were numbers of hunters and trappers in the Haliburton district, and they brought in great quantity of furs—beaver, otter, bear, wolf, martin, mink and muskrat being the principal furs. Occasionally a silver fox would be caught; the country also abounded in such game as moose and red deer, the latter being plentiful. I have often counted twenty deer playing on the ice, and so tame would they become towards spring that they would actually come into the yards around the lumber shanties to eat the hay that was thrown out of the stables; and after I went to work in the lumber woods and got to be superintendent I always had quite a number of pets around my shanties. Those early days a trapper would often realize five hundred dollars for his pack of furs, and sometimes some of them would get close on a thousand dollars. They seldom put in more than two months catching a pack of furs. Haliburton had two great sale days—the 24th of May and the 5th of November—in each year. On these days the hunters and trappers would come to the village for hundreds of miles around to meet the fur buyers who came from New York, Boston, Toronto, Quebec, Peterborough and other cities and towns. Most of the trappers in the Haliburton district were white men, though quite a number were Indians. The village was in quite a commotion on those big sale days, when the trappers were in town; the proceedings would usually close with a rifle shooting match and a dance at night. The hunters and trappers were splendid specimens of manhood, and all jolly good fellows. They were hardy, clever, strong and active; everybody was glad to see them come to the village. I stood away up in their regard—my good shooting did that for me, for in the first 24th of May that I was in Haliburton I won first prize at their shooting match; they were all greatly astonished at my success in beating these old hunters. I won and got first money, and at the very same time I could have given quite a few of their number pointers in bushwacking. My war experience had taught me to be a good shot and to be a bushman as well.

Early in the second summer I was in Haliburton smallpox broke out; some immigrants from England brought it with them. There was no doctor nearer than Minden, where doctor Curry resided, and it was fortunate that such a skillful and kind medical man was even that close,



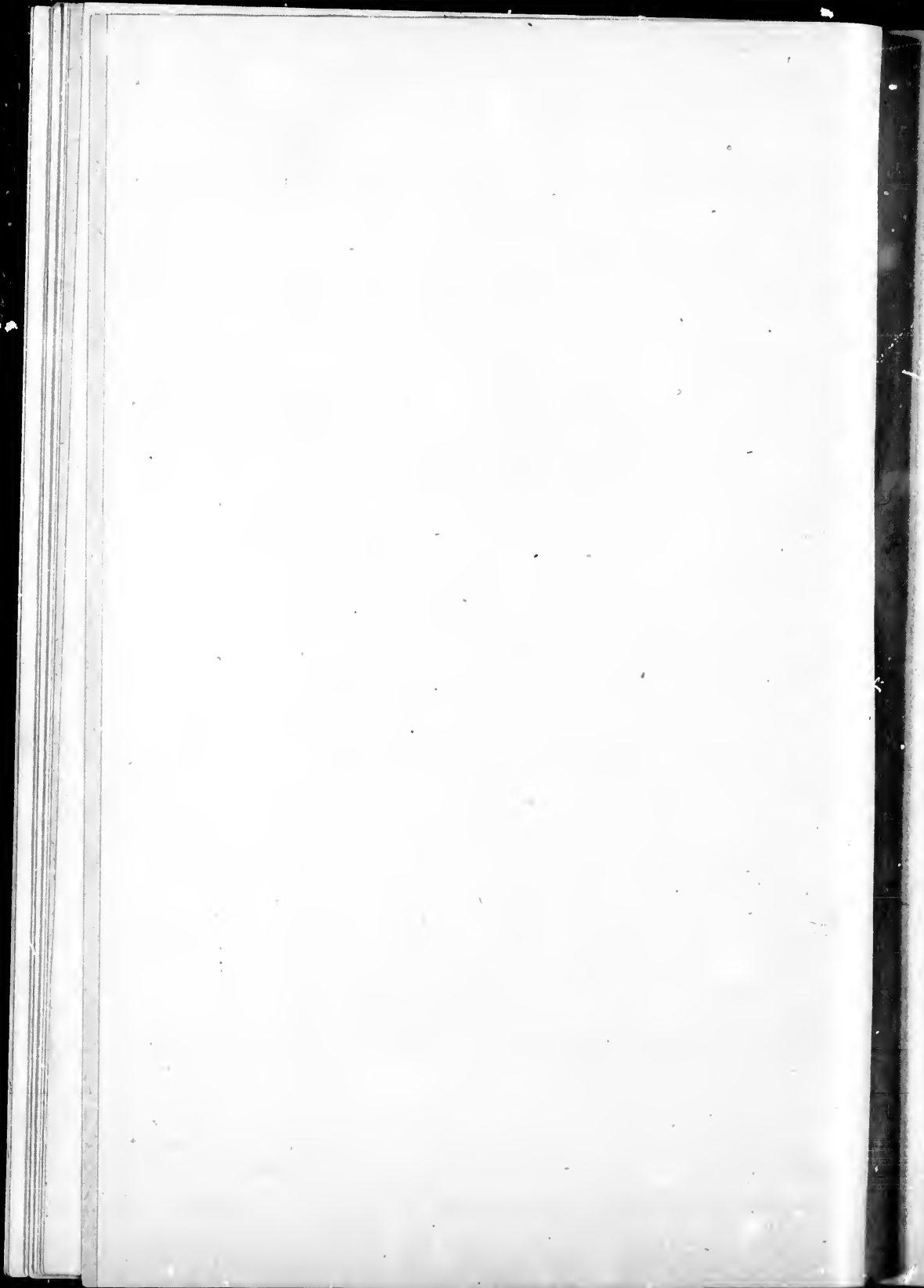
SKID OR ROLLWAY OF SAW LOGS.

*Messrs. McCormick & McLeod's Shanties, Magnetawan River, Georgian Bay. (See page 21.)*

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for he worked like a trogan night and day to conquer the dread scourge, I happened to be staying at one of the houses that was infected when it broke out, and so got isolated with the other inmates. I did not contract the disease, and it was fortunate I did not, not only for myself but for the poor creatures that did, for I was one of the few who was able and willing to wait on the sick. There were quite a number of deaths, and the sufferings of the victims was heartrending. The late Capt. John Lucas then kept hotel in Haliburton, in the same house that his son John now resides. Captain Lucas, being an old sea captain, was, like all true British sailors, brave and courageous and would assist me to put the dead in the rough coffins, and then the two of us would carry them out to the cart, drive up to the cemetery one and a half miles distant, and bury the victims in the graves the settlers would dig, but which we would have to fill in. In the cleaning up I lost all my clothes, including the volunteer uniform I had got from George. Shortly after the smallpox ended my year's engagement with Steve was up. I reminded him of the fact, and I told him I guessed I would strike out on my own account, for I concluded by that time I had well repaid him for George's passage money out from England. George came out in the steerage, so the amount could not have been over twenty dollars. It was the dearest trip I had ever paid for before or since—twelve months good and solid hard work. My hands showed that there were welts on them that could be pared of a third of an inch thick, and the rowing I done on that infernal "punt" freight boat had pulled and strained me all out of shape. We handled an enormous quantity of lumbermen's supplies—barrels of pork, flour, bags of beans and other heavy goods, and I would have to lift on them, loading and unloading, until I would fairly see stars. Our freight boat was not strongly built, and heavy goods had to be handled carefully. Steve asked me what I intended doing, I said I had decided to go into the bush and learn the timber and lumbering business, for I had noticed that it was a good paying business, and at the time it was the only large industry that Canada had ; nearly everyone appeared to be interested either directly or indirectly in the business, or else they had been or wanted to be, so it was natural for me to have the prevailing spirit. Steve advised me not to think of such a thing ; that it would be the ruination of me if I went to the lumber shanties and mixed up with those "wild shanty men" and raftsmen ; I said I would take chances. Steve said he was well satisfied the way I had worked and wanted me to remain with him, offering me at the same time one hundred acres of bush land as a gift on which he said I could clear a farm for myself, and any time I needed cash I could get work from him and we could help each other in that way. I thanked him but declined to accept the land or his offer to stay on with him. Steve knew I had made up my mind to go to the bush, so he gave me a five dollar note and we shook hands and parted.

Five dollars was not much for a year's work, but I had acquired something that was of more value to me, and that was the friendship of a good family I could call brother and sister, as well as a name that I could use—and more—one that I had come honestly by, for that year's work with Steve I considered gave me a right to the name. Anyhow, outside of the five dollars it was all I got for my first year's work in Canada.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### I COMMENCE LUMBERING.

After parting with Steve I went up to the Haliburton hotel and spent a pleasant evening with Capt. Lucas, the proprietor and a few other friends, and I "blew in" the five, drinking success to my new name, and celebrating my own christening as it were. Next day I engaged with Norman Barnhart, bush superintendent for Mossom Boyd, the lumber king of the Trent River, to go up to one of the shanties in the capacity of shanty clerk. My wages were to be, I think, twenty dollars a month, board, lodging and tobacco free. The shanty I was assigned to was located in the township of Harburn, fifteen miles north of Haliburton. Mr. Boyd had acquired the right to cut and remove the pine timber from the English Land Company, and the season I went up was about the first cutting done in that township. My shanty had a crew of about fifty men; the foreman and the majority of the crew were French Canadians; the crew were civil, obliging and a hard-working lot. They treated me very kindly, and I soon got to be a great favorite with them, and soon I was right at home in the bush. My duties consisted in keeping the men's time, and charging up to the men such articles as they required, and looking after the supplies, plant, &c., received, consumed, or sent away from my shanty. I also had to keep strict account of the number of pieces timber and sawlogs made and hauled to the stream each day. Our crew that winter made both square timber and sawlogs. The two gangs of timber makers—five men in each gang, went through the bush ahead of the sawlog makers, and selected and cut down the trees suitable for square timber. A timber gang would make about six pieces of timber per day, on an average, equal to about 400 cubic feet. A gang of sawlog cutters in those days consisted of five men—three to chop the trees down and cut and top the tree square with their axes when felled, and the other two men to saw the tree into lengths required for sawlogs, usually in 12 to 16 feet sections. Five logs to the tree was a good average, to



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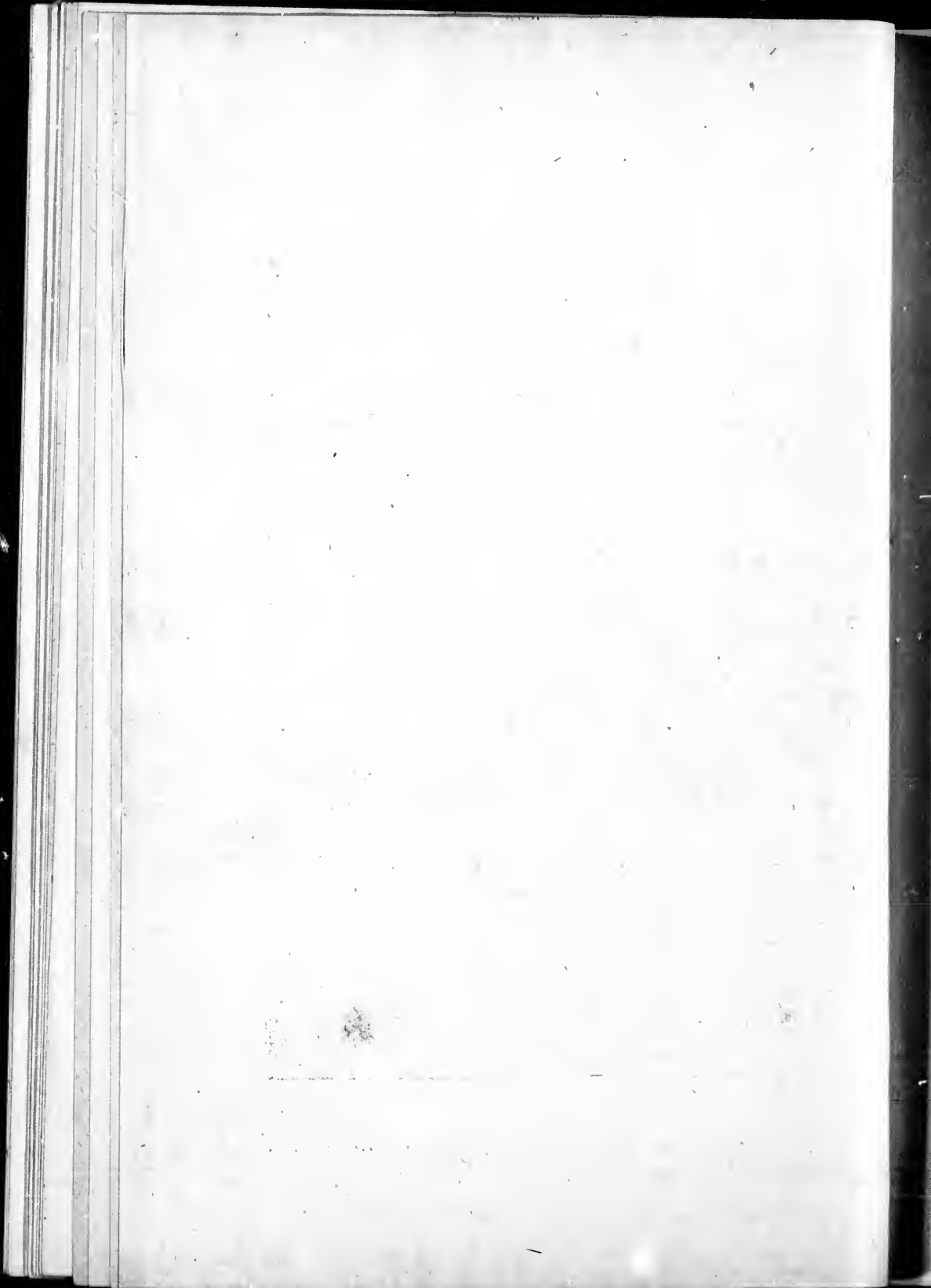


A PINE TREE FALLING

*The Hardy Lumber Co's Limits, Pickeral River, Nipissing District, Ont.*

*(See page 21.)*





get from the trees, and 75 logs was a good average day's work for the gang of five men to cut. In those days nothing less than 14 inch diameter at top end would pass for a sawlog, and it had to be straight and sound at that. Three knots or more in a log made a cull of it ; even butt logs with a hollow or the least bit of shake had to be cut off and left in the woods to rot. It is needless to say that such a system caused a great waste of wood, for the extent of territory a crew would run over in one season was enormous—only about one third of the standing trees would make such a class of logs, and therefore the balance were left untouched, probably to be soon afterwards burnt, for the chips left by the timber makers, and tops of the trees that had been felled, along with brush heaps piled up in making places for railways or skidways and roads which were opened in order to have the timber and logs hauled to the stream, tell the bush full of inflammable material. The least spark of fire the next summer set the bush in a blaze. In this way millions of dollars worth of pine and other wood have been destroyed. Of course in those days pine trees were cheap, the supply apparently inexhaustible. But times have changed since then. All see now that a few years more will practically exterminate the pine forests of Canada. No such waste goes on now. Instead of chopping the trees down they are sawed, so the butt is already squared when the tree falls. The first illustration shows just where and how a gang commences when they go to fell a tree, and the second shows the tree in the act of falling. The tree when felled is now sawn up into sections ; crooks, rots, spunks, shakes and knots—everything now goes into the sawlogs, to be dissected on its arrival at the saw mill. Nothing is left in the bush—even small trees six inches in diameter are now cut down, which I think is wrong. They should be allowed to grow and be protected from fire until they are at least large enough to make sawlogs of a twelve inch diameter and if larger so much the better.

I have already stated how twenty out of our crew of fifty men were employed ; about fifteen more are kept cutting trails or roads, so that the horses and oxen could get to the timber and logs and haul them to the stream or railways. The sawlogs if any distance from the stream would in most cases have to be piled up on skidways or rollways, as shown in illustration, so that no time would be lost when the sleighing came in collecting a load and hauling to the stream. The square timber had to be collected together in much the same way. The balance of our crew were teamsters and loaders, with the exception of the cook and his helper, or "devil," as he is usually called. The size of our shanty was about forty feet square. The walls were made of large pine logs, notched and dovetailed together, and were six logs high. On top of the walls from end to end were two enormous stringers or beams to hold up the roof which was also made of pine logs formed of halves of trees hollowed out,

called scoops, and the greatest expense in building a shanty is making the scoops or roof. The walls of the shanty and the roof were stuffed with moss on the inside, and the walls on the outside plastered with mud. A large opening, about eight feet square, was left in the centre of the roof and a wooden tapered chimney, about six feet high, built up to carry off the smoke from the fire place or camboose, which was built of sand and stone in the centre of the shanty. The opening in the roof, or the chimney, let in lots of daylight, so no windows were required, and at night the huge fire supplied all the light necessary. Sometimes a floor of logs was put in, but just as often none. One door, about five feet square, and the shanty was ready for the bunks or sleeping berths of the men, which was built of poles around one side and end. The other side and end was occupied by the foreman, clerk and cook, and there was an unwritten law which strictly prohibited any of the crew occupying or taking up the foreman's side of the shanty. A stable built in the same rough way to hold about ten pairs of horses, and a small storehouse and granary completed the set of buildings. The cost of the lot would be about three hundred dollars, for the crew would often put them up and have them completed in the space of three days. The illustration on another page will perhaps give the readers a much better idea of an old time lumber shanty than what I have written. The shanty there shown is an "old timer," and it belongs to J. R. Booth, the lumber king of the Ottawa, and the largest owner of standing white pine in America to-day. The illustration represents one of his shanties on Lake Nipissing, and it has been used this past season by the Messrs. Malloy Bros., the enterprising sawlog contractors. The photo was taken on a Sunday, which accounts for the crew all being there, and also accounts for Mr. Malloy wearing a "biled" or white shirt. The reader, I hope, will excuse us for taking the photo on Sunday, but that was the only day we could get the crew together. For on week days it's seldom a crew sees the shanty in daylight, either in Messrs. Malloy's or any other shanty. The great objection to one of these old camboose shanties is that it takes an enormous quantity of wood to supply sufficient heat to keep them warm in the winter. Half a cord would only made an average fire, and the chances are one will be half blinded with smoke the greater part of the time. So great a nuisance is this that it is said the smoky odor on one's clothes can be detected by any one with a good "smeller" nearly half a mile distant. When the fire gets low during the cold winter nights the large opening in the roof lets in the cold and the crew sometimes are half frozen to death. The cookery outfit of a camboose shanty, in the early days, consisted of half a dozen bake kettles for baking bread, and one for baking beans in ashes, which is done by covering the kettles with hot ashes. Often in taking off the cover or lids a few pounds of ashes or sand would get into the beans, but a good cook claims that the ashes saves pepper and helps digestion.

In addition to the half dozen kettles there are two large pots and a tea boiler; that, with a butcher knife and a fork, completes the cooking utensils. The clerk gives out to each man a tin plate and dish, but the crew have to furnish their own knives and forks—that is if any of them could not get along without them. Most of them, however, do worry along with a jack knife. One blanket was allowed to each man, and two men usually slept together. The men turn in with all their clothes on—socks as well—and the only use a shantyman has for a coat in the bush is to make a pillow of it for his bed. If a man attempts to wear a coat in the bush the foreman will soon tell him to take it off and ask him if he cannot work hard enough to keep himself warm. In those early days the food supplied to the men consisted of bread, pork and beans. The men could have tea if they paid one dollar per month for it. My first winter in the shanty I fared well, for game was plentiful, and I used to kill enough to supply the foreman and myself, and often sufficient to give all the crew a feast. On Sundays some of the crew would catch some fish, which helped to give us a variety. Sunday is cleaning up day, the men doing their washing and mending on that day—that is the few that would go to that trouble. Quite a number would never change their under-clothes or shirts until the clothes were wore out, and as to washing their feet, such a thing never came into their minds, for the old heads among them knew their feet would get washed often enough in the spring when river driving commenced, and wading in the cold water in the rapids often up to their waste, and sometimes their shoulders. This would soon wash all the dirt off them. Lost socks would often be discovered that way in the spring, the dirt on the men's feet being so thick they would forget having put the socks on months before, and the first wading in the water in the spring would often bring the lost socks to light, much to the astonishment of the wearer. An old cotton bag usually did service as a towel for all the crew. Seldom was there ever a looking-glass, and the entire furniture of a lumber shanty consisted of the grindstone

The hours per day the men worked in the bush or on the river all depends on how little sleep the foreman can worry along with. Before clocks were introduced into lumber shanties, I have seen the foreman mistake the bright moon light for coming day light, and wake the crew up and take breakfast, only to discover later that it was probably about the middle of the night, and it is a common occurrence for the men to walk three or four miles through the bush to their work, and then have to build a fire to keep them from freezing or being eaten up by the wolves until daylight came, so that they could see to work; and its strickly against rules to come to the shanty before dark night. A clock in a shanty is worse than useless as far as the crew are concerned, for the foreman usually has the clock about two hours too fast, so the crew seldom pay any attention to it. Dinner time is any time one gets hungry.

The shantymen now a days fare much better as regards food and lodging than we did in the early days—but the hours of work are just as long. We present an illustration elsewhere of an up to date shanty. It is reproduced from a photo taken last winter. It is one of William Peter's lumber shanties, on his timber limits in the Parry Sound district. Mr. Hank Martin was the builder of the set of camps and also foreman in the same shanty for the past three seasons, having taken five million feet of pine sawlogs each winter, with still another season's cut from the same shanty. The buildings are the best constructed of any set of shanties I have ever seen, and are comfortable for both men and horses; in fact nothing better could possibly be desired, and the food supplied to the crew, as to quality and variety, is equalled but by few first class hotels.

Mr. Wm. Peter is one of the Michigan lumbermen who came over a few years ago and invested in Canada pine. Mr. Peter is a very shrewd man, having accumulated an enormous fortune lumbering in Michigan. He still has as large interests in Michigan, but unlike most Americans, when he invested in Canada pine and decided to operate them, he engaged all Canadian men, from the bush superintendent, Mr. Ludgate, down, and the success he is meeting with is an evidence that Canadian shantymen are the best in the world.

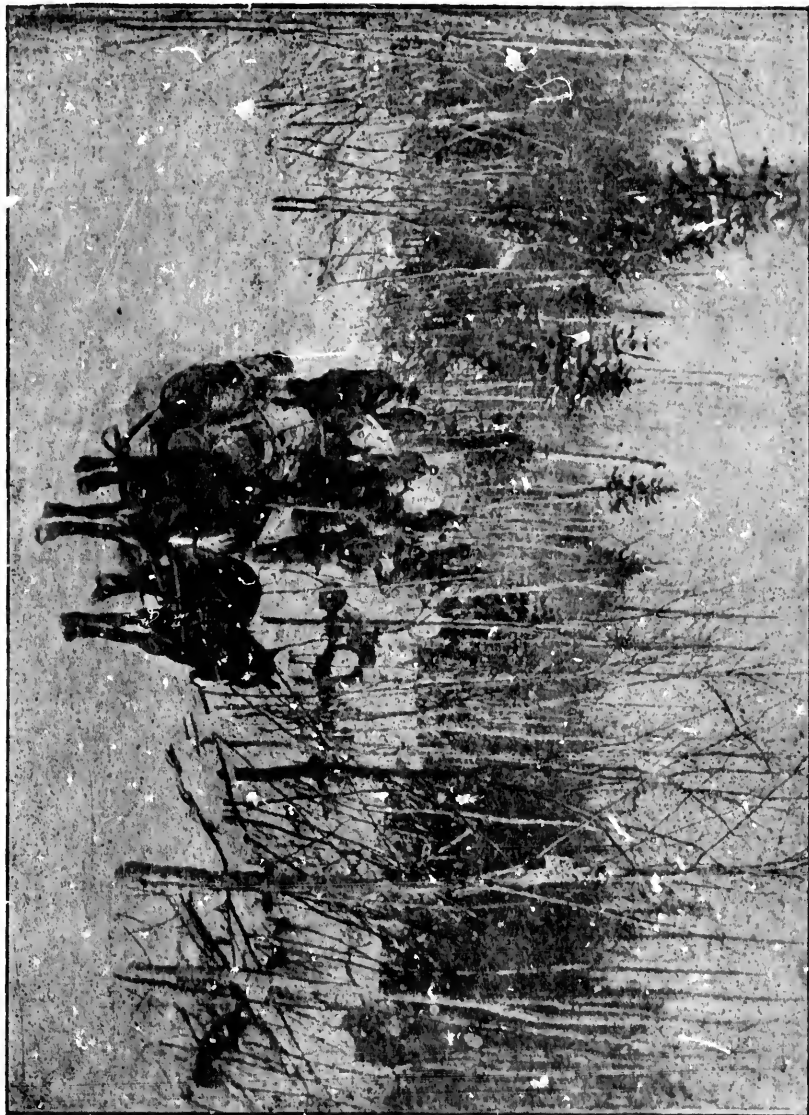
To go back to my first winter in a lumber shanty: I may say I got to like the life very much. The time went by very swiftly; Xmas seemed to come quickly and on Xmas day I was sorry we had not some of Mrs. Steve's Xmas pudding, for we had no pudding of any description—but we made out a fairly good feast on the front quarter of an old ox that had fallen over a rock and broke one of his legs, and in consequence had to be slaughtered. The beef was rather tough, but we bore no ill will to the old ox, on that account. The two front quarters of that ox was all the beef we got that winter; the two hind quarters the bush superintendent had sent to head shanty, or depot shanty. I well remember the first Xmas evening I spent in a lumber shanty. Our foreman sat up with the crew and told us fairy and ghost stories. The crew were very superstitious (most French Canadians are) and for that matter I am myself. That Xmas evening there was a fearful gale blowing, and towards midnight when our foreman was in the middle of one of his blood-curdling and hair-lifting stories, the crew all gathered around him with their eyes fairly bulging out, crash, bang! down, came right amongst us, a big pine limb which the wind had broken from a huge pine tree that stood some distance from our shanty; the wind carried the limb and dropped it down our camboose chimney, and it made a fearful crash when it struck our pots and kettles. A more frightened crew I never saw, and I guess we all thought the devil had us. After we recovered a little from our fright the foreman said it was sent as a warning to some one who was neglecting his

religious duties, and he looked straight at me when he said it. I retorted by saying that I thought it had been sent to stop him telling such infernal lies. After a hearty laugh we all retired to our beds for the night. I had a pet beaver that winter ; he was very industrious, as all beavers are, and could do almost anything but talk. We could tell when we were going to have a soft spell, for my beaver at nights would build a dam across one end of the shanty, using in its construction the men's boots, shoepacks or anything else lying around loose in the shanty. There was always embers enough in the fireplace to give sufficient light to watch his movements. I think a beaver is the most interesting pet any one could possibly have. I have often watched them build their dams, and have received many good pointers as to selecting a site on which to build a "catch water" or reservoir dam as well as the kind of a foundation required. Almost any man who can handle an axe can build a dam, but it requires one to have experience and good judgment in selecting a site for a dam, and also to know that the foundation is good before building the superstructure. No one ever heard of or saw a beaver dam taken out or washed away by floods or freshets. The beaver builds his dam on a sure foundation, and he builds it to stay, and never makes any mistake about it. It is surprising how quickly a few beavers will build a large dam or repair one that has been partly cut away or destroyed. The lumbermen often have to cut away the dam in order to secure the water from the large reservoir above. The lumbermen sometimes obtains a big flood of water, which will probably enable him to float his raft out of a stream into deep water. The beavers in either building or repairing a dam are always supervised by a foreman beaver, and he handles his laborers in much the same way that a foreman of a shanty does his men. How the beaver gets his mates to understand I never could make out. When at work the beaver is difficult to approach, though I have sometimes been close enough to get a good idea of their methods, which is systematic and evidently all figured out ahead.

The only visitors we had that winter was a couple of French priests. They are the only ministers who make it their duty to go regularly every winter to the lumber shanties. Often the journeys are attended by many dangers, privations and difficulties, but nothing ever stops the good fathers. Snow, cold or rain they go all the same and are always joyfully and heartily received by both Catholics and Protestants alike. Protestant ministers seldom present themselves at a lumber shanty, although they are always made welcome and kindly used. In my experience of a quarter of a century there never was a Protestant service held by any minister or any one else in any shanty I was ever in, although a majority of the men were Protestants. I know of no more solemn sight than a crew of lumbermen at prayers. The surroundings are usually awe-inspiring and sublime in their loneliness. The sight, I am sorry to say, is rarely if ever seen in any other shanty than one manned by French Canadians.



I was sorry when our shanty closed in the spring. Any of our crew who were not engaged for the "run," were paid off. Quite a number of the men go up to the bush about the first of September when timber making, log cutting, skidding, road making and also stream improvements, such as dams, piers, &c., can all be done cheapest, and to best advantage. This work takes up all the time until sufficient depth of snow comes (about ten inches) to commence to haul the timber and sawlogs to the streams. Very little timber is made or logs cut after Xmas, the snow usually being too deep for the men to do such work to advantage. Anyhow the hauling of the timber and logs, generally takes up all the time of the foreman and the crew until about the middle of the month of March ; then preparations have to be made for the drives—for the streams clear themselves of ice mostly in the month of April, and then the real hard work of the raftsmen or river driver commences, for the timber and logs must be got down the same stream by the spring freshets, or if the flood of water is allowed to run off and get ahead of the drive then the timber and logs will have to remain in the stream until the next spring. That is what lumbermen call "sticking" or "hanging up" a drive, and it is a great loss to the owner as well as being thought a disgrace to the foreman and crew who worked on it, and a foreman who sticks more than one drive soon loses his reputation and gets reduced to the ranks. Occasionally there will be an unusually dry spring, and the spring freshets are therefore light ; then of course no blame is attached to anyone if the drive should happen to be hung-up. It is difficult to foresee just how a stream that has never been navigated will act the first season it is driven, as well as to decide what improvements are necessary. This is where experience and good judgment counts. The objective point for the square timber is Quebec, and the sawlogs on the Ottawa river to the owner's sawmill at Ottawa and other points on that river. Sawlogs on the Trent River go to Fenelon Falls, Bobcaygeon, Peterborough and Trenton ; on the Georgian Bay, they mostly go to Waubaushene, Midland, Little Current and many are sawn up at the mills at the mouth of Spanish, French, and other rivers tributary to the Georgian Bay. Since the Americans have come over to Canada enormous numbers of sawlogs are towed across Lake Huron to Bay City and other points in Michigan. The river driving and rafting takes up all the spring and summer months, and when a man engages for the "run" he is obliged to stay until the timber reaches its destination. In the early days, and even yet, on the Ottawa River the men had to sign an agreement similar to the one the sailors sign when joining a ship, only the one the shantyman signs is more like a chattle mortgage on his life for one year. But fortunately the good laws in force in Ontario overrides objectionable clauses in the agreement, so the shantymen is protected against any lumberman who would take advantage of him, but as a rule

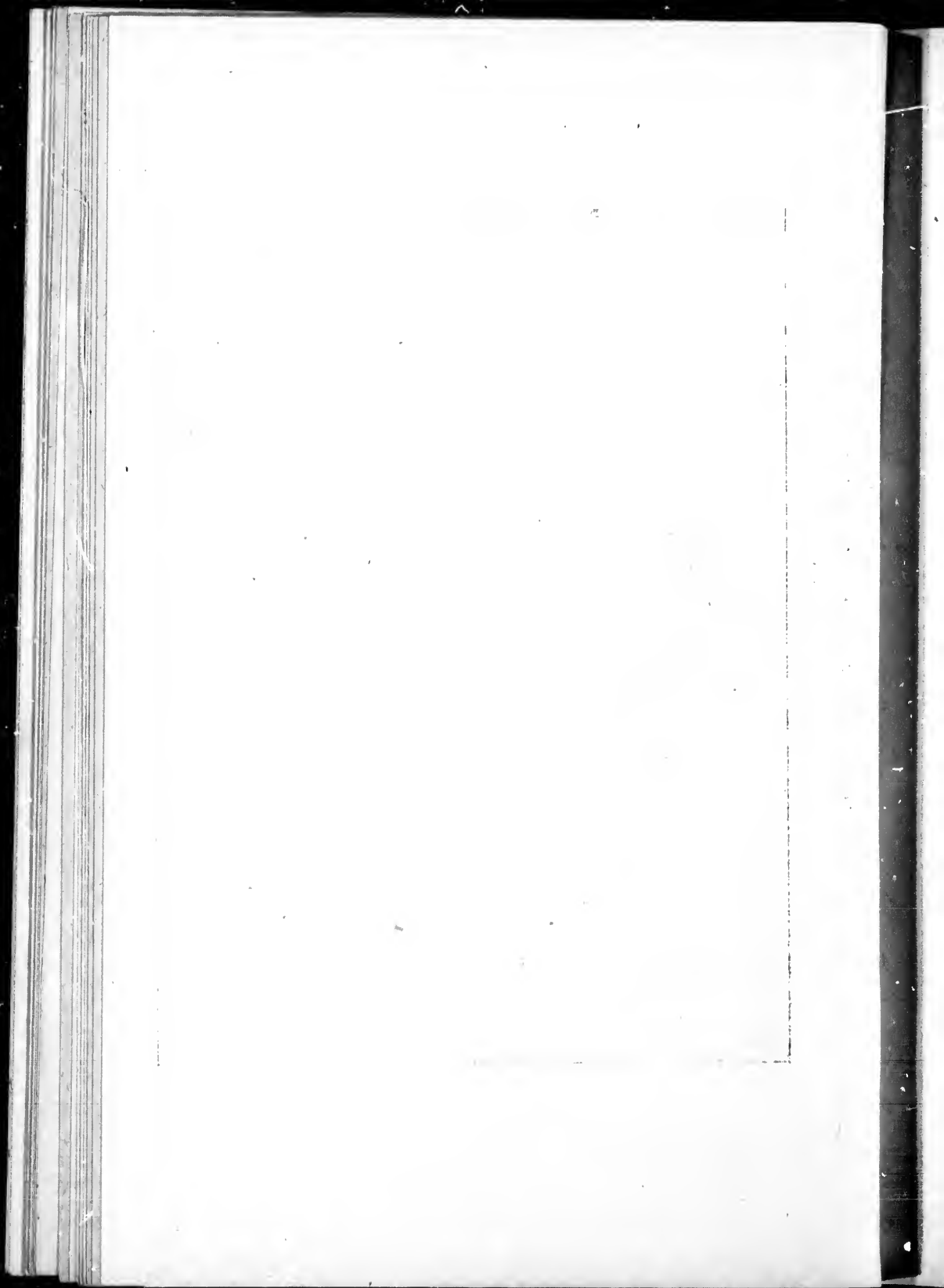


HAULING SAW LOGS

*J. R. Booth's Limits, Lake Nipissing, Ont.*

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Canadian lumbermen use their men well in every respect, the old time lumbermen especially so.

Those among our crew who were engaged for the run, when our shanty broke up that spring were sent to the depot or headquarter shanty, where they could be best employed until navigation opened. The depot shanty, is where all the provisions and all the supplies are forwarded to from the nearest railroad point, and from there are distributed as required to the other shanties of the limit. It is where the bush superintendent, chief clerk, bush rangers and log scalers make their head quarters, and where all men leaving are settled with and paid off. The books and accounts of the whole operation are kept there, and the clerks in the working shanties make a weekly return to the chief clerk of all work done in their shanties—the company's or concern's head office is probably hundreds of miles distant from the depot shanty, and as some of the big lumber concerns have as many as two thousand men in the bush, scattered perhaps over hundreds of miles of territory, the only feasible way is to have a bush superintendent for about every five hundred men, and a travelling agent to overlook the whole outfit. The operations must necessarily be scattered along the banks of several streams, as the smaller tributaries to the main rivers would not be able to carry out the enormous output of timber and sawlogs in one season that some of the large operators take out. So that a bush superintendent usually has some ten or fifteen shanties on some stream all by himself, which he oversees from the depot shanty. The bush superintendent is practically about the only official the men in woods have any dealings with ; his word is law on everything. He makes all rules and regulations ; all have to obey his orders and no appeal can be made against his ruling ; he engages all his subordinates, including chief clerk and foreman, and arranges the scale of wages ; he can dismiss all or anyone of the lot at pleasure, and the Czar of Russia is not a greater autocrat. The site for a depot shanty is selected with great care, as to its natural advantages as a base of supplies, and its easy access by river, lake or road from nearest railroad point ; the buildings are greater in number and more substantially constructed, than the ordinary shanty. Large clearings are usually made in order to pasture the horses and cattle during the summer season. Villages and even towns often sprung up around these lumber depots.

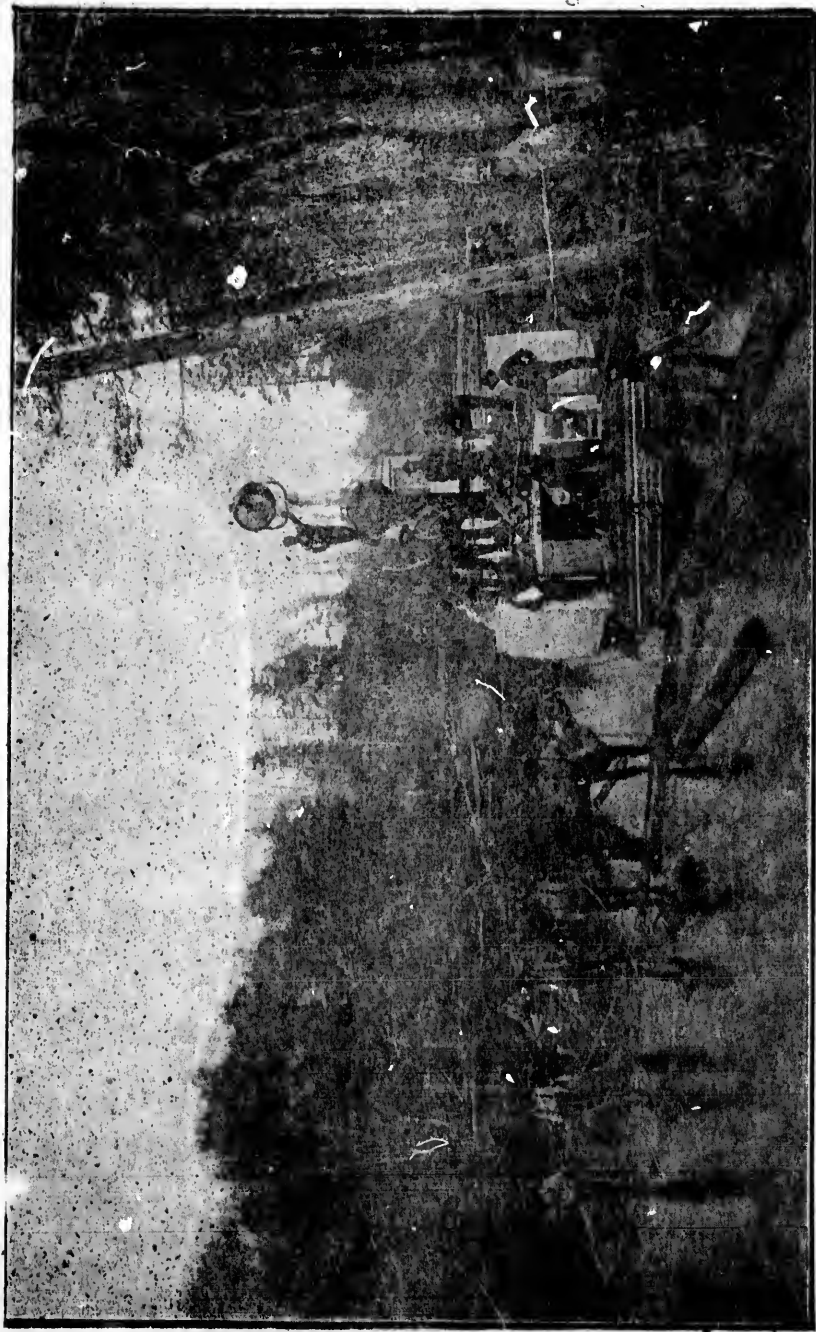
I give a cut of depot taken from a photo. The illustration shown on another page is of Messrs. Gilmour's depot shanty, on their new limit in Muskoka, for which limit they paid nearly one million dollars to the Ontario Government two years ago. It was the biggest price ever paid for one limit to the Ontario Government, and a story is told that it took Mr. P. M. Gunther, the chief bush superintendent of the firm, nearly a week to cart the cash in a wheelbarrow from a bank on King street up to the provincial treasury at the parliament buildings. The streams on

the new limit are all tributaries to the Georgian Bay waters, and as Messrs. Gilmour's sawmill is situated at Trenton; on the Bay of Quinte, Lake Ontario, the pine on their new limit was of no use to them as a feeder for their mills, which are the largest and best equipped of any mills on the continent. They had to devise some means to get the logs over a three mile stretch of land that separated the Georgian Bay stream at the Lake of Bays from the Gull River waters—a tributary of the Trent. The Messrs. Gilmour were equal to the occasion. First they harnessed a water power on the shore of Lake of Bays and thus secured power to raise the logs out of the lake sixty feet almost straight up the side of a mountain; then they built a slide or sluiceway, which takes the logs the first half mile on their journey. The water to supply this slide had also to be pumped up out of the Lake of Bays. The illustration shows the enormous pump at work. When the logs leave the slide an endless chain or a tram carries them on nearly another half mile, and then deposits them into a canal which is two miles long, also made by the Gilmour Company. An alligator steamboat then tows them through the canal to Senoras Lake, where the logs are made up into rafts or drives of about forty thousand pieces each, and they are then started on their long journey of over two hundred miles to Trenton. The distance the logs come down the river before reaching the tramway or portage is over fifty miles, so it takes two seasons for the logs to reach the mills. About fifteen thousand pieces of logs can be passed over the portage in a lumberman's day (from daylight to dark). The second picture shows the greater part of the slide and tramway in motion, and the third the alligator steamboat and a tow being made up for her in the canal. An "alligator," is so named because it can travel on land and water—on land by putting out a steel cable and a snub on a tree or other fastening and then her machinery winds in the cable and pulls her along the road. They are a very useful invention, as in that way they can be transported over portages on rivers where there are rapids that no boat can run. It is much ahead of the old way of towing logs with horses and a capstan, as shown in the illustration on another page. Before horses were introduced the men had to turn the capstan, which operation is similar to sailors weighing anchor. Often I have seen a crew of forty or fifty men "warping" as it is called, for days at a time, sometimes for thirty or forty consecutive hours at a stretch, this being a common occurrence. This ceaseless pushing on the hand bars of a capstan—it is worse than a treadmill in a jail, the constant going round for so long a time often made the men sick. To hold or coil "slack," as the rope came in was another job even worse, for one's hands most of the time if not freezing would be terribly sore.

To return to my first spring in a lumber shanty. After our shanty broke up; my books were inspected by the chief clerk, everything checked off, and the cost of our shanty ascertained. Against this was credited our

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ALLIGATOR STEAMBOAT IN MESSRS GILMOUR'S CANAL AT HEAD OF SENORA'S LAKE. (See Page 28.)

output of timber and sawlogs by which the bush superintendent could tell if our winter's work was satisfactory or not. If the cost was found to be too much, (or above the usual average cost) the chances were that the foreman would be discharged. The superintendent was well pleased with my work and the way I had performed my duties, and I was re-engaged to stay on one of the drives in the same capacity. We had about a month's time in which to make preparations for the drives, such as building boats and scows, capstan, and cribs or floals on which to carry our provisions across the lakes and down the rivers, and to put the tents on for the men to sleep in ; and also to make pike poles and leveies as well as tools used by the men in rafting and river driving. The illustration elsewhere—shows the horse, capstan and float or crib, as it is called, while another photo illustrates the cookery tent and floats. The cook is fishing and the cook's "devil" posing for his picture ; he stands close in front of the tent, and altogether is quite a good looking "devil." The man sitting down is an old habitau, who lives in the house shown on the bank of the river. He has just got outside of a few pounds of pork and beans, and is enjoying a smoke, and no doubt is wishing that a "drive" may pass by every day in the year. The other fellow is in the act of cleaning a fish that he has caught. Both scenes are taken on the Gull River, just above Minden, and the photos were kindly presented to me by my old friend, Dr. Curry, who is quite an artist as well as a skilfull physician.

## CHAPTER IV.

NORMAN BARNHART AND ANDREW WHITE.

The bush superintendent, Norman Barnhart, had, by the time our shanty broke up that first spring, taken a great fancy to me, and said he would adopt me, as he had no son of his own. Never before, he said, had he met a greenhorn that acquired the business so quickly as I had done, and the way I could pilot myself and travel through the bush astonished him most of all, and he said that without a doubt if I continued the business I would be promoted to the position of a bush superintendent in less than five years. Mr. Barnhart in those days was one of the strongest and most feared men in that section ; he had a fearfully bad temper at times, and was liable to "blow off" at any time, although his bark was usually worse than his bite, for none after all had a kinder heart than he ; no one would credit Norman with more than ordinary ability, although he was recognized as one of the best superintendents. If he had been a soldier he would have made a Von Moltke, or if he had been a statesman he would have doubtless been a second Bismark. Norman was of German descent, born on Barnhart's Island, near Cornwall, on the St. Lawrence river. He was of a surly disposition, but when he choose, and that was seldom, he could display amiable qualities of a huge degree. When in one of the latter moods he would sometimes be as playful as a young bear, but about as safe to fool with as an old one.

One day that spring I happened to be in the depot office when Norman asked me if I knew how to box, and before I had time to reply he playfully hit me a blow that would have done credit to John L. Sullivan. I managed to dodge the next blow, at the same time I planted a couple of substantial blows on Norman's "bread basket." I could not answer him better, or in a more convincing manner. The turn of affairs appeared to both puzzle and astonish him, for he immediately sat down, and after a brief silence he told the chief clerk to "go outside and see what cussed fool had just felled that pine tree on the office roofs. Norman had a habit of visiting the depot shanty when all the crew were in, and he would take a seat on the foreman's side and remain there for hours at a time with his head down, in utter silence. Not a word would he speak, or would he take the slightest notice of any one. All the same, not a word or a move of any one escaped his attention. He was a man of great physical strength. An incident which occurred will illustrate this more fully. The foreman of the depot shanty "Black Alick" McDonald, as he was familiarly called,



was a huge fellow, and also very strong. Alick thought he would put up a job on Norman. There were a number of barrels of pork piled up at one end of the shanty ; Alick took the head out of one of the barrels and took out half of the meat, then put the head back in the barrel. All the river crew, consisting of nearly 100 fine strapping fellows, were in the shanty when Norman came in, and nearly all of them were aware of the job Alick had on hand. Shortly after Norman had taken his seat Alick got up, and with a big oath, said in a loud tone of voice, that he was going to do what no other man in the camp could do. Alick said if any one thought they could, to follow his lead, at the same time picking up the barrel that had been tampered with and walked out of the shanty with it on his shoulder. Norman in an instant was on his feet. He strode over to where the barrels of pork were piled, and picked up the first he came to, shouldered it and followed out through the door, and took a turn around the chip yard at Alick's heels. Both laid their barrels down in the same place. A storm of applause from the crew followed as soon as Norman had laid his full barrel of pork down. He, without a word or even a look at the crew, wheeled on his heel and marched out of the shanty. I may say that a barrel of pork weighs nearly 350 pounds, but the great difficulty was in getting through the doorway five feet square. The only other man who could perform the feat to my knowledge, was Mr. Andrew White, the millionaire lumberman of Pembroke, and champion lifter of the Ottawa River. He is a brother of the Hon. Peter White, Speaker of the House of Commons, in Canada. Mr. White told me that he once carried a barrel each of pork and flour, two bags of beans, a grindstone and two caddies of tobacco all at once, over a one mile portage.

Mr. White also told me on one occasion he was going up the river with a boat load of oats, and when he and his party came to a half mile portage over which the grain, which was put up in two bushel bags, had to be carried. He cut two stout poles, each about thirty feet in length, and placed one on each of his shoulders and made a kind of rack of the poles. He then told his men to load the bags on the poles in front and behind, ordering them to pile on the bags until they were stacked up in two high piles. The work of piling on the bags ceased at length and Mr. White asked why they had stopped. The men replied that they had put on the poles all the bags that had come in the boat which had not been carried over the portage, and knowing he would be angry unless they gave him a good load, a couple of men skipped across the portage and brought back four additional bags so as to complete Mr. White's load. He asked how many bags they had placed on the poles, and they answered, forty—which was equal to about eighty bushels of oats.

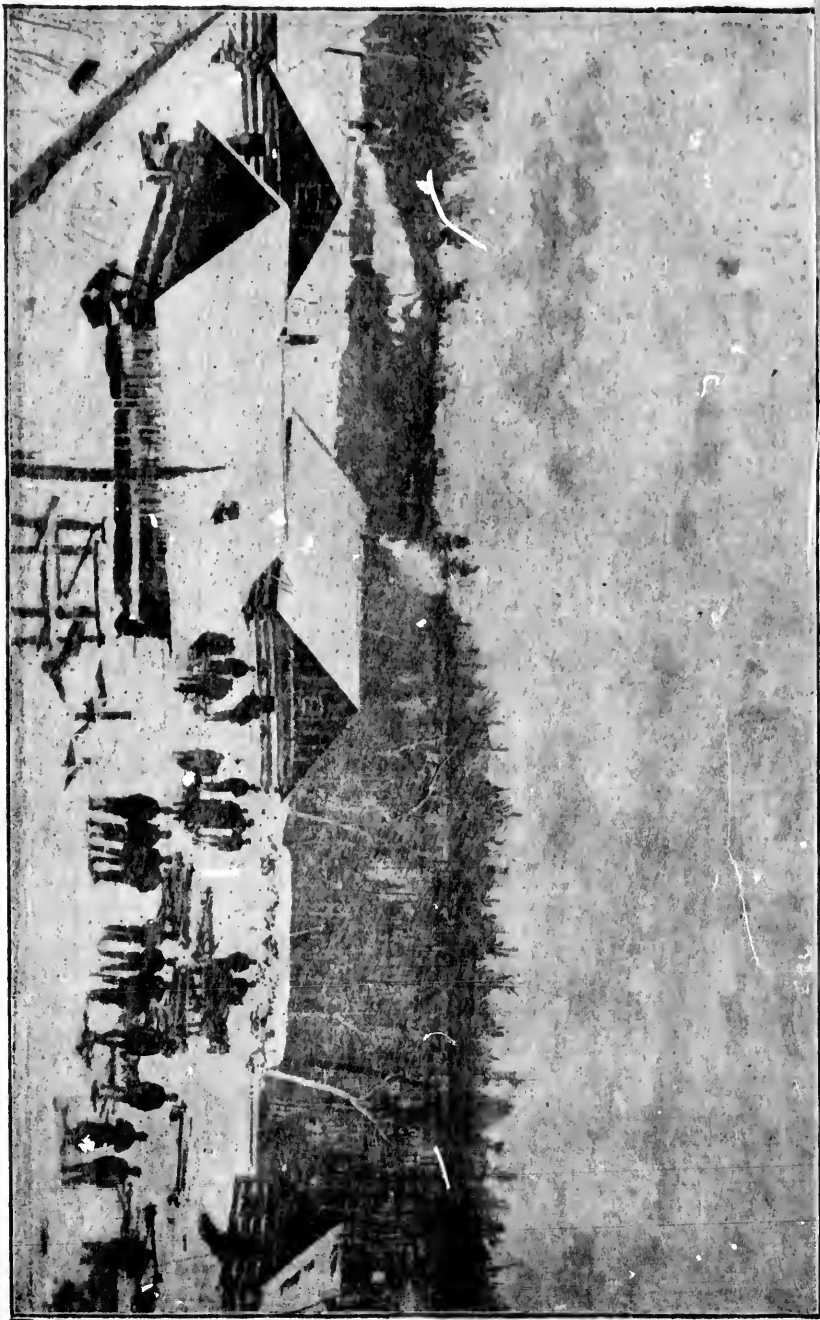
Mr. White related several of these interesting stories to a number of friends, including myself, while visiting a shanty on the banks of the Spanish River. The only "doubting Thomas" was Mr. John Waldey,



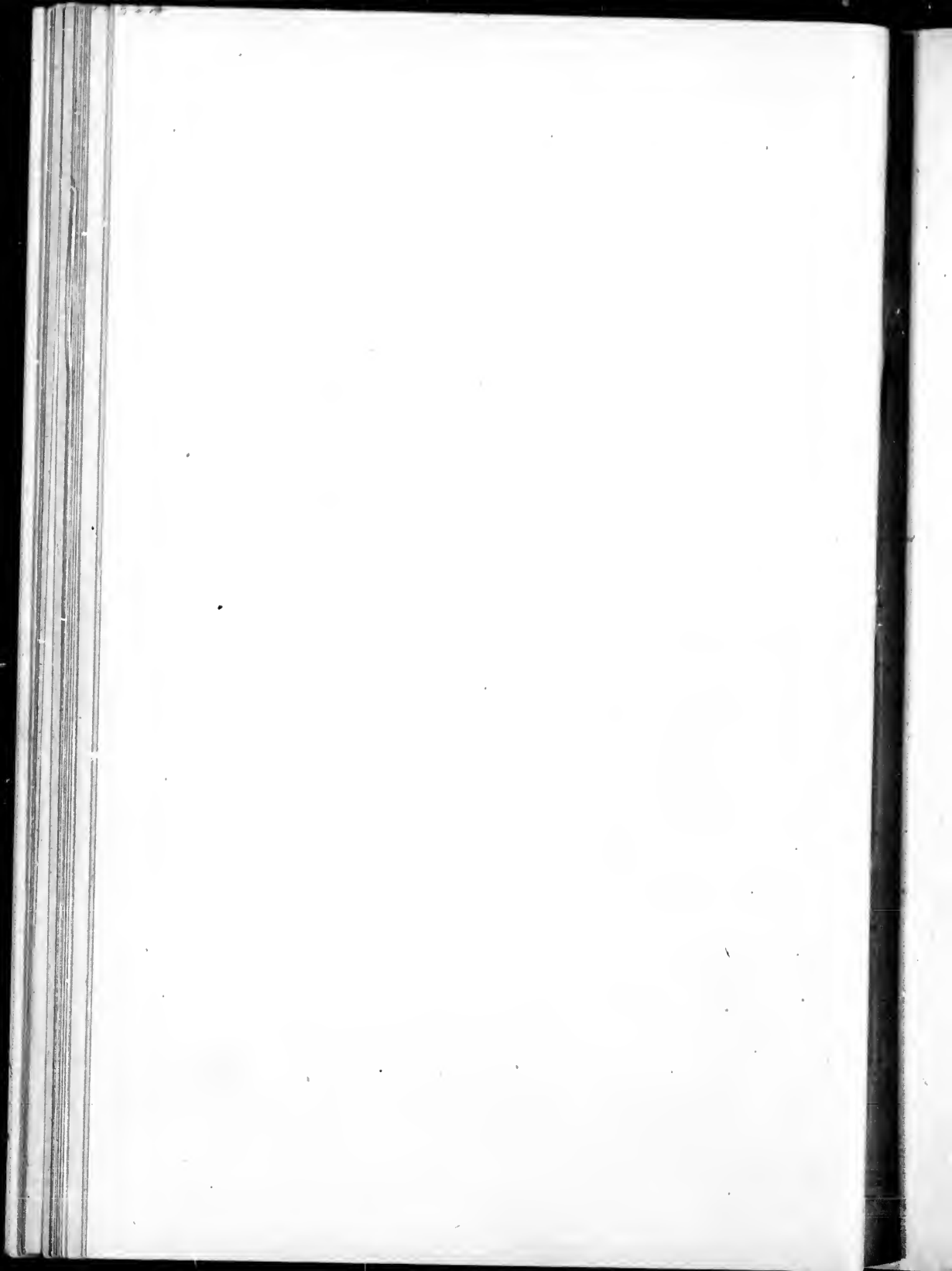
M. P., for the rest of us did not by look or sign give Mr. White a hint that we in any way doubted his veracity. But Mr. Waldey afterwards did insinuate that he did not believe him. Mr. White instantly offered to wager a \$1000 that next morning he could and would carry a barrel each of pork and flour in one load a mile, the distance to be measured off on the ice on the Spanish River. Mr. Waldey, though reputed to be a millionaire and noted to be fond of making money, declined to accept.

Raftsmen take great pride in performing feats of strength and agility. In the early days of lumbering, when Mr. White was a young man, there were more occasions of displaying it than now. A strong man in those days was a valuable man to have. On the Ottawa river at that time there was no railroad or any other kind of road, to enable the lumbermen to get up to the Upper Ottawa district. Everything had to go up the river in boats or on the ice, after the river had frozen up, in sleighs. Of course a trail would be cut out where there would be rapids, and that was called a portage. Some of these portages were several miles in length, so that when a shanty crew started from Ottawa or Pembroke in the autumn they would have to take sufficient provisions and supplies to last them at least three or four months. The provisions and supplies have to be carried over the portages, be it long or short. In addition to this the boats, which they called pointers, would have to be dragged over the portage if the rapid was too swift to allow its being pulled up by rope. Each boat would carry two tons of freight besides the crew, and the trip up to where the shanty was to be built would often take up nearly a month's time. The cook on those trips had a hard time of it, for he had to do the cooking and get the meals ready the best way he could, and we had many difficulties to contend with. Seldom did they ever have any tents with them. If the night was wet and stormy they turned their boats upside down on shore and crawled under them, and that was all the shelter they got. Though perhaps late in the month of November, and snow on the ground, the men were always lighthearted and cheerful, and worked with a will and would outvie each other as to who could carry the largest load across the portage, and when evening came and these hardy voyagers would be sitting around the camp fire the big loads carried would usually be the topic of conversation. Mr. White in his day, and I guess even at the present time, is champion in this particular line, and few if any dispute his title. If they do he is ever ready to back up his claim to the title. In those early days it was considered good work for a crew to reach the Upper Ottawa district from Pembroke with their boats and supplies, and get settled to work in a month's time.

The men who follow shanting and river driving are among the heartiest in the world. Of a strong constitution, they require to be supple and active, good swimmers and quick in their movements. I know of no business or calling in which the hardships are so great as that of a river



"UP TO DATE" SET OF LUMBER SHANTIES.  
*Mr. William Peter's Limits, Parry Sound District, Ont. (See page 24)*



driver. The cowboy's life is a "picnic" compared to that of a river driver, and less dangerous. A river driver must be a brave man, possessed of nerve, with a cool, level head, and act quickly, for he is often in a critical and dangerous place, when hesitation or delay would imperil his own life and probably the lives of his comrades. Time and again have I seen a river driver, without a moment's hesitation, rush to the rescue of a comrade in danger, and more than one of these brave fellows have I seen lose their lives in that very way. There are to-day many of these noble men who should be wearing the Royal Humane Society's medal. These acts of bravery usually occur back on some stream where no one but their own crew are witnesses, and indeed such acts of bravery are so common that they themselves hardly think them worthy of mention. There is scarcely an old lumberman who has not been saved from drowning by his comrades at least half a dozen times in his life.

I have heard people wonder why I always take so much interest in these men, some of whom are characterized as "drunken shanty men." Of course many of the people who so meanly refer to these brave fellows only see the poor shanty men perhaps once a year, at a time when he has money in his pocket and is enjoying himself with his companions after his winter's work, or after the drive has been hung up or reached its destination. These people who thus malign a noble lot of men, do not see them or have no means of knowing their true natures. A few drinks of the vile liquors usually sold to shanty men, would turn an angel into a demon. Sometimes I have found a shantyman being made the butt of a number of bar room loafers, or suckers who were, I often knew, not fit to tie the shantyman's shoe strings. Many a row I got myself into in helping a poor fellow who was being imposed upon. In such cases the odds were severely against me; I seldom took this into consideration however. Of course I often got thrashed or "licked," as the boys call it, but usually I would "even up" sometime or other, and it soon got to be known in the Peterborough district that it was no picnic to "lick" me. If they did succeed in "licking" me unfairly they were only borrowing trouble. Of course if I was worsted in a fair fight that settled it, for at one period in my life no one was fonder than I of either giving or receiving a few knocks, and even to-day I am no "dude" if a "scrap" is going on in sight. Take river drivers and shantymen when at their work and away from whiskey, a nobler or kindlier lot of men cannot be found. They are honest, and would not harm or see any one harmed if in their power to prevent it; they are gallant and always courteous. Not for the world would one of them say or do anything offensive in the presence of a lady—in fact a more gallant lot of men do not exist.

It was from among the river drivers that General Wolsley selected his men to pilot his soldiers to the Northwest at the time of the Riel rebellion, and it was also from among the same men the same general got the boat-

man to navigate his soldiers up the river to rescue that good and brave man, General Gordon. A number of the men who had just returned from Egypt, were working with me at the time of the last Reil rebellion. Those men, although they had returned home only a few weeks previously, came to me along with a number of others, amongst whom were some of the most noted hunters and trappers in the Haliburton district, and offered, provided I consented to become their captain, to form a company and go out and help to repress the rebellion. I consented, and a meeting was called, and about seventy-five men had their names enrolled, after which they elected me their captain. The list of names were published in the local newspapers, also the minutes of the meeting was forwarded to the local member of the House of Commons, J. A. Barron, Q. C., who laid the matter before the Minister of Militia, Sir Adolph Caron, Mr. Barron at the same time offering to take the field with us. Our services were not accepted, for the Minister of Militia said that he thought the Government had a sufficient number of organized troops already in the field to quell the rebellion. The Minister, through Mr. Brown, thanked us very warmly for the offer.

That's how I got the title of captain—the best way any one can get a title, for if the men elect their own officers as we did in the Southern army, better satisfaction is given all around, and no one will dare say that the Southerners were not well officered.

Towards the last of the month of April of that first season of mine in the bush, the men were divided into four crews of about fifty each, and a foreman and assistant foreman was placed in charge of each crew, and the bush superintendent controlled the lot. We were all put out under canvass, the canvass being old—discarded military tents. The snow was still on the ground, in some places nearly three feet deep; each man was allowed one regulation blanket, but the men used to make a good bed out of balsam boughs, taken from the trees, which are plentiful in all parts of Canada. When the boughs are broken up fine and nicely laid on the ground about six inches deep, they make one of the finest mattresses possible. In fact it is all the mattress a shantyman would get either in the shanty or on the river, and even to-day the old time shantymen will use nothing else in their beds at home. The Indians always use balsam brush under their blankets, and one good feature about it is, no one will ever catch cold who uses them for a bed; the perfume of the balsam bough is strong but not at all objectionable.

When camping out in the bush there is great danger when a heavy gale is blowing. Large limbs will often be carried quite a distance, and may drop through one's tent; so great caution should be used in picking out a camping ground. The damage from lightning is also great. If camped among pine trees, the tall tops of the pine appear to attract electricity, for I have seen hundreds of pine trees that had been struck by

lightning, usually a straight mark down one side of the tree is left, probably about six inches wide, and two inches deep; the piece is taken out slick and clean; sometimes the tree is killed right out, but many of them live on with one side partly decayed. No doubt many forest fires originate through lightning, though I never saw one start in that way; neither did I hear of any one who did. A match in the hands of some careless or wilful person I find is the cause of most forest fires. Another cause is carelessness in handling camp fires, not only by lumbermen but hunters and others. An Indian is never struck by lightning—such a case was never known; I often wondered how they escaped, and have spoken to them about it and endeavored to discover the secret of how they dodged the electric fluid, but could not get them to tell. There may be no secret at all, just instinct which keeps them from exposing themselves during thunder storms. All the same a fortune awaits the party who can discover the secret, for they will then have discovered the greatest of all Indian remedies.

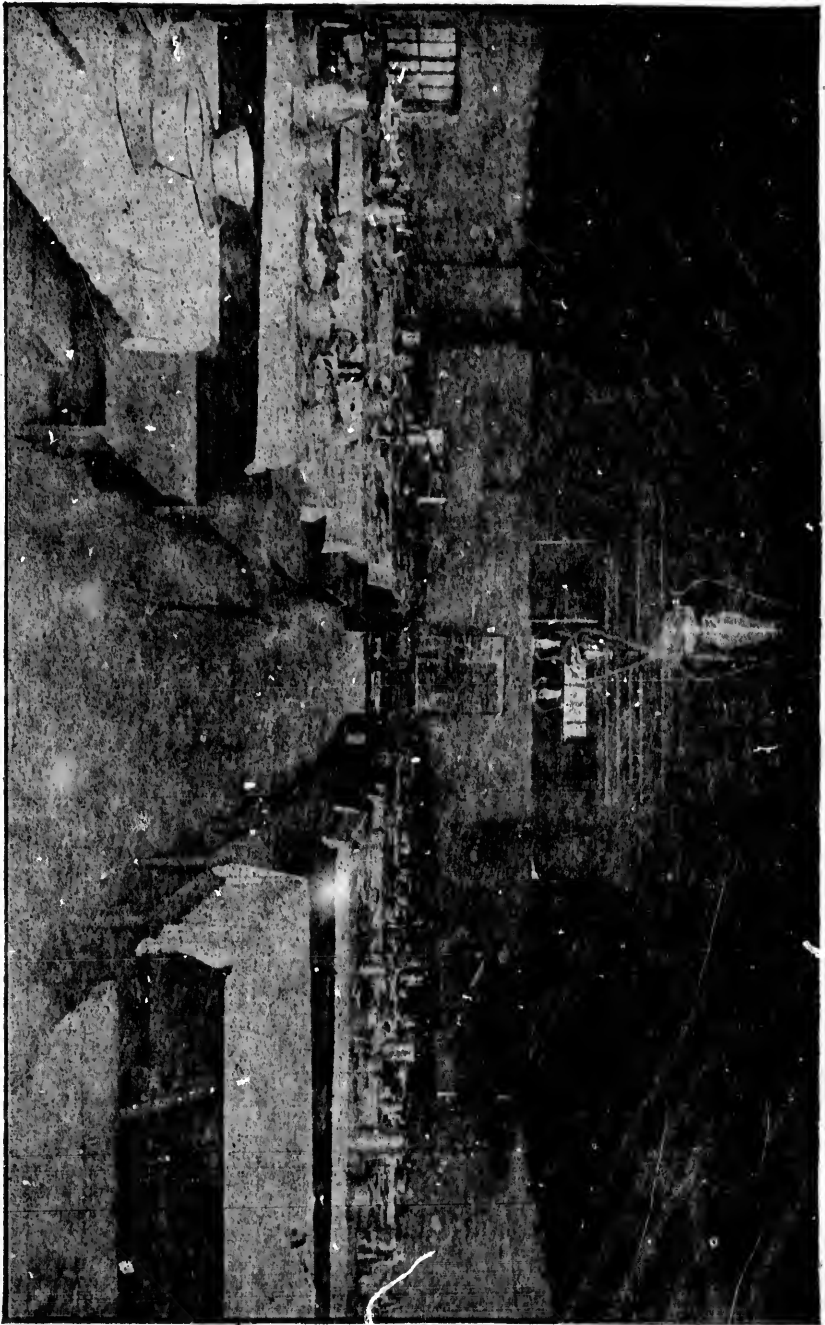
The first work to be done on a river is to break all the dumps and get the logs and timber afloat. Breaking the dumps is a very dangerous piece of business. Often thousands of pieces of sawlogs will be in one intricate mass, piled up mountains high on the bank of some stream or lake where the mountain is too steep to get down with the sleighs. The men commence to work at their dumps as soon as the stream is clear of ice, and of course the logs at the base of the dump have to be rolled in first to allow the other ones to follow. Often after a few logs have been rolled into the stream the whole lot may be set in motion and they will come down with a great crash; the men then have to be very nimble and "skin out" of the way as best they can, often taking a dive in the water to escape. The water in the spring is mixed up with masses of ice, and a dip into it at such a time is anything but pleasant, but is preferable to having a few dozen sawlogs roll over one's body. The illustration elsewhere will give the reader a fair idea of what a dump is like—and this is only a small one. The dump here shown is on the bank of the Pickeral River, a tributary of the French River, on the Hardy Lumber Company's limits, in the township of Hardy. The gentleman standing on the logs with the rifle in his hand is the bush superintendent, Mr. D. McIntosh, whose vigilant eye has discovered some logs in the dump that have not been stamped on the end with his company's mark, so he has brought a man along to have them marked; the man who is holding the hammer mark in his hand can also be seen standing on the logs.

Often the breaking of the dumps and getting the logs afloat takes up several weeks, and it is a vexatious delay but one which cannot be avoided. Our drive that first spring was much delayed in that way. The trouble is that all the time that kind of work lasts, the spring freshet is running away. To hold as much of the freshet back as possible until the water can be

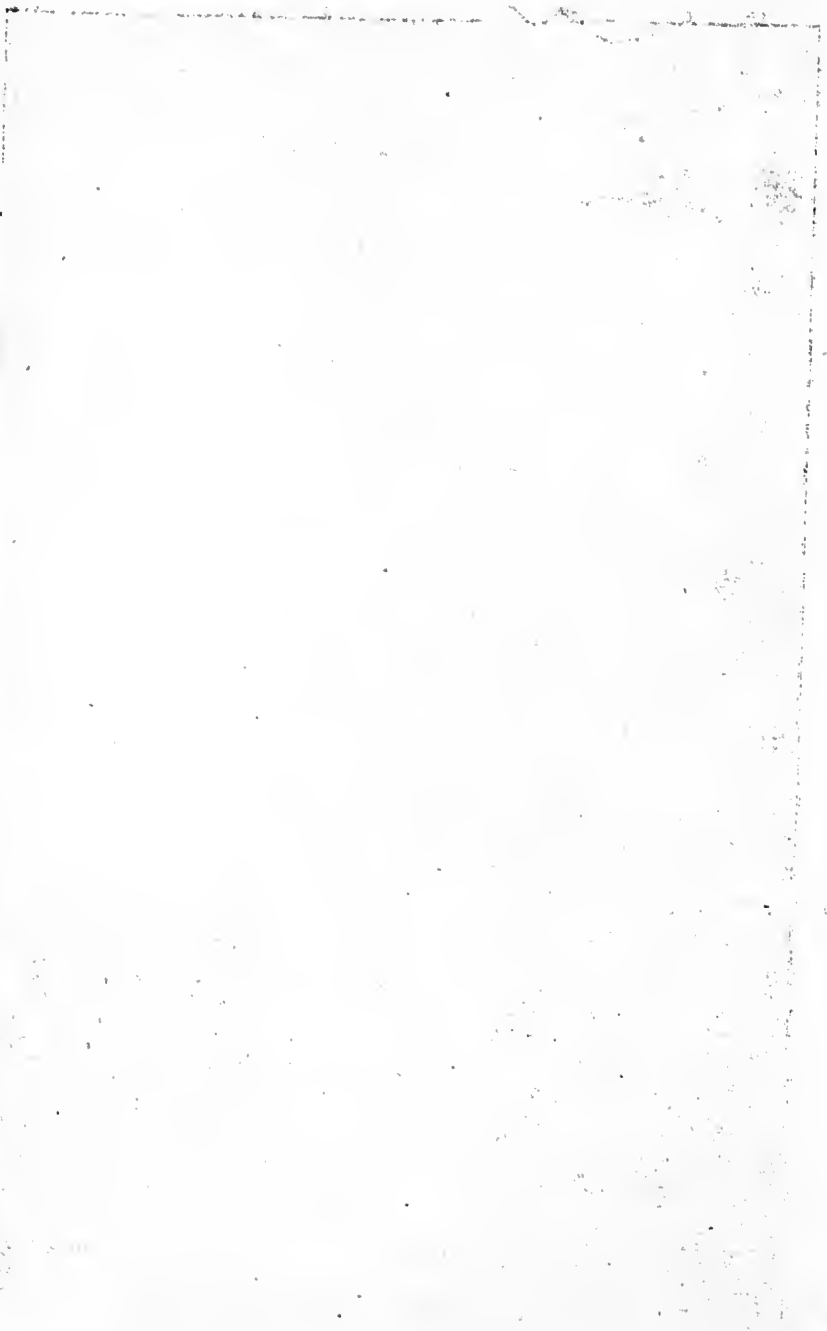


used to best advantage, dams are built, such as shown in our illustration. Wherever possible a reservoir is made of a lake or even a beaver meadow. When the stoplogs are taken out of the dam the rush of water, if the dam is full, is great, and the flood sends the logs tumbling over the rapids, and the noise they make as they are driven and pounded against the rocks in the rapids and tumbling over the falls often reminded me the thunder of cannon when heard in the distance. Occasionally a stick of timber or—logs running too thick together will cause a jam in the rapids—often in dangerous and difficult places, perhaps where the banks of the stream, the side of which are solid rock mountains high and as straight up as the side of a house. Then the best men “jam crackers” or white water men, as the boys call them, go on to “break the jam,” or pick out the key log or stick that is holding the rest. Often the key stick or log will have to be cut with an axe, and probably when half cut through the pressure of the mass of bogs behind it cracks the stick and in a second the whole is a seething twisting, curling mass of logs up-ending and turning in every shape, and going at a terrific speed. It is in such places where a river driver's nerve and agility finds play as well as his cool, level head; he has often to spring as quickly as a squirrel in picking his way over the swiftly moving mass—often jumping ten or fifteen feet from one moving stick or log to another before he gets a chance to make his way ashore—that is if he is fortunate enough to get ashore. Often they get caught or struck by a log and badly injured; or get thrown in the madly foaming rapids, when a desperate battle for life commences, his comrades witnessing the terrible struggle and often utterly possible help him. The sight is a thrilling one, and frequently ends fatality. Once on the Gull River I witnessed such a sight; my crew of nearly one hundred men lined the banks and rushed out on the logs on the side jams as they saw a poor fellow trying to swim as he was being tossed and thrown about like a cork. In this case the river was wide, and the mad current kept him in the middle of the stream, out of reach of us all. On he went until he came to the brink of a straight falls of nearly thirty feet; swiftly he approached and over he went and was lost to view for a few seconds, when he bobbed up again we could see he had been badly hurt and was much exhausted, but bravely again he tried to steady himself to go over the next cataract, a couple of hundred yards below, and as he went over that last ten foot falls, we seen him throw up his arms and that was the last we seen of him alive. I instantly had the dam closed at the head of the rapids and the water lowered and then we commenced our dismal search. We found his mangled body fully three quarters of a mile below where he had been thrown in by being struck by a piece of timber in a moving jam on which he was working just above the first falls. The poor fellow was only about twenty-four years of age. He was always venturesome and such scenes are of frequent occurrence; sometimes a rope is fastened around a man's body and held by





DINING ROOM OF AN "UP TO DATE" LUMBER SHANTY.



1870

others on shore, when he is working on the "key stick," chopping it in two ; then if the jam brakes suddenly his comrades pull him ashore with ropes. It is only in extremely risky cases that a rope is used, because it is seldom that less than half a dozen men can do anything towards breaking a jam, and sometimes it takes all the crew several days, if a bad one. The unwritten law among river drivers is when a bad jam forms in a dangerous place the foreman is first to inspect it, then when he has decided where to commence the attack he signals what men he wishes to go and assist him. The men all gather on the bank, but none offer to go on the jam until the foreman calls, for too many men on a jam is always source of danger, the jam being liable to go without an instant's warning ; any unnecessary men would only impede others in their run to shore. The foreman is also best judge of who is the most capable men in such a case ; but a foreman, to have or retain the respect of the crew, must always be first to the front in a dangerous place, and it is rarely any man refuses to follow his lead ; and when out on the jam the first thing they do is to take a glance to spot the safest apparent looking way for making their run ashore in case of the jam taking a sudden start, for in that case it is every one for himself.

We had two stretches of about three miles each of very bad river that spring ; there was not sufficient improvements done on the stream to allow a quick run of the enormous quantity of timber and logs that we had in our drive, so the spring flood got away from us, and we had to leave behind fully one half of our drive, which was a very serious loss to the firm, for logs especially are apt to get badly damaged by worms and decaying sap-wood when "hung up" dry on the streams ; if left afloat in deep water no danger that way is sustained, but logs or timber hung up means a year longer before realizing on them, and piles up the interest account fast. The crew I was with were paid off, myself with the rest, and I was glad of it, for the mosquitoes and black flies were very bad—no rest night or day could be got—for at night the mosquitoes get in their work and so do another insect which go by the name of "shantyman's pet ;" the shantyman's shirts and blankets are their favorite breeding place, and anywhere over a shantyman's person is their hunting grounds. They are built somewhat on the principle of a potatoe bug, and an old male one is almost as large. There is a latin name for them, but I am no latin scholar, so cannot give it. I am in the same fix in that respect as the Frenchman was who enquired in his broken English "what you call dat thing that have no father, no mother ?" A story goes that a lumberman who lives not a thousand miles from Toronto, and who is fond of a practical joke, once visited his lumber shanty accompanied by his dude bookkeeper from the city. The lumberman "stuffed" the bookkeeper with yarns about the insect called the "shantyman's pet," and the bookkeeper, who had never heard of such an insect, thought he would

like to bring a few back to the city with him as a curiosity to show his friends. The shanty foreman was requested to have some captured, and he got an old timer to pick a few dozen large specimens off his shirt. A few were put in to an envelope and given to the bookkeeper and the other few dozen was dropped "sub rosa" by the foreman down the back of the neck of both the lumberman and his bookkeeper. Both were married men but on their arrival home the shantymen's pets came near causing two separate actions for divorce.

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## CHAPTER V.

### I TAKE A HOLIDAY AND AGAIN RETURN TO THE BUSH.

I had quite a "stake" due me that first spring, and I thought I was rich, for I never had so much money at one time before ; so I concluded it would be a good time to send some to George's mother, for he had told me she was very poor. I wrote my first letter to her and enclosed her a post office order for two pounds sterling. I got a nice motherly reply, and so every Christmas since until my illness came on me three years ago I regularly sent her ten dollars. Of course the old lady imagined it was her own boy who was sending her the money and I never made her the wiser, and as the dear old lady died this last February she never knew the difference. I was always well repaid, for the letters I received from her were full of love and good advice, which, had I heeded, would have done away with the necessity of writing this book. Once a year was as often as I wrote to her. The only other relative of George's who ever wrote me was his married sister, Mr. Brian, and I am sure, from the tone of her letters and by the features of her beautiful face, shown in the photo which she sent me, she must be a most charming and lovable lady. But it was only at intervals of three or four years that I heard from her.

After settling up that first spring I decided to take a run over and visit some of the American cities, for by that time I was tired of the backwoods. I was afraid if I stayed in the bush too long, that moss might start to grow on my back, and then if it did and I would go to a city some of those "smart Alecks" one always finds in a city would notice it. So I headed for the city of Rochester, N. Y. Of course I took in the sights when I arrived there and I soon blew in all my wealth, for I was not many days in the city until I found myself "dead broke." I then hired with a farmer by the name of Harrington, to work on his

farm as a laborer, telling him when I made the engagement that Horace Greely knew less about farming than I did, and that as a horny handed son of the soil I was a huge success. Harrington's farm was up the Genessee valley, about ten miles from the city. I was to get \$40 per month, but greenbacks in those days were a bushel to the dollar. Harrington was in the city the day he engaged me, to take out a load of lumber, so we both mounted the load and drove out as far as a place called Brighton, four miles out of the city. Harrington drove the team into the shed of one of the hotels there and went into the barroom, and proceeded to "bowl up." It was away in the night before we headed the team up the plank road leading to his farm. We had driven about a couple of miles or so when, as we were passing through a piece of bush, he suddenly pulled up the pair of horses and turning quickly around covered me with a revolver, saying at the same time if I came out with the idea of doing him up or robbing him he was prepared for me, for he said he knew I was no farm hand such as I claimed to be—that my hands were too soft and white looking. He also said there had been a farmer murdered just about where we were in that bush, only a short time before, and the fellow who had murdered the farmer he said was just about such a looking chap as I. I laughed and told him not to be uneasy about me, that I was no murderer, and that he would find out later that all I would try to rob him of was his daughter, if he had a good looking one. My words appeared to pacify him and he put the revolver in his pocket and drove on. I now imagine if I had told him I wanted to steal his wife it would have pleased him all over, for on our arrival at his house his wife gave him a great "song and dance," about coming home so late and drunk at that.

I had only been with the Harringtons two or three weeks when I was taken down with some kind of a fever; a doctor was called in and pronounced it to be typhoid fever. The family were badly scared and Harrington hustled me off in his waggon to Rochester, where he took me into a building and told one of the officials that I was a tramp from Canada, and that I had the typhoid fever and he was going to leave me on the official's hands to do what he chose with me. After saying this Harrington walked out and left me there without a cent; the official gave me a ticket to Port Hope, good on the steamer Norseman, and told me to make tracks back to Canada. I got down to the port of Charlotte on Lake Ontario, and had to wait until evening for the boat. I remember the day well, for it was on the 4th of July, and the noise being made nearly killed me. I lay all day in a beer garden, and I never put in a worse day in all my life; my sufferings were terrible. When I got to Port Hope the next morning I was unable to walk, so the deck hands carried me off the boat and laid me on some bags of freight, where I lay all day. That evening I

managed to crawl into a box car that was going to Peterborough, where I arrived next morning.

I have always felt at home when in the town of Peterborough where some of my best and dearest friends reside.

Peterborough, ever since I first knew it, was always a lively go-ahead place, and is to-day, without any exception, the smartest and best business town in Canada.

The men are nearly all good business "heads"—full of business and of fun. They are kind and hospitable to strangers, no matter where they hail from or what they are. The women, taken together, are the most beautiful I ever met in any town of its size or any place I have ever been in—and they are just as good and kind as they are lovely. I am deeply grateful to, and extremely proud of, the people of Peterborough ; nothing pleases me better than to be called a Peterborough boy.

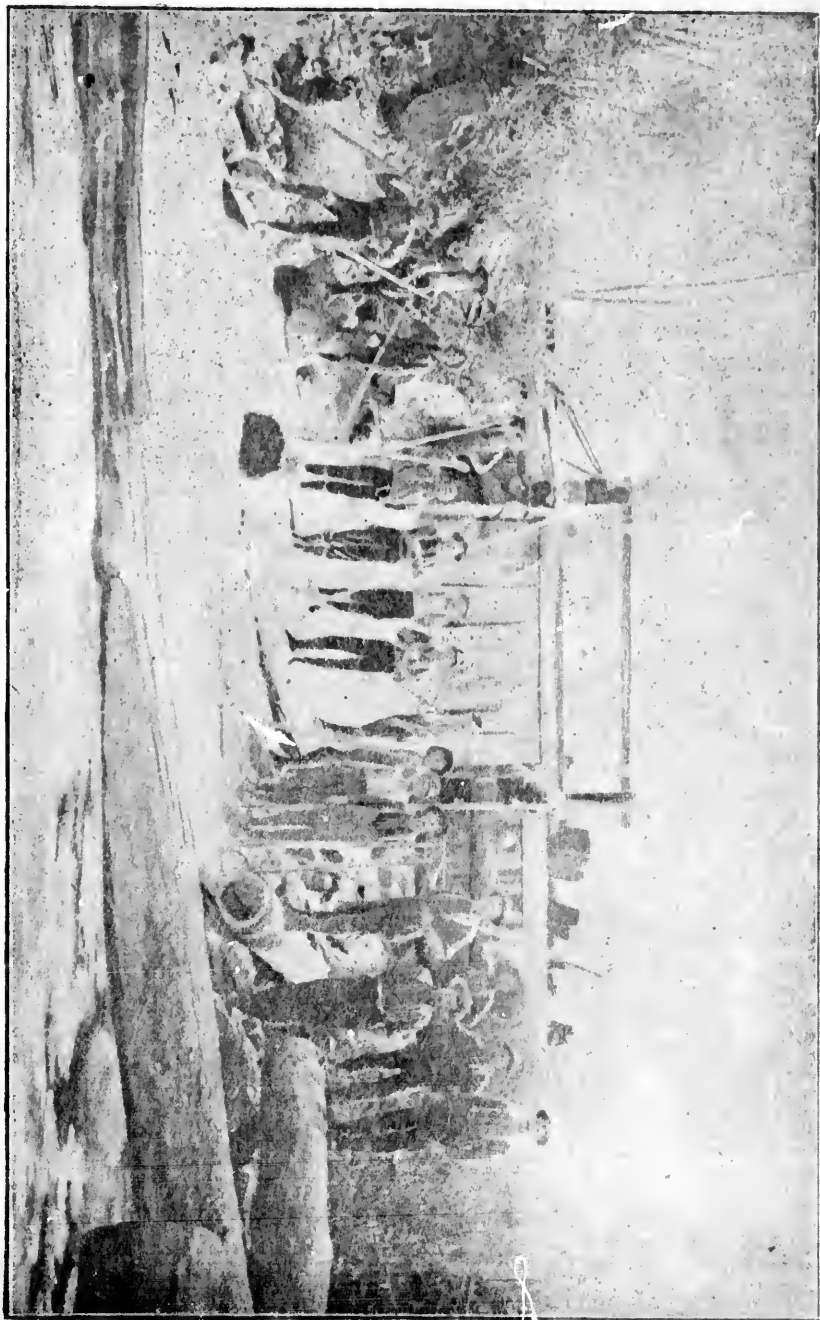
On the occasion referred to I put up at the Cavanagh Hotel, kept by my old friend "Ted" Cavanagh. Ted and his dear wife took me in and had me put to bed, a doctor sent for, who said that I had a bad attack of fever. I got the best attention and nursing, and at the end of about two months I was sufficiently recovered to go to work.

Ted got me a position with one of the leading lumber firms of Peterborough. The firm's bush superintendent was a man by the name of Alfred Taylor. The season I engaged with them the concern was just opening a new limit in the townships of Dysart and Dudley, on the lands of the English Land Company before referred to. The shanty I was sent to was located on the shore of Drag Lake, twenty-four miles east of the village of Haliburton. The foreman of the shanty was a man by the name of William Martin. He had a crew of about sixty men, and they were about as hard a lot as I ever met. There were quite a number among the crew who claimed they had been soldiers in the Northern army, and some of them boasted that they had been "bounty-jumpers." In fact a worse cursing and swearing crew of men, from foreman down, never before were got together.

I need scarcely add that there was no worshipping God in that shanty, and I of course soon became as proficient in the art of swearing as the rest. Fighting, drinking and swearing were the chief accomplishments of the shantymen in those days.

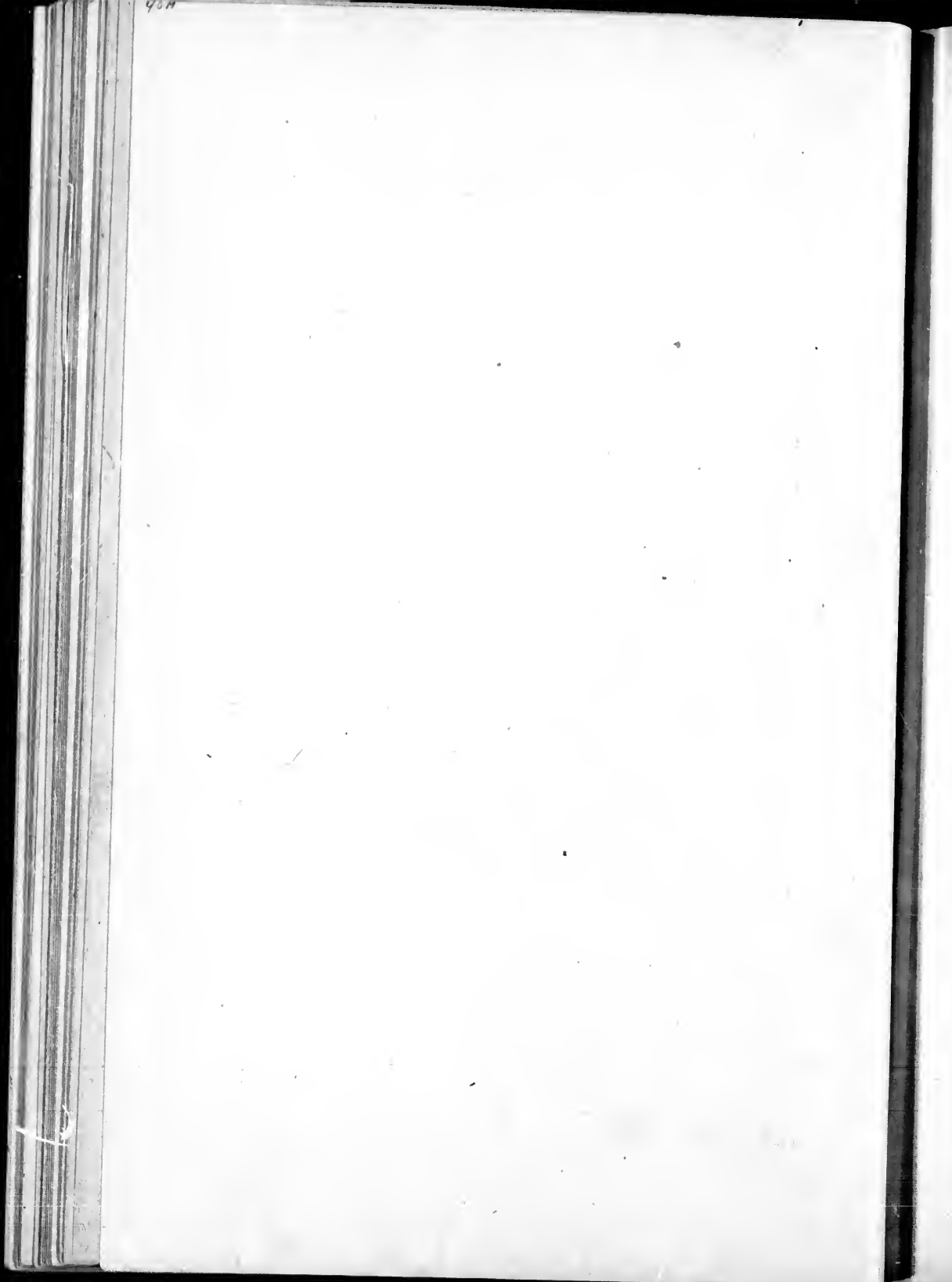
The village being so close we always had a lot of our own business to transact in it, at the firm's expense, so trips to the village were frequent. Once after one of these drunken trips, the foreman and I happened to be looking through our shanty stable and accidentally found a large bottle of what looked, smelled and tasted like whiskey. We were both very dry, and a good swig of liquor would just fit our case, but we were afraid to drink the contents of the bottle, for we knew it might be just a plan to catch some one, or it might contain horse medicine ; so we thought of our





A RESERVOIR DAM BUILT ON SITE OF AN OLD BEAVER DAM.  
*Foreman Dan McCormick and Crew of River Drivers on Creek Tributary to Magnetawan  
River, Parry Sound District, Ont. (See page 25.)*





cook, an Irishman by the name of Mat McCue, and took the bottle into the shanty and asked Mat if he felt like taking a horn of good whiskey. "Try me and see," replied Mat ; so I poured a good sized geiser into a tea dish and handed it to him, and he downed it without a blush. The foreman and I then went outside of the shanty and hid the bottle in a bush pile, the foreman remarking as we done so that we take a walk to the bush and on our return in an hour or so, if the stuff had not killed Mat, we would finish the bottle. But when we got back just about dark we could not find the bottle. We then went into the shanty and were surprised to find it in darkness, no sign of any supper ready for the crew, some of whom were just then coming in. There was an awful scuffle going on in one corner of the shanty, which after a while we found out was made by Mat and his "devil." The two were engaged in a deadly struggle, swearing and vowing vengeance on each other for allowing the fire to go out. We afterwards learned that the cook's devil happened to be outside when we hid the bottle, and after our departure went in and told Mat what he had seen. That settled it. Mat and the devil were soon outside all the contents of the bottle, and of course forgot or did not care if there ever was any supper for the crew. When we arrived they had just woke up, and blamed each other for the trouble. Both were too helpless on our arrival on the scene to be able to prepare the supper, so the foreman and I had to turn in and get the meal ready and did not even get a snell out of the bottle, for Mat and his devil had drank every drop.

The firm had eight or ten shanties, and the total output of timber and logs was very large. In the spring we had trouble with our river driving, and in the month of July we "hung up" at Kinmount, on the Burnt River. That season was known to lumbermen of the Peterborough district as the year of the big jam on the Burnt River. Scarcely any timber or logs were run out of that river and the loss to the firms operating on the Burnt River must have been very large.

The jam was the result of pure carelessness and lack of harmony among the different firms. Certainly when the principals of the different lumber concerns took no interest in matters that concerned them all, by having proper dams and slides built on the main river used by all, neither could any one of the bush superintendents take any action in improving the river. In fact in those days and even to-day for that matter there was nearly always more or less rivalry between the different firms operating on the one river, and that rivalry often extended not only among the heads of the different firms but the bush superintendents, foremen, and crews were all more or less infected by it. Pig-headed selfishness is the proper name for the feeling that used and probably does yet exist among lumbermen, and often have I seen great loss caused to a rival firm by the manipulating of the reservoir dams. Schemes to "hang up" the drive of a rival are quite common, and is done out of pure cussedness ; the feeling pre-

vails in every lumberman's breast that he alone should possess the whole earth.

The celebrated law case of McLaren v.s. Caldwell, which finally had to be settled by the Privy Council of England, after years of fighting and the expenditure of a fabulous amount in costs and other losses, is a fair sample of the "whole hog" feeling that prevails among all lumbermen. Sir Oliver Mowat's Government never passed a more needed or just law than the Streams Bill, and the money spent by the Ontario Government on streams, building dams and river improvements, gives, I claim, the best returns and results to the people of Ontario in a business point of view. Take this very Burnt River, at the period referred to, was one of the most dreaded and dangerous, as well as expensive rivers in Ontario to drive timber or logs on. To-day, thanks to the government for the dams, slides and improvements built on it, it is now one of the quickest, cheapest and safest rivers to drive.

Superintendent Taylor took me back to the bush with him for the second season for the same firm. I got a raise in my wages, and was promoted to be assistant chief scaler. The operations were not so extensive as the previous season, but the same fate awaited our drive, for we hung it up a few miles further down the Burnt River than the first year's drive. Nothing daunted, the firm again sent us back to the bush and again I got promoted to the chief clerkship, this time at a salary of forty dollars per month.

The chief clerk, next to the superintendent whose chief assistant he really is, has the best birth of in the bush, the best quarters and board, light, easy work, and lots of time to do it in. The superintendent alone is his superior, and in the superintendent's absence he acts as his deputy. The chief clerk has no direct dealing with the firm, and if they want to get at him they have to do it through the superintendent, who is responsible for his actions.

I will describe superintendent Taylor, as he had a great influence over me, and materially marked my future. He was about forty years of age at the time I speak of, and was a bachelor. He was a big, manly looking fellow, well built and handsome, was brainy and clever, and brave as a lion. He was quiet and unassuming, an infidel, and believed in nothing but gold, which was his God. Marriage, he said, was a farce; free love was the doctrine he preached. What was more, he openly practised what he preached, and he had no use for, or would ever talk to, any woman that he found did not believe in the same doctrine, and he appeared to have converted quite a number of girls and women. I know he never missed a chance of making a convert. He would often go long distances doing missionary business. Distance, time or money was no obstacle if a convert could be gained. Of course this only applies to women converts. Men, he said, did not need converting, for he claimed that

ninety-nine out of every hundred who were physically all right practised it any how, and the reason why the remaining one did not was for want of opportunity. Certainly, he said married men did not preach it to their own wives, preferring to teach it to other men's wives.

We had only just started the season's operations when Taylor told me our firm wished me to do all the log measuring or scaling for all the firm's shanties, as well as being chief clerk—in fact fill both positions, which always before had been filled by two men, and is so filled in every large concern. I replied that it would be an utter impossibility for me or any one else to satisfactorily fill the bill ; no one could do so much work. Taylor said he would assist me in measuring the logs. I gave him an incredulous smile. Taylor replied that we would measure and scale the logs right here in the office, where we could do it in a way that would be much more satisfactory to our firm than it could be done by walking through the bush. I asked him how about the English Land Company? He replied that that part had already been fixed. The Land Company had agreed to accept my measuring. The two previous years the Land Company and one firm had mutually agreed upon the man to do the measuring, each party paying half the men's wages. This particular season they had selected me. Taylor said my wages was to be sixty dollars per month, but he said of course the Land Company understood that my time would all be devoted to the log scaling ; so if I filled both positions I would draw seventy dollars instead of sixty per month, and the Land Company would be none the wiser. In plain English, it was a scheme by which I was to be used as the means of robbing the Land Company, and also make the Land Company pay me for doing it.

In a previous chapter I referred to the English Land Company's valuable pine which was worth a fabulous amount. The Company were not aware of the kind of timber which they possessed—in fact it apparently looked on the pine in the very opposite way, and a story is told that one of the Land Company's officials claimed it would be a good thing to get the lumbermen on mostly any terms, "don't you know" to cut and remove "those large pine trees" that were so difficult for the settlers to cut down and burn. The official thought the land would sell better after "those large pines" were removed. I guess that official had no trouble in getting numbers of lumbermen to agree with him, though, strange to relate, the lumberman appear to have been the only ones to agree with this remarkable theory, for now when all those large pine trees have been cut and removed, no one appears to want to buy the land or rather rock. The greater portion of the territory is still unsold.

The Land Company had, a year or two previous to my arrival in Haliburton, given leases or licenses to several of the prominent lumber firms of the Ottawa and Trent Rivers to cut and remove "those pine trees." The licenses covered about all the Land Company's territory, and

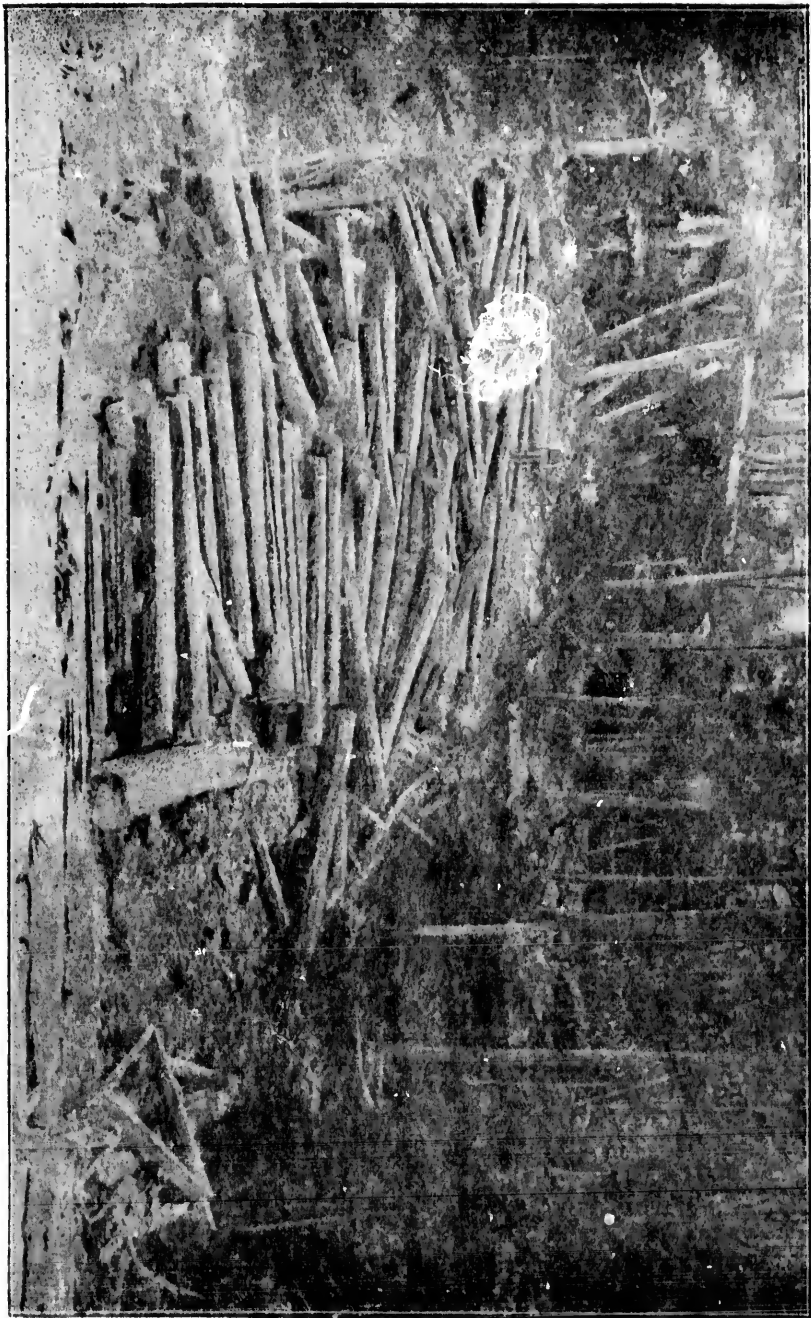
were good for ten years and were also transferable, for bonus or cash was paid at time of granting the licenses, but dues at the rate of \$1.50 per thousand board measure was to be paid by the lumberer to the Land Company as the pine was cut and removed on a scale or measurement made by a scaler and culler who was mutually agreed upon—each party to pay half salary of the scaler.

Now to one not familiar with the ways of lumbermen and their smart little business transactions, no doubt the bargain would appear to be both a fair and good one, and so it was, if honestly carried out, which in many cases it was not, for the following reasons—first, as I have already stated, the lumbermen had no funds to put up, so they had no capital invested; next, if not closely watched they would run through and select only the very choicest trees or the best portion of the tree, and leave to rot millions of feet of pine which they claimed would not pay them to take, either through it being too crooked, knotty or some other defect, which probably would only effect a very small part or portion of the tree. Anyhow no man, or woman either, would take skim milk when they can get cream for the same price, by simply doing a little "kicking" or a little smart business. Of course the Lumber Company were guided by the lumbermen as to who would get the job of scaling, as it is called, or measuring. Thus practically, the lumberman had everything in his own hands, the Land Company not knowing anything about the business, the coast was clear.

The experience of the English Land Company is similar to that of the Grand Trunk Railway shareholders. A board of directors in London, England, sends a man out to manage a Canadian concern. The official so dispatched, though probably a good business man at home, must learn the ways of the country when he arrives here, and somebody is to pay while he acquires this knowledge, as well as take chances of "ever-learning."

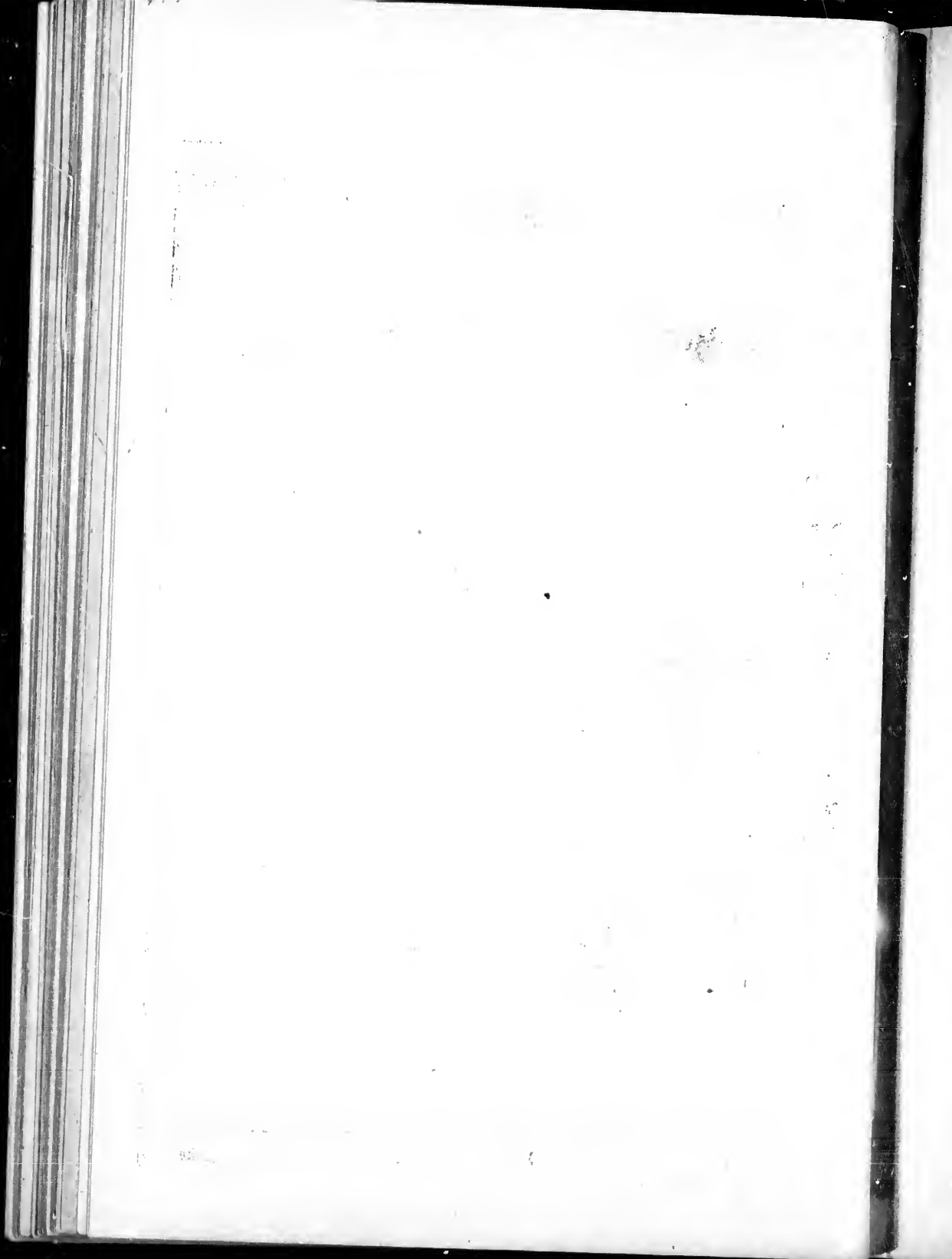
No doubt the Land Company, to a certain extent, followed the example of the Ontario Government in disposing of their pine, with this difference: the Government usually disposes of it by public auction to the highest bidder, and thereby obtains a large bonus at the time of sale; they also collect dues, when the lumberman cuts the pine in addition to the bonus. The dues the Ontario Government were collecting at the time the Land Company disposed of its pine, was 75 cts per thousand feet board measure, so no doubt the Land Company though if they got \$1.50 they were making a good sale, and it would more than offset the bonus they were missing by not putting their pine up to public auction, same as the government did, and as I have before stated, if the lumberman had dealt squarely the Land Company was all right.

In my opinion both the Ontario Government and the Land Company's plan or methods of disposing of pine is not as good as that of the State of Michigan. In that state a lumberman has to buy the land as well as the



DUMP SAW LOGS, PICKERAL RIVER, NIPSSING DISTRICT ONT.  
*Hardy Lumber Co's Limits. (See page 35.)*







pine, and in forty acre sections. Of course he could purchasé as many sections as he chooses as long as he has the money to pay for them, and the price charged for it is \$1 per acre, including both land and pine. By this plan there are no after-dues to collect, hence no army of well paid government officials are needed to see to the measurement and to collect the dues, or can the government be defrauded by wrong measurements or losses through not cutting the timber clean as they go, or in other ways destroying or wasting the pine. Then the lumberman makes the very best kind of an immigration agent, for he must dispose of the land or pay taxes on it, so he goes to work and builds railroads into his land and booms his property and soon towns and manufac ueries spring up and he thereby not only enriches himself but his country at the same time. By the Ontario plan the lumberman only buys an interest in the standing pine. The government retains an interest in to the extent of \$1 per thousand feet, which just about carries the fire risk, for the lumberman virtually owns the land as well as the pine, though he pays no taxes—only a nominal ground rent (a few cents per square mile—practically nothing.) Though the lumberman may own five million dollars worth of standing pine, not a cent of taxes can be collected on that property, because the government owns the land, and also nominally owns the pine until it is cut by the lumberman—so that the lumberman escapes paying taxes. What's the use of being a king if you have to pay taxes like other people? That explains, I presume, how Canadian lumbermen came to be termed kings.

The lumberman or speculator practically owns the land as well as the pine. The government cannot force him to cut the pine off the land until he is ready ; if it does and the land is thrown open to settlement, the settlers, in process of cleaning and sometimes wilfully, sets the pine forest on fire and thereby destroys the pine, and the government would then lose its one dollar dues. So, I claim, the American plan is best for the people, and the Ontario plan is the best for the lumber king.

I think the foregoing will give the reader an idea of the scheme superintendent Taylor was putting up on the Land Company. Of course I agreed to assist him to carry it out, for I at the time was a great admirer of Taylor, and all or nearly all, of his doctrines except the infidel business ; I drew the line at that, but not a very strict one. I had just a happy idea that there was or must be a Supreme Being of some sort, but that was as far as I went. I then believed in no form of worship, and scorned and mocked at all kinds of religions, or did I believe in the Bible or anything it contained, and seldom read it.

My war experience was too vivid in my mind, and I could not believe a God such as described in the New Testament would have permitted such cruel and horrible things as were perpetrated during the war—father killing son, brother slaying brother, and by who? wh: Christians. I argued with myself if that was the teachings of the Bible, I for one wanted none

of it. About the first thing I saw when I came to Canada, on my arrival in Peterborough, were Christians trying to kill each other in the streets. I enquired the cause of the fray and found out it was a faction fight between Catholics and Protestants. I had my own ideas about it at the time, but kept them to myself, as I saw it was the safest, and I had all the fighting I wanted in the Southern States to satisfy me for the balance of my life; so of course when Superintendent Taylor made his proposition to help him to put up that little job on the Land Company, if he saw no harm in it of course I was not going to allow any scruples of conscience to interfere, or do I remember having any at the time.

I would not wish the reader to get the impression that had I not met Taylor I would not have imbibed his free love ideas, for I had believed in them long before I had met him, and could have taught Taylor more about women and their ways than he even ever dreamed about, for he was very illiterate and could scarcely write his own name, and had only come in contact with women who knew about the coarser vices. I was, the time I first met Taylor, already a pastmas'er in the finer arts and vices of that kind, for my education in that respect had been carefully attended to by a woman—an unmarried one an that—who had the art down fine, as only a well educated and a beautiful women can, although I was only a boy at the time.

I write the above so that the reader will not blame Taylor for teaching me any of my evil ways, and thus do him an injustice. I may add that I am not writing a Sunday school tract, or have I the slightest intention of making this a lewd book; but in the end the lesson and moral will probably do the reader more good and prove more wholesome lesson than those learned from Sunday school tracts.

I do hold, however, that the Ontario system of dealing with timber limits helped or rather taught me to be unscrupulous in business matters; by the American system it would have been impossible to put up such a job as Taylor put up on the Land Company—one of which is often practical on the Ontaario and Quebec Governments by which the people are cheated, and an empty provincial treasury and wealthy lumber kings are the outcome of it all. The system has not only afforded opportunity for dishonesty but it has helped to make thousands of men and boys unscrupulous in business matters, and taught them how to do "smart" little business transactions, for quite a number of lumber firms will only employ log scalers who they know will not scruple to make an affidavit to wrongful measurements, and thus wilfully perjure themselves. If a log scaler refuses to take the oath his employer has no further use for him.

The lumberman is never required to make oath to the correctness of the measurements. He, of course, knows nothing about them even if the logs should happen to cut out double the quantity of lumber the bush-scale or measurement showed on which he had paid dues on to the government.

There is no case on record where any lumber concern even put up any conscience money to the government for any logs over the bush-scale, though frequently the over run turns out to be double the quantity he has paid dues on. I know and can prove of one lumberman and ex-M. P., who used to make his own son—a mere school-boy—swear or make affidavit of the general log returns to the Ontario Government. The lumberman referred to got his son to do what his bush superintendent refused to do, unless a fair divide of the steal was made. The boy knew nothing whatever about the bush or log-scaling, and could not make the necessary oath, and at the time had not the slightest idea or did he care if it was ten or even twenty million feet he was swearing to; neither did he know the difference between pine and basswood, but he did what his greedy father made him do. This same boy's father actually had the gall to apply to have me arrested for perjury. He thought I had committed perjury in a law suit in which I was witness against him. The same lumberman's own bush superintendent told me that before the son referred to was old enough to do so, his father and he used to manipulate the government log returns in about the following way: The bush superintendent would merely sign his name to the returns, made out on the printed form and the blank affidavits form; then after the superintendent was away, a commissioner for taking affidavits would be brought in and the form filled out. The bush superintendent at the time probably was hundreds of miles away, and the chances were he would be engaged in kissing the lips of some pretty women instead of the staunch cover of some old Bible. It also was a practice of some lumberman of the class I have just described to employ "smart" boys or youths to scale logs; the boys easily learned to swallow the pill, and did not know enough to claim a share of the steal. Even if they did, after the first affidavits were made the boy is at the lumberman's mercy, for he would be told if he did not keep a close mouth he would be put in jail for perjury, and then if there should happen to be any more noise over the matter, off went the boy's head—or rather he was dismissed as well as disgraced, and the lumberman's conscience was thereby relieved and he went on in the even tenor of his way.

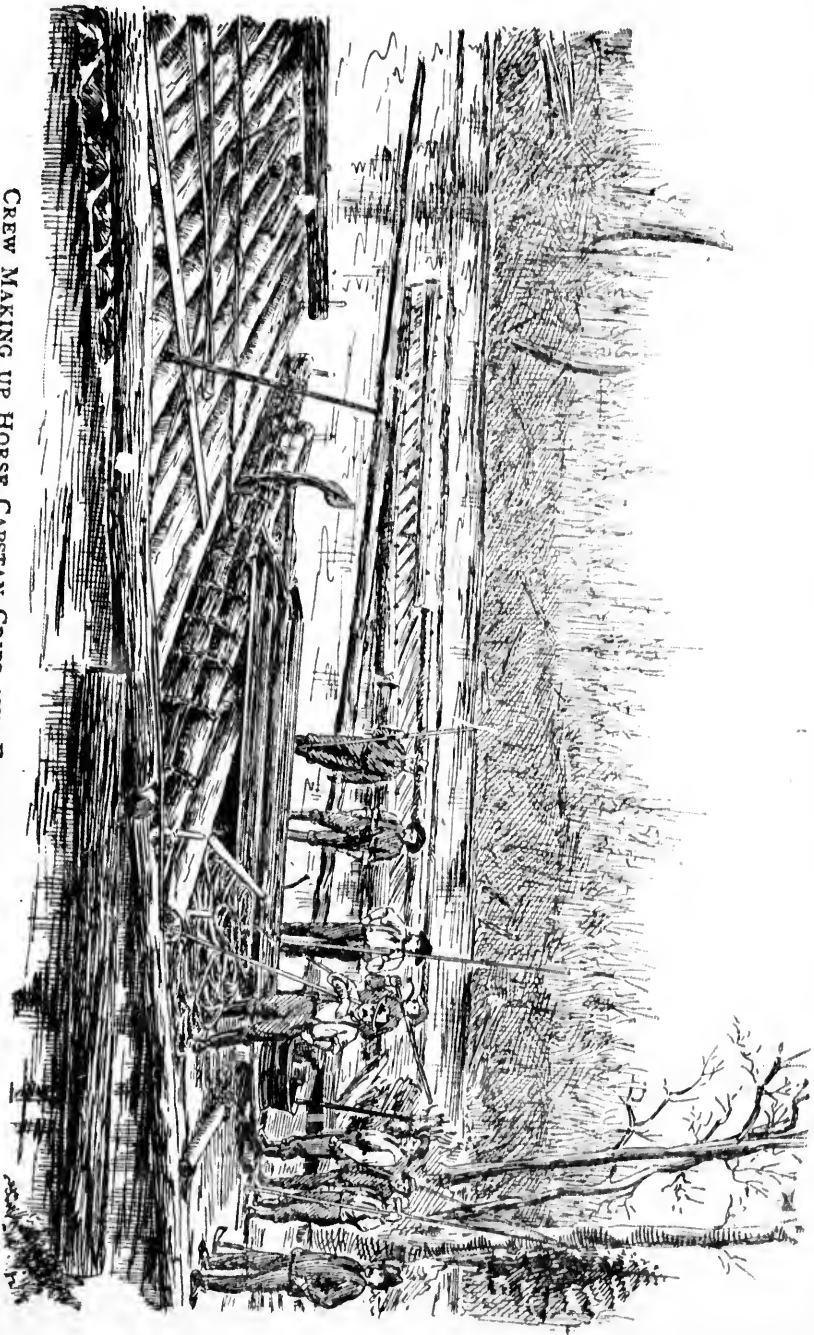
To return to my narrative: In a previous chapter I told how I had accepted the position of chief clerk and log-scaler combined. I may say, when the winter's operations were over, Taylor and I manipulated or "cooked" the log measurements of the cut-put of our seven or eight shanties so that our firm only had to pay about one half, or even less, dues to the Land Company than they should have paid, and of course the Land Company was thus defrauded out of thousands of dollars. And that was not the only job Taylor and I put up on the Land Company that same season. We robbed them in another way, in the most barefaced manner. It was done in about this way: Our firm that season had a

saw-log jobber or contractor, taking out logs, and were paying him at the rate of four dollars per thousand feet, board measurement. The same jobber also had a contract from the Land Company to take out saw-logs for the Haliburton mill, and the said logs were to be cut on the Land Company's reserve, in the township of Dudley. The greater part of the reserve was virgin pine. Our firm's boundary line run up to the reserve, but all the good pine on that part of our firm's limits had been cut and removed a season or so previously, but Taylor got the jobber to go on to that portion of the limit and cut up all the large, rough and rotten trees into saw-log lengths and to haul them out on the ice on Drag Lake, along side the logs the jobber was taking out for the Haliburton mill. We then made him stamp those worthless logs with the Land Company's mark and we put our firm's mark on the fine, large, clear and sound logs cut by the jobber on the reserve, or in other words we exchanged our rotten logs for the Land Company's good logs, and even that was not all that was in the steal, for we scaled the rotten logs so that our measurements of them made them go about three to make a thousand feet and we scaled the large logs so that it would take about nine of them to make a thousand feet. The object of this was to make the Land Company pay the jobber nearly all the cost of taking out both lots of logs, as the price the jobber was to get per thousand feet from the Land Company was the same figure that our firm was giving him.

We manipulated about seven thousand pieces of logs in this way, so I will leave the reader to work out the problem, and by so doing learn how many thousands of dollars we robbed the Land Company of. The reader may also learn how to compute or find out how many thousand feet, board measurement, of lumber there were in the logs we stole, and also how much they cost our firm. If he cannot solve the problem, on writing me and enclosing one dollar, I will send the correct figures by return mail.

The Land Company of course had no check on me, or the steal could not have been made, and they, I presume, never for an instant thought I would allow them to be robbed in any such way. They did not discover the mistake that I made until the rotten logs arrived at the Land Company's mill in Haliburton, weeks after the job had been worked and all hands had been paid up in full; so of course the Land Company could do nothing, for by that time the jobber had "flew the country," and in his haste to get away it is said he left his visible tracks even on the rocks in Muskoka, in his hurry to reach Algoma territory, where he still resides, and where he still follows the business of saw-log jobber or contractor. This was one of the slickest business transactions I ever had anything to do with. The Land Company made a great fuss at my mistakes and blunders, and could not understand it "don't you know," how it came that our firm's seven or eight shanties that season only took out and paid for so few logs, and how such poor ones were

CREW MAKING UP HORSE CAPSTAN CRIBS AND FLOATS FOR COOKERY AND TENTS.  
*Gull River, Minden, Ont. (See page 29.)*







supplied to the Haliburton mill from a virgin limit. I was blamed for it all, and the Land Company discharged me, and what was more, refused to pay me a dollar of my wages, and of course I dare not enter an action against them to recover, so after all, I was only paid the forty dollars per month which our firm had first agreed to give me for being chief clerk.

That little smart business transaction should have been a warning to me to keep clear of all such deals, but it was not, for all through my life I have been making mistakes and blunders, and ending by some one else getting the plunder and I the blame and disgrace.

I now come to to the season following the one in which I made the blunder of my life, by which our firm was greatly enriched (of course against their will, for they certainly knew nothing about it—they were perfectly innocent.) The over-run probably agreeably surprised them, but the surprise was not so alarming as to unnerve or disturb their conscience into making a rebate to the Land Company—nothing was further from their thoughts; they had not done the stealing; Taylor and I had attended to that part of it, but all the same if there had been a small shortage instead of a very large over-run when the logs were sawed, then the matter would have been different, and the rapidity with which they would have discovered this shortage would have been surprising. Some men have very elastic ideas on such matters; so far as our firm was concerned it made no difference how it was got, so long as they could hold the property without putting themselves within the grasp of the law, and the fellows that did the stealing for them can go to Halifax, so far as they care.

The lumber market was in a depressed condition. Our firm reduced its operations about one half, and made a cut in all the men's wages including Taylor's and my own. Taylor took it to heart badly and he vowed vengeance. Our operations that next season was on a branch of the Burnt River which never before had been navigated, or either timber or logs driven out of it, and it was Taylor's duty to put on dams, slides, piers, booms and other improvements necessary to make the stream navigatable for timber and logs. Taylor only made a pretence of doing so, knowing full well all the time that with such flimsy structures as he was having built would never get the drive out that season, but probably after a costly and futile attempt it would be "hung up," and Taylor would then be avenged on the firm for reducing his salary. When spring came Taylor resigned and went to Manitoba, and William Martin was put in charge of the drive. The firm spent many thousands of dollars trying to take out the drive, but only succeeded in moving it about ten miles, when it was "hung up" in the stream high and dry.

I knew all the time what the results would be, for Taylor told me all about what he was doing, but I dare not say anything before he left; if I



did I would have given him away, and I never had the slightest intention of doing anything of the kind, for I, too, was sore about my wages being cut, especially after the big steal I had made for the firm the season before, and of course after Taylor had gone I, even then, dare not say anything to the firm about the matter; had I done so I would have been discharged, so I did what I was paid for doing—attending to the books—and I kept my secret to myself. I was more sorry for Martin than I was for the firm, for he was discharged over the head of it, and I was rewarded (like all who keep their mouths closed) for I was promoted to bush superintendent. I will not have occasion to again mention Martin in this book, so will end with him by telling a little incident that occurred on that drive.

One day Martin wanted a trail or path blazed and cut from the river to the Monk Road, which was a Government colonization road, and runs for many miles parallel with the Burnt River, which runs about due east and west. At some places the road is close to the river, in others it is three miles or so distant. We used the road to waggon our cookeries and camping equipments, and frequently camped on the side of the road when working on that drive. At one of our encampments our tents were pitched on the side of the road which, at that particular point was fully three miles distant from the river, and it was through this three miles of bush that Martin wanted the trail cut. The bush was what lumbermen call a "dirty bush" to walk through—swampy and knee-deep with water in many places in the spring of the year. Walking through this three miles of bush without a trail caused a lot of dissatisfaction among the crew, for occasionally some of the men would get lost and would then put in a disagreeable night in the bush, so one day, after the crew had taken lunch on the river bank, Martin talled off an Irishman by the name of Mike Connelly, to take an axe and cut out a trail to our tents, which as I have said, we pitched on the edge of the Monck Road, three miles distant from where we were then eating our lunch. Martin instructed Mike to go due north and he would strike the road about where the camp was. He also went on to tell Mike to be sure and keep the sun at his back, and he would make the run all right. Connelly stalked out and cut and blazed away for all he was worth, obeying orders by keeping the sun at his back all the time, until finally the sun went down and darkness came on, and Mike had seen no "monkey" road as he called it; neither had he the slightest notion when he would see it, for he had not the remotest idea where he was, so he sat down on a fallen tree, lit his pipe, scratched his head and commenced to think over the situation. He had not arrived at any satisfactory conclusion, when he heard a pack of wolves which began to howl, apparently right close to him, Mike made the quickest time on record "up to date," in climbing up a tree. Martin kept the crew that night until after dark before he gave the signal to quit work on the river, and the crew struck out on Connelly's

well-cut trail; first they walked then trotted and at last run, and after about a two hours chase the leader came to a swamp when they found Connelly up the tree where he was repeating the "Hail Mary," and crossing himself with greater devotion and feverency than he ever done before. He was wishing between prayers and counting beads, that St. Patrick, after driving the snakes out of Ireland, had come over and driven all the wolves out of America. The arrival of the crew did not in any way tend to allay Mike's fears, for the leaders announced that if he dare come down out of that tree they would hang him anyhow, as soon as Martin came up, so that they could hang the two together. The crew spent the night in the woods, and of course without any supper, "Up to date" Martin gets mad if any one mentions anything about keeping the sun at one's back.

As I have before stated I was promoted to be bush superintendent, My old friend Barnhart's prophesy had come true, and at the end of my first six years in Canada I found myself in a good position, and drawing a good salary, and the firm I was with was then one of the largest doing business in Canada. That first season that I was bush superintendent our firm had close on 500 men in the bush.

I may say that a bush superintendent is the hardest worked man in the lumber business, and a lumber concern looks to the bush superintendent to make a success of the business, for if a mess is made of the bush part of the lumber business, then the whole thing is sure to be a dismal failure. To be a good judge of human nature counts a lot in the make-up of a successful lumberman, no matter if he is proprietor, superintendent or foreman. As I have stated a lumber concern's business operations are often very difficult of access, so trusty employees must be secured to transact a very important and costly part of the business, and to do it at the proper time in order to secure the best results. Circumstances often makes it difficult to give advice or instruction from the head office, so the bush superintendent is left to his own judgment in many very weighty matters.

The men from the foreman down, look to the superintendent for everything as to the wages they will receive, and cash advance to send home to their families; and the foreman of each camps looks to him to have all the provisions and supplies sent to his shanty as they are needed as well as fill up any vacancies that occur by men leaving through sickness or other causes; but as a usual thing very few shantymen are troubled with any kind of illness. In the first place they have no time to get sick—they are kept too busy at good, healthy, out-door work, and the aroma of the pine which prevades in the bush where timber and logs are being made, is very healthy and invigorating; that along with the nourishing food, will soon strengthen a feeble constitution, and I know of no place where better results could be obtained by those with a delicate system than a couple of months in the pine bush. The months of September and October

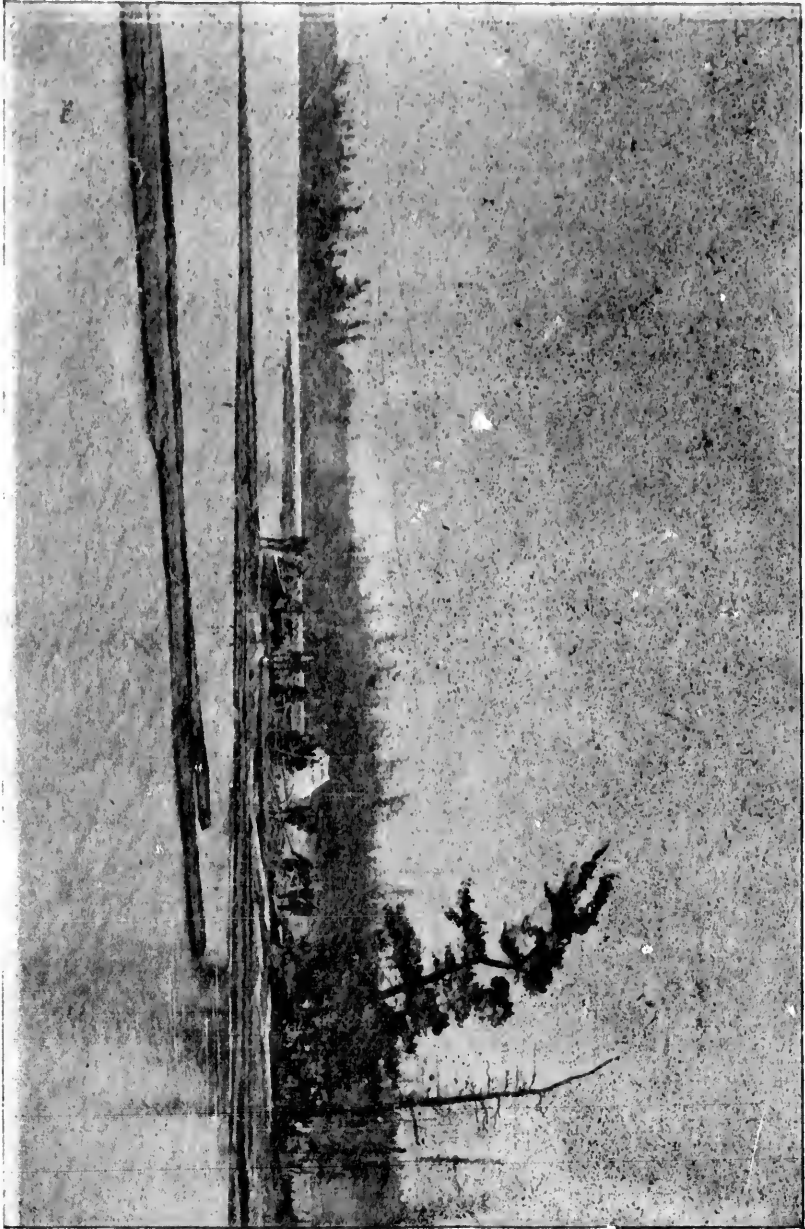
are the most delightful months in the bush, and I know of no place on earth where I would sooner spend those two months than in the pine forest. Sports of all kinds can be had, and game easily obtained. Partridges are so plentiful and so tame that if an amateur sportsman does not know how to handle a gun the bird will sit on a limb of a tree and allow him to be knocked off with a stick ; venison can be got almost as easily, for I once actually saw a hewer cut the head off a deer with his broad axe, which he could not drive out of his way when hewing the stick of timber. The lakes and streams abound in speckled trout, and one has only to display a small piece of red rag when the fish pump into your canoe to try to seize it. This last sport is a little dangerous to anyone not a good swimmer, because occasionally the whole shoal of trout may take a notion to spring at the red rag, and either with the result that it is apt to be upset or sink with the weight.

The bush superintendent has to be a medical man as well, for he has to doctor either men or horses when they get ill or meet with an accident, and I have no doubt my experimenting in the medical line helped many a man to a peaceful if untimely death. The poor fellows had to take chances—I always did the best I knew how under the circumstances, and the Lord did the rest, and if the result was fatal I always seen that they got a decent burial. Medicine is a perplexing study, for I found drugs and medicine that would cure one fellow, perhaps kill the next stone dead. Surgery is a much easier part, and if the fellow was not smashed up too badly I could usually fix up what was left of him in a very fair way.

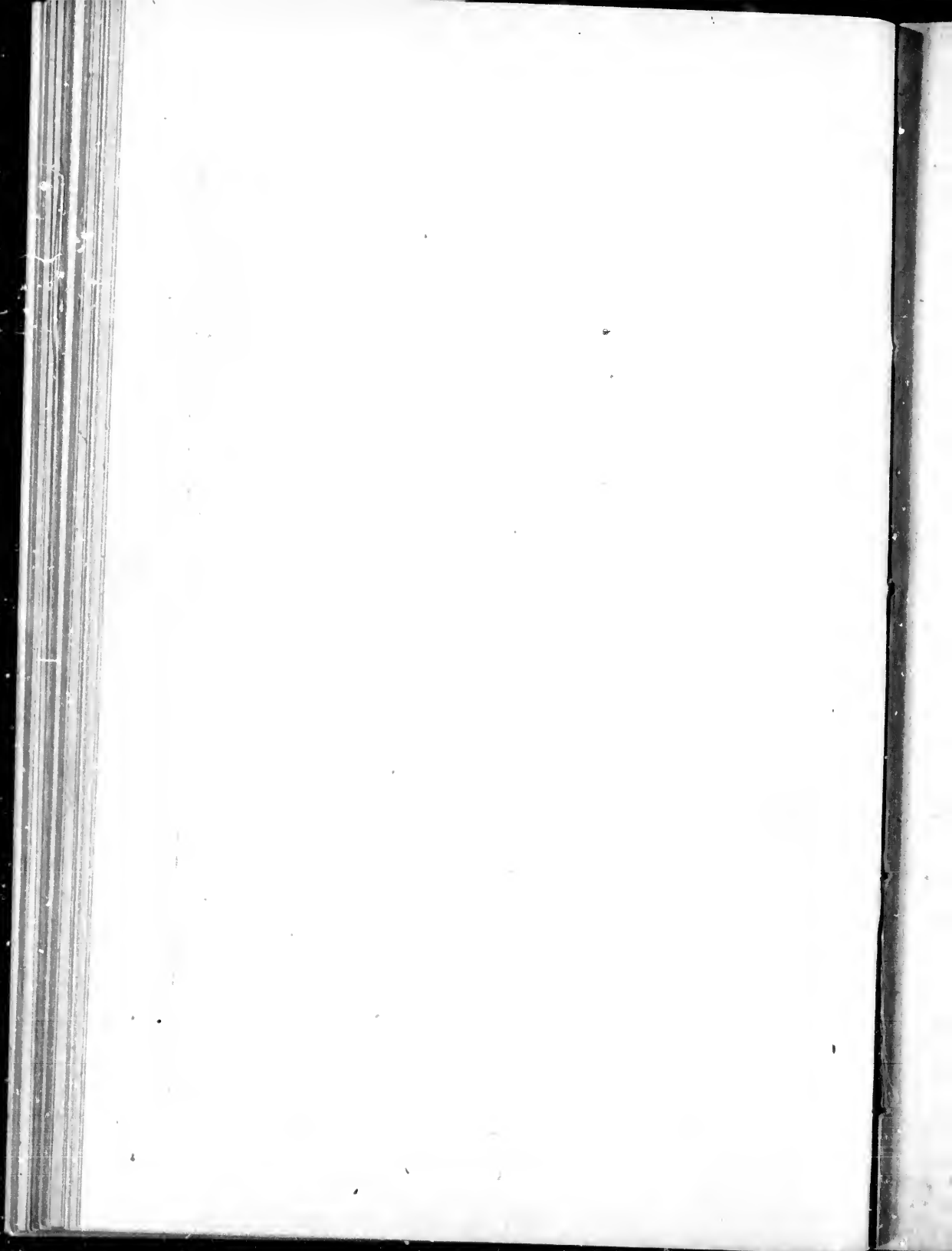
The first year or so I was superintendent the men used to call me the "kid" Walking Boss—"Walking Boss" being the title given to the superintendent by the men. Generally the superintendent is a middle-aged, and sometimes an old man, and very few are met under forty years of age. I had a very boyish appearance, and occasionally one of the old timers or others among the men, would impose on me, probably thinking I was too much of a "kid" to resent it ; then I would bring those kind of fellows up with a short but full stop, usually much more to my own than their satisfaction, and they would go away wondering how I did it. In those days I weighed about a hundred and eighty pounds, and my muscles were as tough and hard as whipcords. I knew how to use them, and a revolver was a toy most of the men knew I could handle with sure and lightning swiftness, and at times I was careless where I shot or who I shot at.

My swell chief clerk was frequently taken as the superintendent by strangers. He was a French-Canadian and had a distinguished appearance, his aldermanic proportions and bushy mutton-chop whiskers, along with his tasty attire, gave "Jim" the appearance of a banker or broker. No stranger would take me for the superintendent, especially if "Jim" happened to be in sight.

One day I walked out of the bush when along drove a stranger of



WARRPING A BLOCK OF SAW LOGS BY HORSES AND CAPSTAN.  
*French River, Georgian Bay, Ont. (See page 28.)*



very imposing appearance. He drove up to me ; I was standing in front of the stable, wondering who the swell could be, for it was rarely any stranger drove in with such a fine turnout. We were miles away in the bush and far from any settlement, and the road had been made for our own use and ended at our depot, so I knew the stranger, who ever he was, had come to see me, otherwise he would have no business there. He pulled up his pair of horses, got out of the buckboard, handed the reins to me and requested me to put the horses in the stable and to take good care of them, for he said he was going to stay over night with Mr. Thompson. As he turned to walk away he handed me a quarter of a dollar, at the same time enquiring if that was Mr. Thompson in the office door, pointing to where the clerk was standing watching us. I nodded, and he walked away, and I soon had the horses unhitched and put in the stable. The stranger stepped up to the clerk with a "How-do-you-do, Mr. Thompson," at the same time giving him a hearty shake of the hand. The clerk took in the situation and laughingly told the stranger he had made a mistake and said that it was Mr. Thompson who was putting away the horses. "What," gasped the stranger, "that boy Mr. Thompson? Why I mistook him for the stable boy and I actually gave him a quarter."

The stranger turned out to be Mr. Thomas Walters, then and now local superintendent of public works for the Ontario Government. Mr. Walters and I have had many a laugh since, over that little incident. I kept his quarter and the next time I met him outside I stood treat and spent many another along with him since, for he is a fine, genial fellow, and very popular, being since elected Mayor of the town of Lindsay three times in succession. He also contested the Riding of South Victoria twice for the Dominion Parliament, although unsuccessful on both occasions. I thus lost the only two Reform votes I ever polled.

Our firm, the first season I was superintendent, decided not to take out any saw-logs, but instead to get out a large raft of waney and square timber for the British Market.

I may say that saw-logs are sawed up into deals, planks and boards. The term "saw-log," means any log from 12 to 18 feet in length, any round log over 18 feet in length goes by the term of "dimension timber," the greater portion of sawlogs are cut 12, 13 and 16 feet in length. The most desirable length is 16 feet, but crooks and other causes in a tree will not allow of all being cut that length. Six inches is also given over these lengths mentioned, to allow for bruises which the ends of logs receive in running rapids, where the ends often get "broomed" up, and unless a few inches more than the length required is given short lumber would be the result when the boards were butted square in the mills. The term "deal" means a board three inches thick ; "plank" a board two inches thick, and anything under two inches goes by the name of "lumber."



The deals are forwarded from the saw mills by raft, barge or rail, to Montreal or Quebec, from where they usually go to Great Britain, where the deals are resawed with an extremely fine saw into any thickness required by the trade. A great quantity of plank and thin boards go to the United States, and our own country also consumes a large quantity of lumber, while a lot more is shipped from Montreal and Quebec to South American ports, Australia and in fact all over the world—wherever a market can be found for it. The men who work at the sawlogs in the bush do not get nearly as well paid as the men who work at waney and square timber. Sawlog cutters wages usually average about twenty-four dollars per month, timber makers about thirty, teamsters twenty-four, cooks forty, and road cutters and others about twenty, and foreman fifty.

I never liked the sawlog part of the lumber business as well as the square timber. I could never take the same pleasure or pride in a sawlog that I could in a piece of square timber, no matter how large and beautiful the pine tree may have been. Once it is felled and cut into sawlog lengths its individuality is lost among the common herd of logs that then surround it. Like Sampson of old, its beauty and strength is gone forever. With a stick of square timber it is different; no matter where the stick is or what its surroundings are, it is like beautiful women, the more charms they possess the more they are admired.

The men who make square timber have to be skilled workmen, and it often takes years of patience to make a good timber-maker. Timber is composed of two classes, the best is called "waney" or "board timber;" as the name "waney" implies, the stick is left with a wane on the four corners. Only the best tree and best section of a tree will make a waney or board stick, for the piece, on its arrival in Great Britain, is sawed up into boards of any thickness desired, and the long, wide, clear, beautiful boards cut out of it always command a fancy price. The square piece of timber is made from the coarser or rougher and smaller trees; small knots do not injure its value, but the same, clear of knots, would cull a board or waney stick. The four edges or corners of a square stick are hewn to a sharp or proud edge. The choicest of the square pieces are sawn up for making deck plank for ships; the coarser ones are used in buildings, bridges, railroad purposes and in docks and piers. Nearly all of the waney and square timber goes to Great Britain, and is usually shipped from Montreal or Quebec. The lumbermen usually take it to those ports in rafts from points where it can be floated down to advantage, but when shipped from Lake Superior or Lake Huron it is usually taken by vessels which discharge their cargo at Kingston, where it is then rafted and run down the rapids to Montreal or Quebec. In the early years of lumbering, when square timber was the principal out-put of the Canadian forest, immense quantities of timber passed down the St.



Lawrence, but of late years it has fallen off enormously, for since the advent of railways, sawn lumber can be shipped so easily and cheaply, it has done away with the square timber part of the business to a great extent.

Selecting trees and making them into square or waney timber in the bush was always a great waste, because in hewing and squaring up the pieces about one fourth of the tree would be cut off in chips in the process of making it square; moreover, only about one pine tree out of one hundred would make either a stick of waney or square timber large enough to make an average sized raft, many miles of territory would have to be gone over. Then the problem came in: What to do with all the trees that remained standing that were unfit, through crooks, knots and other defects, to make a stick of timber? Common sense of course said—cut them down—cut all that was good in them into sawlogs, take them to a mill and have them sawed into lumber. Selecting all the best trees for waney or square timber is something similar to taking cream off of milk. The class of lumber obtained from such a class of logs, after being culled for square timber, was much inferior to a virgin cut, and the lumbermen in consequence could not realize a good price for his lumber, and as sawmills cost a lot of money to build, and also require a lot of logs in a year, quite a few lumbermen thought they may as well take out all their pine and make it all into lumber. In the early days of lumbering, and even when I first went into the business, there was a good demand for masts and spars for ships, but iron masts have long since supplanted or taken the place of wooden masts.

It would take a "monarch of the forest" to make a good mast. The largest, longest, straightest, and finest tree, and to see one of those magnificent trees felled always made me sad, although after it is worked into a stick I used to take as much delight in the process as I often had in assisting a lovely and beautiful woman to dress.

In every raft, (and I have taken many to Quebec) there always is some "king" or "queen" piece, which, when standing in the forest, towered away above all other trees, and could be seen for miles. Often, perhaps, I sat and smoked my pipe, and sometimes slept all night, under its protecting boughs. I always loved to hear the sound of the wind in the pines—to my mind it is delightful music. I never sleep better than when the singing of my beloved pine trees lull me to sleep, and I would never think of leaving Quebec without first going up to the cove where I had left my raft and take one last look at the monarch piece or stick of the raft, and my grief and regret in having to leave it would only be equalled to the feeling I would have a little later when kissing and saying adieu to many of the gay and charming and lovely madamoselles and madames for which the port of Quebec is so justly celebrated all the world over. So I usually left Quebec with a heavy and sad heart and with a

light purse. The first season that I was bush superintendent my duties kept me hustling. I had eight or ten shanties, which were located in the township of Cardiff, Harcourt and Dudley ; part of the pine was on the waters tributary to York branch of the Madawaska River (a tributary of the Ottawa) but we hauled it over to the Burnt River—a tributary of the Trent.

I had our shanties built and conducted on somewhat different principles to the old style. I introduced stoves to do the cooking on, and it was in one of my shanties that the first stove manufactured by Mr. Adam Hall, of Peterborough, who makes the now celebrated shanty cook stoves was first tried. I gave him a few suggestions how to build the first one, and it proved a great success, and soon got other orders for them. I found our cooks could do much better and cheaper than cooking on the old camboose. I also insisted on giving our men a more varied food, and the firm made a great kick when I introduced dried apples, syrup, rice raisins, beef, onions and a few other necessaries, which were then called luxuries, and the firm told me I had better give my men quail on toast as well, but I carried my point all the same, and the result soon showed that we could feed our men much cheaper, and the men were more contented and better satisfied.

I also had our shanties built in two compartments—one solely for the men to sleep in, the other for cooking. I had tables put in where the men could sit and eat comfortably, the same as other people, and soon our shanties were noted for their comfort and good food. As a result of all this it was an easy matter to engage men to work in them, which was a great benefit to the firm, for it gave us the pick of the best men, and we had no trouble with our men jumping or leaving, in fact it was the other way about. In other respects—I had the men used as men should be treated, and seen that they got their rights and allowed no bully of a foreman to abuse them. In return I got better work, for I always found if a man worked willingly and respected his foreman he would do better than by being bullied or driven through fear. My rules were strict but fair, and I said that they were carried out by all. As long as a man did a fair day's work, I always seen that he got a good day's pay, but a schemer or loafer I had no use for, and he soon knew it. If a bully or a fighter did not behave himself not only towards myself but to his comrades, I soon called him down.

Our firm met with so many losses in consequence of the drives being hung up, to which I have already referred, that it was said they were heavily involved. It was an anxious time, and the cause of a lot of worry among the heads of the firm, so much so that some of its members became demented over it and was forced to take a trip to Europe and go into retirement for a year or so. It was an anxious time for my friends, but kind treatment pulled him through. The main cause of the concern were



A DRIVE PASSING DOWN THE GULL RIVER, MINDEN, ONT. (See page 29)



much concerned about the result of the large raft of timber I was taking out, and hoped it would act as a kind of a "redeemer," and so pull them out of their financial difficulties. Being my first year as superintendent the situation was a ticklish one for me, and I knew my reputation was made or ruined, according as I handled that winter's operations. But fortune smiled upon me; my success was phenomenal, and my first season's work in handling the operation in the bush and on the river gave the firm the best satisfaction. So well pleased were they that they made a present of \$100 to each of my foremen, when we got the drive down the Burnt River as far as Kinmount. That spring the railroad had just reached Kinmount, so we railroaded the timber from that point to Port Hope, where we rafted it up into what is called "drams." The illustration elsewhere will give the readers a fair idea of the way timber is rafted into drams or rafts.

A square timber raft, to weather the storms it may encounter on Lake Ontario, has to be very strongly put together, and the process of making them up is both slow and costly. A frame three hundred feet long and fifty feet wide is first made out of the longest pieces of square timber, which are fastened together end to end by a top piece six feet long and ten inches thick. Holes are bored through the top piece and the ends of the stick of timber with a large augur, then a picket made of hard wood is driven through the holes made in the two pieces. The longest timber in the raft is then selected and placed on lengthwise in the frame, care being taken to interlace the sticks with alternate long and shorter pieces so as to break the joints as much as possible. Then a traverse or round stick fifty feet long and at least ten inches in diameter at the top end, is placed crosswise at intervals of ten feet on the top of the sticks in the frame. Each stick is then securely bound by a twisted birch withe to the traverse, as shown in illustration. The process of doing this is very slow, and takes a large number of withes. Then the ten foot space left by the traverses is filled with the timber, put crosswise the width of the dram, care also being taken as to the joint and interlace the pieces same as the bottom. Then the top tier is pulled on, and placed lengthwise on the dram, and the largest and finest pieces are always put on the top tier, so as to make a good appearance of the timber, great care being taken not to allow any defects in a stick being exposed, that being one of the raftsmen tricks of trade. The sticks are pulled up into the cross and top tier, by means of a donkey engine and steel rope. The donkey engine is placed in the cabin on a crib float, the same as one shown in the engraving, so that it can be towed around or moved easily. The three tiers of timber make up the dram; which draws about four feet of water. Usually about five hundred sticks of timber are put in a dram. A raftsman takes great pride in constructing a dram, and it is a much more difficult feat than one not familiar with rafting would expect. The build and shape

of the dram has much to do with its ability to weather a storm, and in being able to handle it when running the big rapids in the St. Lawrence River, for if poorly constructed it will be liable to go to pieces in the rapids, and the crew would then probably either be killed or drowned, or both if an Irishism may be allowed. A well constructed dram can also be much more easily handled and steered safely through the rapids, so that it takes experienced men to build a dram of timber, just the same as it does to build a ship. Each piece of timber is measured and numbered as it is placed in the dram, in consecutive order, and an account kept in a book of the number and size and contents in feet of each piece.

The engraving shown elsewhere will give the reader a fair idea of how rafting is done. It was taken when the last timber was rafted in Toronto harbour, or probably ever will be again, for most of the timber which comes to Lake Ontario is now rafted either at Belleville, Collins' Bay or Garden Island, and the rafting of late years has been done by contract either by the Hiram Calven Comany, of Garden Island, or the Collins' Bay Rafting and Forwarding Company. The former is the pioneer rafting and forwarding company, and has been established for very many years.

Ten drams makes a large raft, and a raft of that size, of good average quality timber, would be worth a big pile of money on its arrival at Quebec, at the market price of waney or board timber, to-day (fifty cents per cubic foot.) Say the timber averaged seventy cubic feet per stick, which is not a large average, the raft would be worth one hundred and seventy thousand dollars, or thirty-five dollars a stick, and many a poor settler had many years ago in the process of cleaning his land worried and worked himself to death trying to burn hundreds of pine trees that to-day would be worth this figure, for the pine on the frontier townships was much sounder and better than the back country pine.

Whatever number of drams a strong tug could handle—usually about six to ten—would be fastened together by means of heavy cable chains, and the trip down the lake commenced. A crew of four men to a dram is all that is needed to go down the lake with the raft, and they seldom have anything to do until the rapids is reached. Once, however, one of our rafts made lots of work for the boys, for it got caught in a storm when fully ten miles out in the lake, and almost in sight of the St. Lawrence River. The foreman of the raft—big Paddy Maher—tells all about the wreck, and to hear him relate it is worth a five dollar bill. The storm came up suddenly in the night, and before they realized what had happened the timber was going from under their feet, and there was only one boat on the raft, and it would only carry a quarter of their number, even in calm water. The assistant foreman was also an Irishman by the name of John Montgomery, who was as stiff an Orangeman as Paddy was a devout Catholic, and they say Paddy started to pray while Jack began to swear.



The night was so dark the Captain of the tug could not see back to the raft, neither dare he run his tug back among the wildly tossed timber. All the Captain knew was that the raft was breaking up, and instead of throwing off his tow line held right on the windward side, and would soon have put the raft on shore; so the Captain endeavored to hold it off. To uncouple the stern dram was what Montgomery wanted to do, and let her drift ashore, and take chances when she struck of getting off; to remain much longer meant sure death one way or the other, either by being crushed to death or drowned. Some of the crew were frantic, and nearly all badly scared, so that Jack could get none of them to help him, and the tug holding on made it worse, for the steel tow line of the tug was made fast on the main cable chain that ran down the center of the raft from stern to stern, so that made it impossible to uncouple it when the strain of the tug was on. Also, to get back to the stern dram was a difficult matter, the cabin the men were in being on the bow of the anchor or bow dram, but by dint of hard work Montgomery finally got the crew all back, but he had an awful experience in doing so, and when he got them safely there the thing was to cut the chain, which he succeeded in doing with an axe, after hours of toil, the tossing sticks of timber making it dangerous work. The wind drove the dram with the crew ashore just about daylight, but it was on a sand beach, and the men got safely ashore, losing nothing but their clothes. Without a doubt the whole crew would have met their death but for the cool courage and brave determination of Montgomery, for when daylight came the Captain of the tug looked back and not a stick of timber was in sight. For hours he had been only dragging the thousands of feet of cable chains that had bound the raft together.

The large lake tug takes the raft as far as Prescott, and the trip down the river is a most enjoyable one, especially through the Thousand Islands. Our raft was usually crowded with the campers. The ladies in these parties were always jolly, and their charming ways soon captivated us all, for these would be the only opportunities ever afforded raftsmen of mingling on terms of equality with the "upper tens;" and the way the dear charmers would down the pork and beans, along with the "Sunday school" yarns I occasionally regaled them with, was pleasing to behold. After spending a few hours on the raft they usually declared that they never enjoyed themselves so well before, after which I generally gave them the raftsmen's rules, which provided that every lady that came aboard was to be kissed by all hands. I however let them off after scaring them for a little while by offering as a compromise that my clerk and I would do the kissing. We generally got a few hugs in on the most lovely ones, after we had frightened those away we did not wish to kiss, for we made a pretense of trying to catch them first; of course they would run and then the coast was clear and the remaining blushing beauties were easily



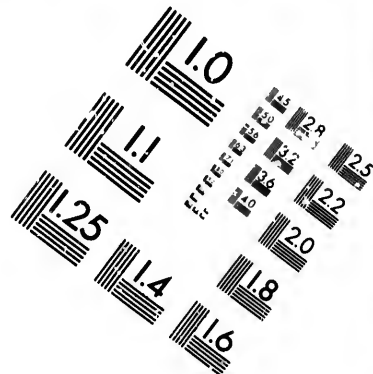
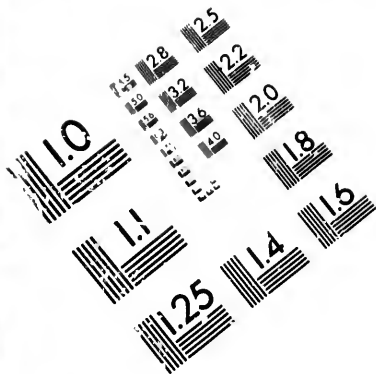
captured, and often appeared to enjoy the fun as much as we did. At Lachine we also often had parties board us to make the run over the rapids, and once I was so honored by no less a person than Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, and the dram we were on got a corner knocked off and came within an ace of being wrecked. The princess was the coolest and bravest of the party. I did not mention anything about raftmen's rules to her, but I would have been pleased to do so and almost nerved myself up to the point of telling her, and I have been sorry ever since that I did not, for a man rarely gets such a chance as that in a life time.

Strong little river tugs takes the raft at Prescott, and tows it down the Galop Rapids to Douglas' Bay. Captain Murphy, of Morrisburg, was the first pilot to handle rafts in that way though the Galop Rapids. Captain Murphy got two or three tugs specially built for handling rafts between Prescott and Montreal, and no one knows that stretch of river better than he ; to see him in the pilot-house handling that boat makes an ordinary man like myself feel insignificant. All the raft pilots and crews between Prescott to Montreal almost worship him, and the Indians at Lachine Rapids obey his word or signal with as much alacrity as they do that of their chief, who always accompany them, usually handling the wheel in turn and following up the raft as it passes through the rapids. In case a dram should get smashed and wrecked the tug would be on hand below the rapids to render any assistance necessary. When the raft reaches the head of the Long Sault rapids, at Douglas' Bay then the river pilots and crews come aboard, and many come on as far as Prescott, for it takes the pilot and thirty men to handle each dram as it runs the twenty miles Sault Rapids, and it keeps them busy at that steering the timber with them long oars or sweeps. The dram, as it rushes along, often at twenty miles an hour clip down the foaming rapids, gives one a peculiar and thrilling sensation. My first trip was mixed with awe, amazement, admiration, fear, my hair fairly standing straight on end part of the time. To hear the whithes cracking, and the timber grinding and feel the motion under one's feet as the huge sticks are twisted and bobbed up and down, is so thrilling and bewildering that I had no time to think, much less to do anything. Whoever the man was that first ran those rapids on a raft he must either have been foolhardy or brave, or both. At the foot of the rapids at Smart's Bay, near Cornwall, the drams are again banded together, the tugs assisting in the process. While this is being done I was kept busy paying off the pilots and their crews. The charge for the run, which took less than half a day, was \$5 for the pilots and \$2 for each of the crew, and it had to be spot cash or your raft was "tied up," and you were allowed to go no further. In addition to the pay the men had to have one meal, and as the provision raft is generally a day or two in advance, men's appetite is usually keen. So the reader can form an idea of the "pic-nic"

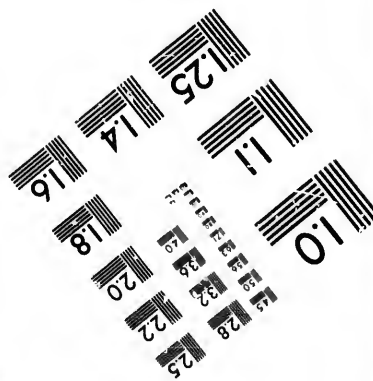
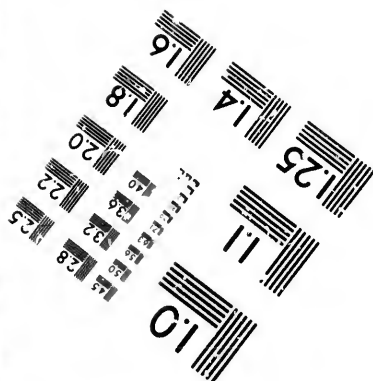
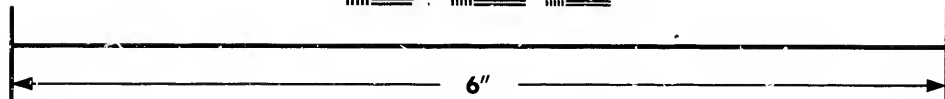
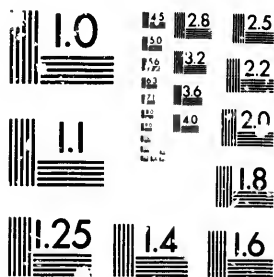


"TAILING" UP AND BRINGING DOWN THE "SWEEP" ON REAR OF THE DRIVE, SHEWING FALLS AND RAPIDS  
\* WHERE JOHN MASSALLES AND SEVERAL OTHERS HAVE MET THEIR DEATH.  
*Gull River, Minden, Ont. (See page 36.)*





**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



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The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been  
 named in the report of the committee on the subject of the  
 proposed amendment to the constitution of the State of New York.  
 The names are given in the order in which they were named in the  
 report.



we had to feed those men. The cook would usually be frantic, for they would all make a scramble together, and of course he could not tell how often he served them, for as long as there was any food left on the raft they would never leave off. Latterly I purchased enough provisions at Prescott for the pilots and their crews who came on for the Long Sault. I piled it on the middle of a dram and let them help themselves, and fight it out. Each pilots would collect the pay for himself and crew, and if possible try and beat us out of a few dollars by running the dram with a man or two less than contract called for. The Long Sault rapids pilots and crews were mostly of German descent; the balance were composed of Irish, Scotch, English, Yankee and Indians. They are a jolly lot, but are fond of whiskey and when drunk they occasionally raise "Halifax" on the raft. A couple of hours after running the Sault we would be all banded up and the tug towing us on to Howard's or Coteau Landing, where we would arrive early next morning; then more pilots and crews would board us. A pilot and thirty-five men for each dram is the rule at those rapids. They are all French Canadians, and are a splendid lot of fellows. Seldom any of them come aboard drunk, and the cook has no trouble with them, for they are very orderly and the pilots have them well under control. My first run down the Coteau Rapids surprised me more than the Long Sault did, for just as we were about to enter the first rapid, and the dram bowling along at a lively gait, every man Jack of them pulled his sweep or oar in and dropped on their knees. Of course I thought something dreadful was about to happen; I was standing close to the pilot in the center of the dram and turned to ask him what the trouble was, and he too was on knees crossing himself. A cold shiver ran up my back, for I at the time could have no more repeated the Lord's prayer than the constitution of the U. S. My knees shook, and my teeth rattled, when suddenly the pilot jumped up and started to swear, and I caught sight of the crew pulling at their oars again like heroes. This reassured me, and I took a chew of tobacco to steady my nerves. I afterwards learned that the French Canadians always repeat a prayer before entering the rapids, as also do the Indians at Lachine; and more, I will myself join them in that prayer if ever I have the pleasure of going down on a raft again. To look back up the rapids from a raft as it nears Bearharnois is a grand sight. One would think it was the side of a huge mountain, and so it is, but of water instead of land.

At the foot of the Coteau Rapids lives the celebrated "forty thieves," so termed by raftsmen for their proficiency in picking up any sticks of timber that may get loose in running the rapids, and there is always quite a number of pieces knocked out coming down, for the Long Sault tries the withes and cuts many of them so that when the drams strike the wild jumps in the Coteau some sticks are sure to get away. The forty thieves are in their boats already to catch the cross sticks; and more, they will

paddle up to the drar. as it comes out of the rapid, and if they notice a stick on it just ready to drop out they will give it a pull and let it go. Then they tax you forty cents salvage for bringing the stick back again when the raft is being banded up. Of course some confederate will bring the stick back to you—that is if there is not a good chance to get away with it altogether. The river is so wide it is difficult to watch them. However, by watching close with Captain Murphy's glass from the pilot house of the tug we usually spotted them and gave chase with the tug. The moment they heard Captain Murphy sound the whistle in a certain way they all knew it meant that the tug was after some of their number. Those who had the stick in tow would right about face and start to bring it back, and if we steamed up to them they would coolly swear they were bringing the stick back all the time.

Occasionally we would run both the Cateau and Lachine Rapids in one day, but running the drams singly into the Harbour at Montreal is very dangerous after dark, so both rapids were seldom run in one day. Indians, as I stated, pilot and run the rafts at Lachine, and Chief Jackes in person usually takes command. I always gave my raft up to him at Nun's Island, and he managed it to suit himself—usually putting forty to fifty men on a dram. His charge is the same at each of the rapids. For both pilots and men, I always, however, paid twenty dollars, and he also collected for the rest of the pilots and crews.

By the time I reached the Lachine Rapids on my first trip down, I had got quite brave. The last mile or so of the river before entering the rapids, which is run in single drams at intervals of a few moments, the stream looks quite peaceful. I was, therefore, not much alarmed, and even after we entered the rapids I did not see any particular reason for getting into a funk, so when suddenly the big jump came in view, and the pilot yelled in my ear that there was only one place in it about one hundred yards wide over which we could safely pass, and he was afraid the dram was not in that channel, my hair fairly began to stand on end, and I could see by the way those splendid fellows were pulling their oars that there was no "monkey" business about it, and it was a sight to watch the Indians; every stroke was in unison and made with military precision. In an instant they would reverse the stroke at a signal from the pilot or ease off as the case required. All was done by signals from the pilot, for the roar of the rapids would drown the report of a cannon. The crew is equally divided, bow and stern, while the pilots stand in the centre. One dram was got back into the channel and in a few moments we were over the big jump, but the enormous waves drew the bow of the dram under the water and the men in the bow had to hang on to pieces of rope which were fastened to the timber to keep them from being swept off, and even the pilot and I, standing in the centre of the dram, did not escape a "ducking." The day previous a dram had missed the right channel and

part of it could be seen as we passed by sticking in the "jump" or falls among the rocks. Ten men had lost their lives by the accident, so it was no wonder our crew exerted themselves to their very utmost, for they knew if they did not get the dram back into the channel a like fate awaited them.

When a dram is approaching the Victoria Bridge the pilot has to be very cautious, for the current carries a dram under it at a ten mile gait, and if it strikes one of the enormous stone piers the dram would be knocked into shivers. At Hochelaga, a suburb of Montreal, the drams are again banded together, and a big river tug will tow them to Quebec in about three days, where the timber is given over to the owners of the Coves there to take care of until the raft is finally disposed of.

On the Ottawa River a much cheaper way of rafting can be got along with, for even that great river is only a small creek compared to the mighty St. Lawrence. So the timber is there rafted up into what is termed cribs—about twenty pieces in a crib—and when running a rapid two to four men can handle the crib with long sweeps as easily as handling a boat, and when over a rapid the cribs are easily and quickly coupled or banded together into one raft or block which often covers acres in extent. A tug hitched on to the raft pulls them to the next rapid where they are again singled out and run over and the same process repeated at every rapid until they reach Montreal when they are banded together for the last time. A very small storm wrecks them, and they frequently come to grief in Lake St. Peter or St. Croix Bay before reaching Quebec. No withes are used in their construction, the process being simple. About a dozen pieces are first fastened together by means of two flat traverse timbers being put across them (one at each end) ; a hole is bored through these traverse pieces and into the end of the sticks. A hardwood picket is driven in and this holds the two outside pieces fast and forms a frame. Then eight or ten pieces are pulled up on top of the traverse sticks, but placed length ways.

Since the C. P. R. has been built a large quantity of timber is brought down by rail from the upper Ottawa, Lake Nipissing and the Spanish river to Papaireauville, below Ottawa, where it is rafted into cribs and taken down the river to Quebec, and quite a large proportion of the timber goes right through to Montreal by rail and there loaded direct into vessels. Of late years steamers have taken to carrying timber across the ocean, thereby getting it to market much quicker than when the sailing vessels had a monopoly of this trade, as well as cheaper, taking everything into consideration, for it also gives a lumberman a chance to send his timber direct to the British market and get returns for it in one season, and so does away to a large extent with the enormous expense that used to be piled on the timber one way or another in Quebec.

The first year in which I was superintendent I arrived in Quebec

with the raft about the middle of the month of August, (or just a year from the time I had taken the men which I hired in Quebec to go up to make the timber), and it did one's heart good to witness the reunion of the men and their families.

One of the members of the firm had gone down to Quebec to await my arrival with the raft, and he found out that the market was in a most depressed state, and no one wanted to buy timber. No doubt that was a sad blow to him, and all the great expectations from the sale of the monster raft were dashed to pieces. No doubt this, along with a false report reaching Quebec that our raft had been wrecked in St. Croix Bay, caused his death, for three days after I arrived in port he died in the St. Louis hotel.

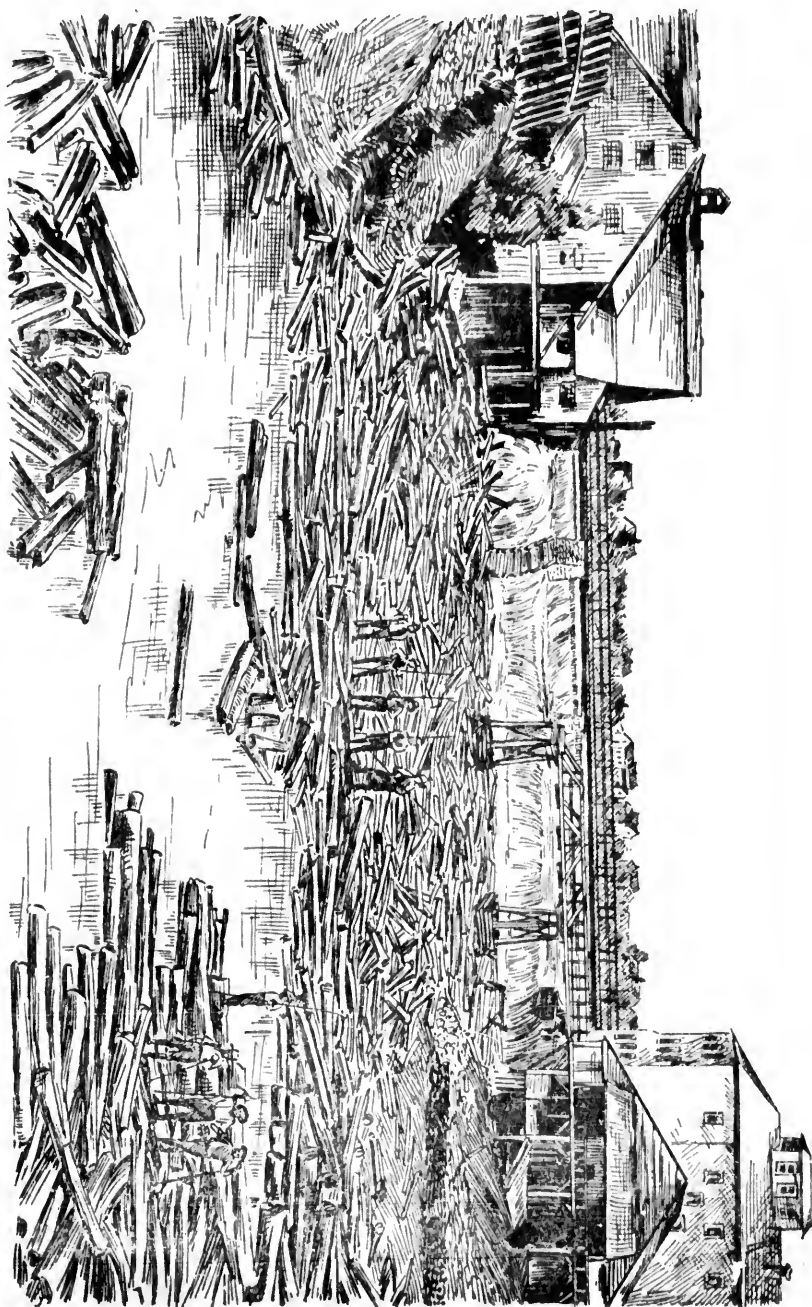
A couple of months or so were then taken by the remaining members in arranging matters of the firm, and then we again started operations in the bush, and the timber and lumber market looked up and for a few years the firm prospered and made money very fast, so much so that the most experienced member of the firm retired from the business with a handsome fortune. The partner who had some time previously gone into retirement for a brief time through worry and ill health, then came to the front and took the management of the concern. He is an eccentric man, or as the phrase to-day goes, "he has wheels in his head," and is the most complete egotist I ever met and the most supercilious as well as being very susceptible to flattery, and the dose could not be too big for him to swallow if given with a little taffy. So by giving him lots of it I usually had my own way, but occasionally he would balk, for he sometimes got the idea that the was very strong minded. He possessed a splendid education, was fairly handsome when he cared to look after his personal appearance, but he used to delight in being unlike other men in dress, for he usually sported a heavy fur cap, large gauntlet gloves and thick felt boots in mid-summer, and probably in the coldest weather in winter he would wear a straw hat, kid gloves, thin shoes and carry a sun shade. He was also imbued with peculiar religious ideas, not exactly orthodox. He was somewhat like Superintendent Taylor, but again unlike him, inasmuch as he always wanted to do all the talking no matter where he was or who he was talking to, and he would magnify any little incident of every day occurrence into some wonderful achievement. He started out with the idea that he was going to revolutionize the lumber business of Canada as well as control it in short order, and the way he wanted to do it was by going back to the old style of camboose shanties and pork and beans and a blanket and axe—all the outfit for a man ; and more, that no man should be allowed to take up any part of his wages until the timber arrived in Quebec or Europe and the sawn lumber in Britain or South America. Of course that would be a nice little arrangement for a man working by the day with a family to support.

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FENELON FALLS, SHEWING CAPT. THOMPSON'S BIG JAM OF SAW LOGS.  
*From photo taken in 1880.*







The ten years licenses granted by the Canadian Land and Emigration Company to the lumber concerns operating on the land terminated about this time. I presume it is almost needless to say that the English shareholders never saw a cent of dividend, in fact it was the other way about—it was a case of "put up" all the time. So the manager of our firm slipped over to England and bought up a sufficient number of shares to give our firm a controlling interest in the Company and also had the Board of Directors transferred from England to Canada, and then got the Ontario Government to pass a special act to legalize the change. Shares were purchased for a mere song, as many of the shareholders were glad to get rid of their stock at any price, so our firm practically became the owners of what remained unsold of the property in the townships of Dysart, Dudley, Guilford, Harburn, Havelock, Harcourt, Bruton, Clyde and Eyre. The township of Longford had been sold several years previously, so our concern for a mere trifle became the owners of a territory equal in size to quite a number of European kingdoms, quite a big slice of the Province of Ontario, on which there is the largest pile of rock the Lord in His anger ever threw together. Our firm then sold for a lump sum to some Ottawa river firms all the pine on the lands tributary to the Ottawa river, and the sum realized thereby amounted to much more than the sum they had paid for all the shares they had purchased in England. The settlers in these domains numbered about three or four hundred families. They had years before formed themselves into a provisional county, which embraced or took in all the Land Company's land and property in the nine townships. When our firm got control of the lands they had an idea that the Land Company had been paying a larger proportion of the taxes than they ought, so they got witnesses to swear that the Land Company's property, including land and all other timber thereon was only worth about seventy thousand dollars.

The settlers made a brave but futile fight. By the decision of the courts matters were just about reversed, for out of the six thousand dollars or so of taxes collected yearly by the municipality, the Land Company had been paying about five. Our firm also succeeded in getting the courts to adjudge that the proportion of taxes to be collected from each party should hold good for the ensuing ten years. No doubt this was intended to serve as an offset against the ten previous years in which the municipality was supposed to have got the advantage of the Land Company.

The reader may wonder what all this has to do with the story of myself. Well I will answer : as I have already said it was on these lands that I commenced my lumbering career, and it was in the village of Haliburton that I spent many years of my life ; in addition to this many of my most intimate friends live in the Haliburton district.

The English Land Company's nine townships are also well known to



many in great Britain, and what is more, will never be forgotten not only by the shareholders of the Land Company but by many scores of people who left their beautiful homes in England to come out to those lands, full of "great expectations," only to find that after years of toil and misery, they had been deluded and were poorer and worse off than when they left England. Many of them had never done a day's work before their arrival in Canada, as numbers of them belonged to some of the oldest and best families in England. What were such people able to do in such a country as Haliburton? The view of the village on another page gives a fair idea of what the country looks like. Notice the rocks and boulders. That picture I think will show the reader how desirable a farming country Haliburton is, even in the summer time, and just about six months in the year on an average there is three feet of snow on the ground, and the thermometer often fools around between twenty and thirty degrees below zero. So in a way I am making the foundation of my story out of the English Company's lands, and as they are nearly all rocks, I am building on a secure foundation.

The reader may perhaps like to know if our firm played "straight" in that little poker game at law with the settlers. I had a hand in it myself, and as the reader is probably aware that when men, or women either, sit down to play poker for money, that moment all friendship ceases, and the rules of the game are if these sitting in with you are at all objectionable, say nothing but drop out. So the hand I and others played in that game I will for the present at least, forbear to state. That is the reason I have used poker language in referring to the bitter and costly fight our firm had with the poor settlers.

A charming and extremely pretty Jewess taught me the game of poker. The city she lived in was not a thousand miles from Montreal, and up to date she can be found in New York. I do not know which proved the most fascinating—the pretty little curly-haired Jewess or the poker, or which proved the most costly to me.

## CHAPTER VI.

## TROUBLE WITH THE MEN.

For several years after our firm got control of the Land Company's territory I had a large number of men in the bush stripping the lands tributary to the Trent River of what pine the other lumbermen, who had previously cutover it, had left behind, along with a few pieces of virgin tracts. Some seasons I had as many as fifteen shanties in operation, and I had to perform an enormous amount of work, but I was fortunate in always getting good crews—generally the best in the country. Only one season did I encounter serious trouble, when I had the first and only big strike that ever occurred in the bush.

The strike occurred about this way : In the months of August and September I had engaged and taken up to the bush some of the best timber makers to be had in Canada, having selected them in Quebec, Ottawa, Peterborough and other points. Timber makers' wages were rating high that season, and as I was going to take out an enormous raft on a virgin limit—the only one that was left on the Land Company's territory—I was more than usually cautious in selecting the crews, which at the time were difficult to pick up. So my rate of wages averaged high, for labour is like any other commodity, if only the best is selected a higher rate must be paid. My rate, however, was no higher than those current among the other large concerns. Besides, putting men in the woods as early as we were doing that season was against our getting a low rate, for men do not care to go to the bush so early in the season, usually preferring to enjoy themselves a few weeks in the cities, towns and villages after coming off the drives. In addition to this, work is generally plentiful outside, and good wages are paid for harvesting or working in a saw mill ; and then again the days are long and warm in the bush at that time of the year. However, I got all the men I wanted and everything went well until along in the month of October the head of the firm wrote up to me to make a twenty per cent. cut in the wages of all my men. He said that he could send up car loads of men at the lower rate.

Now such a thing as a cut in the men's wages had never before been heard of in the bush ; neither had a combined strike of the men ever occurred. The view the men took of it was that they were being imposed upon, for they knew that they could have obtained the same rate of wages from other firms when they engaged with me, and being away back in the

bush they knew nothing of the drop that had not only occurred in wages, but in timber and lumber ; neither did they care. They claimed a bargain was a bargain ; they had signed papers for the run or until the shanties closed in the spring, and they were prepared to carry out their part of the contract.

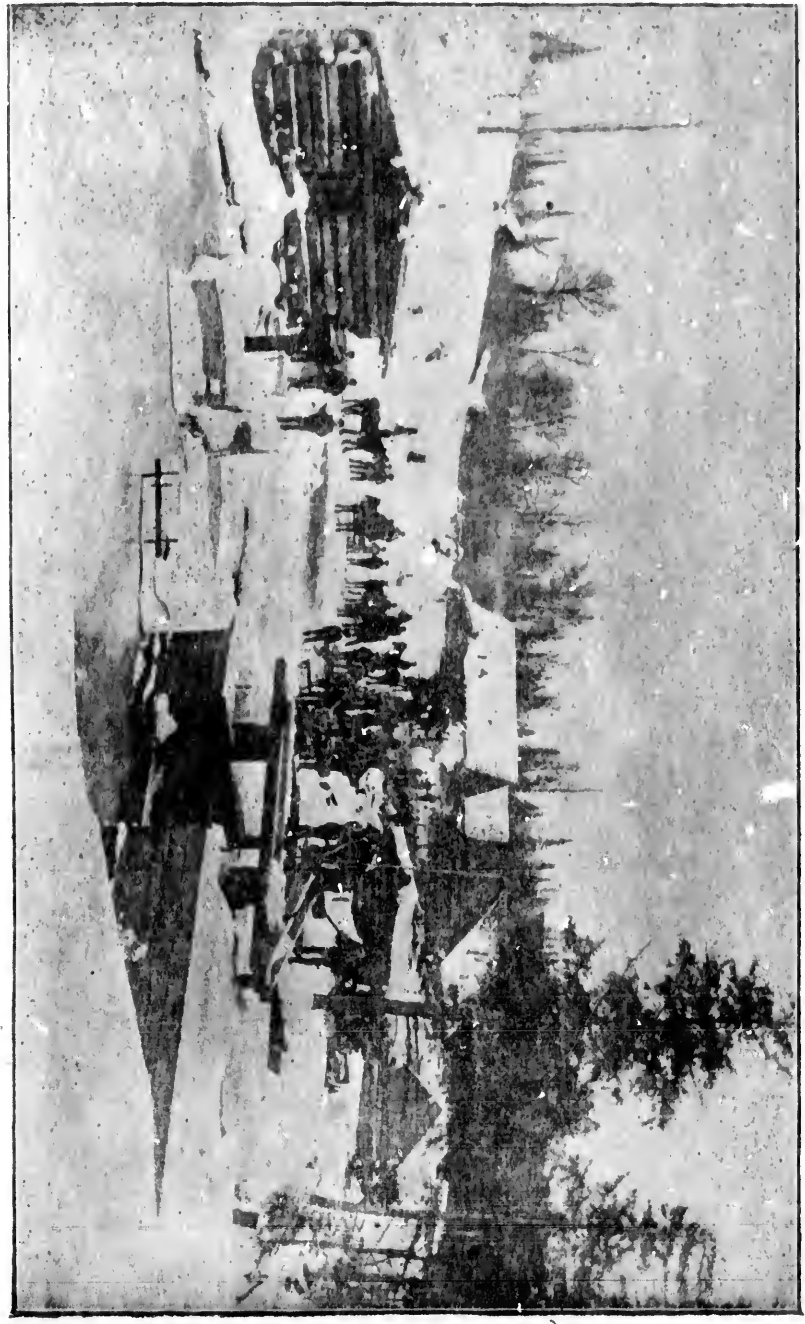
I wrote back to the firm and explained how the men felt about it, and said if enforced it would cause a lot of trouble, and prove a big loss to the firm. I received a reply that the cut must be made, and that it would go into effect on the 1st of November. I again wrote in reply and said that I would make no cut, and if the firm still wished to go on with it, for them to send some one up and do it for I would not, for I said I knew that the greater part of our men would "jump" us rather than remain at the reduced wages. Besides, I said it would make it next to impossible to obtain good men another year.

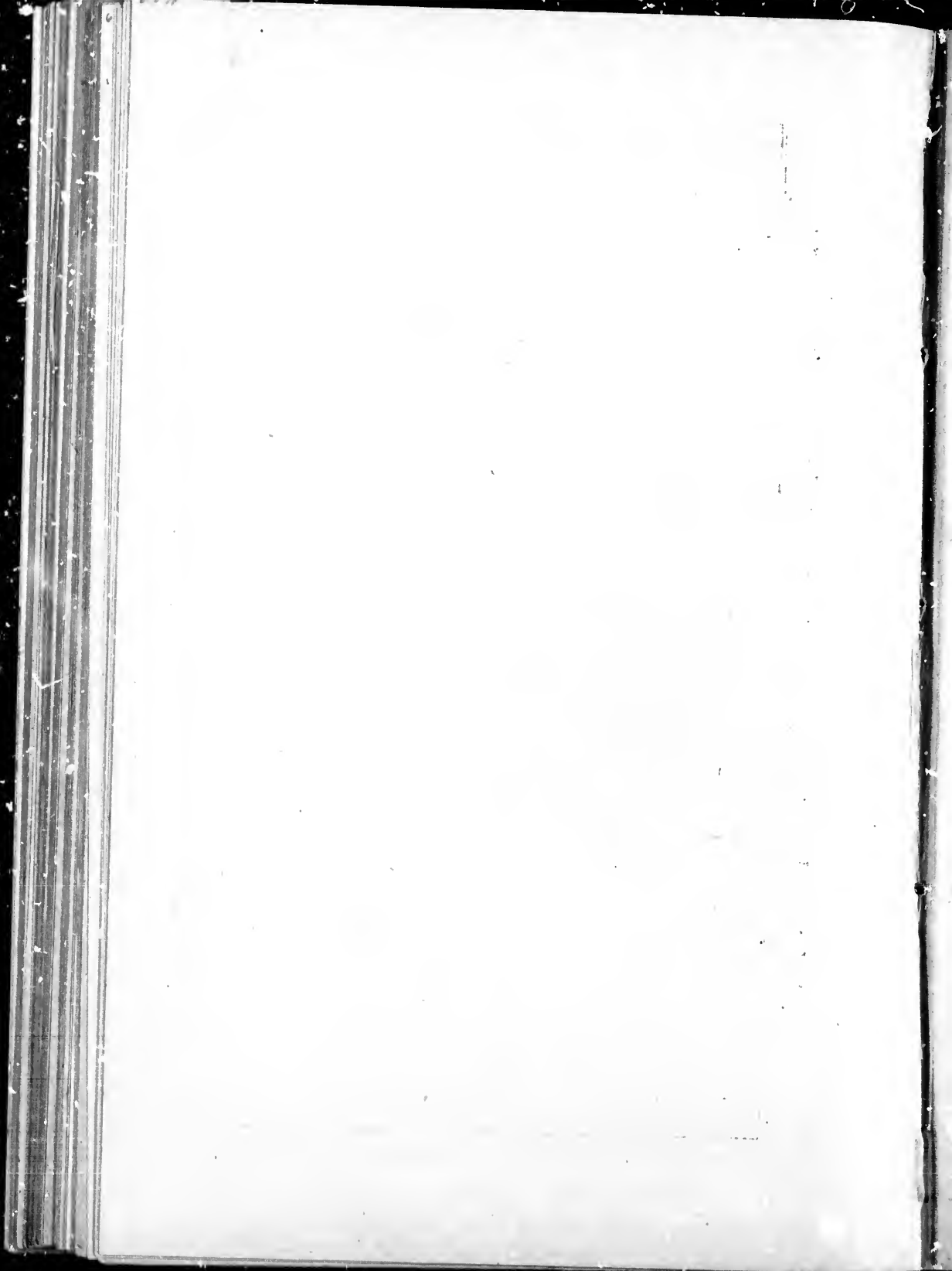
A few days later up came "his nibs" with a big force of men, to replace any of those who would not accept the reduction. Nearly two-thirds of the timber makers would not, and were settled up with and paid off. Of course all work was suspended in the shanties for several days, and threats and vows of vengeance made ; many of the men wanted to take "his nibs" out and string him up to a tree ; others proposed to fire the camps, and there was "Halifax" to pay generally, for a few hundred men such as shanty men are when fairly aroused in a just cause, as they knew theirs was, are a dangerous element to fool with. Fortunately, I had great influence with them and begged them for my sake not to do anything which they would be sorry for afterwards. There was no whiskey to be got nearer than forty miles, and that fact alone saved his nibs' life and those of many of the men he brought up with him. As it was, when nearly all the men from one of the far shanties had been settled with, and had departed, there was nearly being bloodshed, for eight or ten big strapping fellows, who had already been settled with, marched back into the office in a body. "His nibs," (the manager) the chief clerk, and I were in the office. His nibs and the clerk were sitting at a table facing each other when the men marched in and the leader of them enquired how they were to get their large trunks down to the lake, which was ten miles distant. His nibs replied that he did not care a — how they got them down. Quick as a flash his nibs got a blow on the neck from one of the men, and then I knew we were in for it. His nibs countenance assumed a sickly hue, and he either fainted or did something worse, for he did not speak or attempt to get up from his seat or in any way try even to defend himself.

I instantly drew my revolver and fired in among the men, being careful not to hurt any one. This had the desired effect ; the men tumbled out of the office in short order, and immediately got their trunks, emptied their clothes out and made a bon fire of the trunks right in front of the office,

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MESSRS. GILMOUR'S DEPOT SHANTIES, ALGONQUIN PARK, MUSKOKA, ONT. (See page 27.)





and with curses and yells, took their departure. During the noise and confusion his nibs and the clerk never spoke or moved ; they were too terrified, and if I had their picture as they sat there I would place it in this book, and that picture alone would no doubt sell hundreds of copies. It was a lesson to his nibs, for never after did he mention anything 'about reducing the men's wages. The timber that season was the last our firm ever put on the Quebec market, for that raft caused a loss of at least one hundred thousand dollars to the firm, for the men his nibs brought up knew no more about making timber than he did himself, but as he hired them to make timber, I let them make it, and they ruined the raft. The men that accepted the reduced wages and remained on purposely jumped punks and let it rot, &c., in the sticks, and in other ways, spoiled the raft, so that when it arrived in Quebec no one would buy it, and the firm after keeping it in the cove three years, had to get it all re-made and then sell it for a very low price. It sickened our firm, and they gave up the timber part of the business ; anyhow, they had no more pine left that was fit to make into timber.

In another season or so afterwards I finished cutting all the pine left on the English Land Company's nine townships that would pay to take out in sawlogs. What little that was left was away on top of some almost inaccessible rock, or else a few rough and rotten trees scattered here and there miles away from any improved stream. The Ottawa lumbermen had cleared out all the timber that was on waters tributary to the Ottawa river ; and so all the large pine trees that had so "embarrassed" the Land Company in the early days, had, after nearly a quarter of a century, been cut and removed "don't you know" by "those lumbermen," and the lands are now ready for settlement, and should sell fast, for most of the settlers' hardest work has been done by the philanthropic lumberman, at enormous expense. Some of the finest and largest Canadian pine that ever went to Quebec or ever was sawed into a deal plank or boards, was cut on those same lands, and more than one lumber concern made a million or more of dollars out of the Englishmen's pine trees, "don't you know."



## CHAPTER VII.

## AN IMPORTANT EVENT CELEBRATED.

It was decided to give a grand ball and supper in the Haliburton Town Hall in order to celebrate the removal of the last of the pine from the Haliburton district. A meeting was called and the following gentlemen were appointed a committee of management : Jo'n Ferguson, M. P., now for South Kenfic, the bush superintendent for J. R. Booth of Ottawa ; Norman Barnhart, bush superintendent for Mossom Boyd & Co., Bobcaygeon ; Archibald Reddell, bush superintendent for Bronson & Weston, Ottawa ; John Ellis, bush superintendent for Green & Ellis, Fenelon Falls ; Joseph Gould, bush superintendent, Uxbridge ; and myself as secretary and master of ceremonies. Supper and music was brought specially from the city, and no expense was spared to make it an event worthy of the occasion. The hall was beautifully decorated with bunting, and the tools used in bush and river by lumbermen. The best brands of real Havanna cigars and sparkling wines were there in abundance, while many ladies were present from a distance, dressed with exquisite taste.

Our firm could not credit me that it was possible that all those pine trees had been cut, so they got Mr. J. B. McWilliams, the Ontario Government Superintendent of Bush Rangers, to take a number of the best bush experts up and thoroughly look over the lands, but they only confirmed the report. Mr. McWilliams, I may say, is probably the best judge of pine and cleverest bushman in Canada to-day, and knows more about what is left of Canada's greatest source of wealth than any other man alive, for he has personally travelled over all the lumbering districts, and if he could be induced to write a book it would without a doubt contain information of great value, and such as no other person could give.

Our firm missed a great chance when they did not sell the lands back to the Ontario Government, who were then looking for a locality for a National Park, (a la Yellowstone). Some of our firm brought the matter, so I was told, before Sir Oliver Mowat, who, report says, would not even promise to take it into his "serious consideration." Sir Oliver knew he wanted a National Park, and our firm thought he wanted a national cemetery, for that would have been where his political grave would have been dug if he had bought those lands. That word "Yellowstone" done it all, for our firm knew that they had almost every other kind of stone on

their lands excepting "Yellowstone." No doubt they never thought Sir Oliver would be so particular about the color of the stone, for report says Sir Oliver was always color blind.

Elsewhere is a photograph which shows a jam of saw logs at Fenelon Falls. I put it in because it will not only give the reader an idea of what a jam of saw logs looks like, but it also shows men at work, myself among the number. This was the last drive of saw logs our firm cut in the English Company's lands.

The jam not only knocked the corner off the saw mill, shown on the left side of the photograph, but also knocked down a wooden bridge, or rather two sections of it, that was there used for crossing over to the saw mill shown on the right hand side of the picture. All of our drive of three or four million feet of logs got jammed in the eddy below the Falls, (only a small part of the jam is shown in the photograph), the greater part having been broken and the logs had floated down stream before the artist came around. That jam was caused partly through carelessness and partly through a dense fog that prevailed preventing the men seeing the jam; forming.

The body of water shown in the slide close to the mill is where the logs and timber run down. The Falls at Fenelon are of great beauty, and were named after the Abbe Fenelon, a Jesuit Priest who discovered it some two hundred years ago. A magnificent lock on the Trent Valley Canal is constructed on the right of the large stone grist mill, shown in photograph. It used to take us three months to get our drives down from the English Land Company's territory to Fenelon Falls, a distance by water of over a hundred miles, and to get from there to Peterborough would take us two months longer. Of course in those days we used horses and a capstan, as shown elsewhere, to pull the logs across the many beautiful lakes in the Trent waters, and it was a slow process. The "alligator" tug does much better and quicker work, and will probably make at least a month's difference in the time and with less than half the men at that.

I cannot close my reference to Fenelon Falls without saying that quite a number of men have lost their lives at this place in running timber and logs. I saw one of my best and bravest foremen lose his life there, just where the reader can see men standing on the logs nearest to the Falls. The poor fellow (Douglass by name) was thrown off the timber and struck by a passing stick and he sank before any of us could get out into the boiling eddy to save him. Such is the fate of many a brave river man.

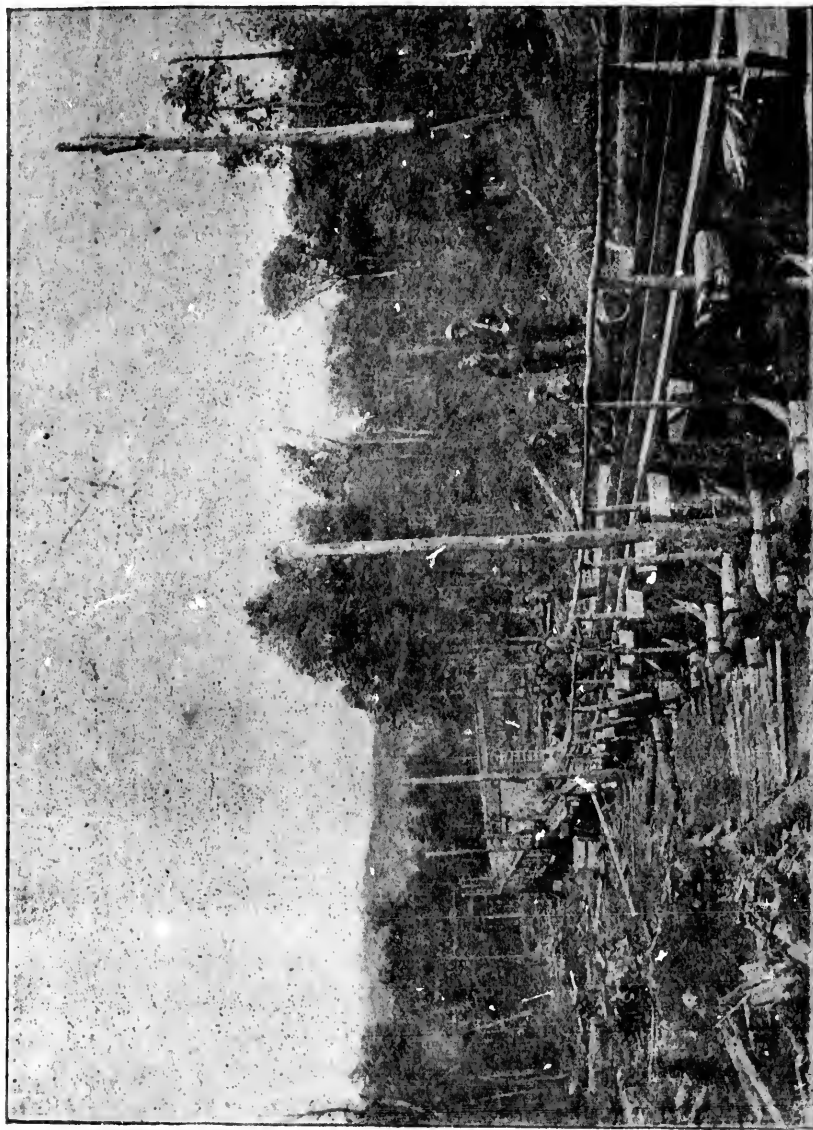
The large saw mill shown in illustration on the left hand side of the Falls, was purchased two years ago by J. W. Howry & Sons, of Saginaw, Mich., who also purchased at the same time about two hundred million feet—almost all virgin pine on the Trent waters; in fact they got the only

virgin pine left on these waters, so the mill will be historical as having cut the last saw log that grew on the banks of the waters tributary to the Trent. The Howry Co. equipped the mill with all the latest improved machinery, including band saws. The mill property and the limits cost the firm nearly two million dollars.

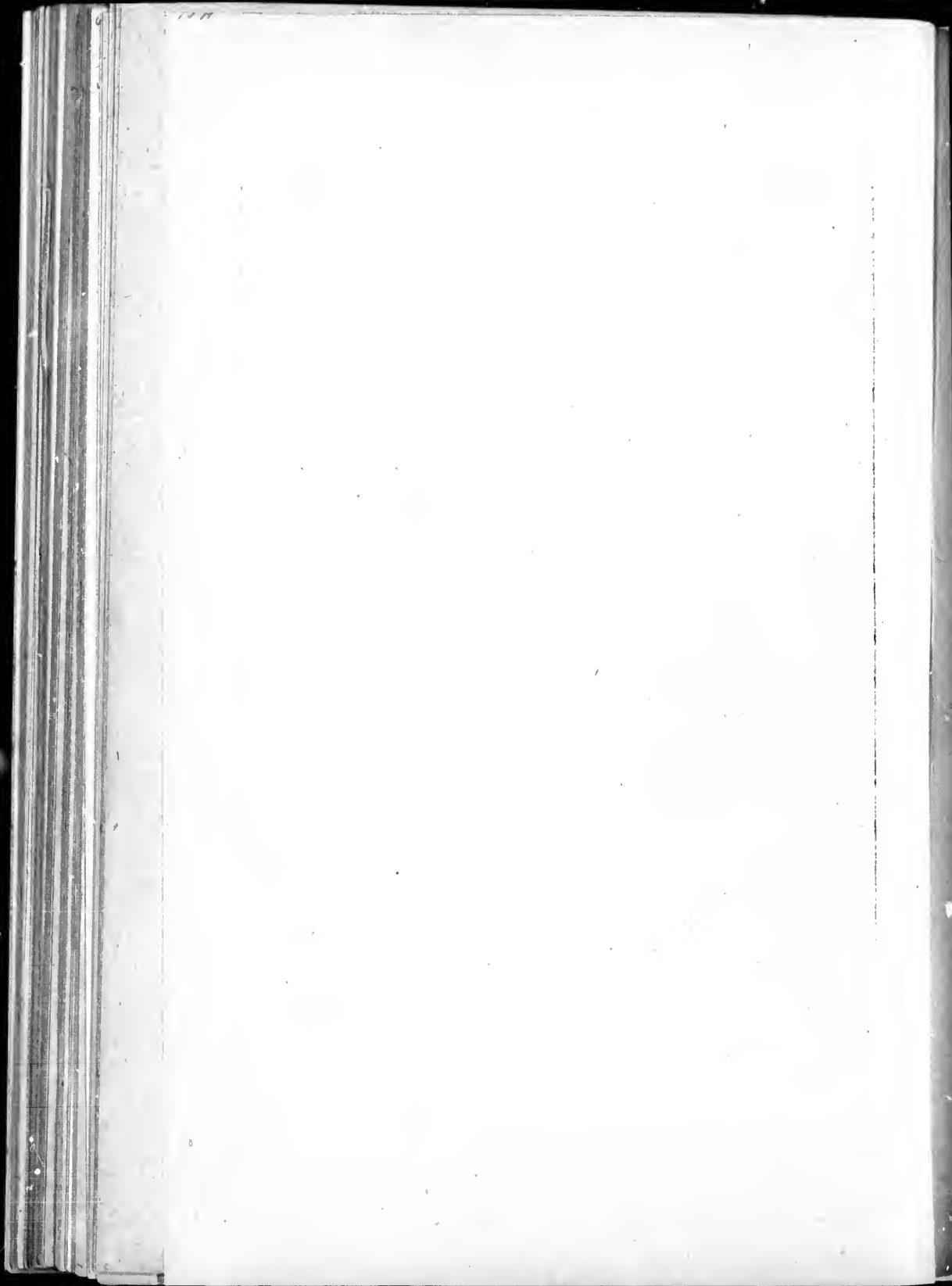
Our firm went out of business as soon as the last pine had been cut off the English Land Company's territory, and I, like that old hero we read about, had to look around for other worlds to conquer. So ended my connection of many years with this firm—and a remarkable concern it was in more ways than one, not the least of which was the number of persons connected with it that were affected with mental troubles at one time or other, and all were persons possessed of good business ability and all principals or heads of the concern. I have already intimated who one of the sufferers was; the next to go was Superintendent Taylor, who, after a few years residence in Manitoba, accumulated a considerable fortune, and worrying over his wealth drove him insane. I got word from the asylum authorities at Winnipeg and Portage la Prairie that Taylor claimed that I was a relation of his, and I was the only relation that they could find. I wrote back that I was not, but that I would go up as soon as my business would permit. Before I was able to go I received word that Taylor was dead, only living a short time after his mind gave way. Taylor wanted to leave his wealth to me, so the authorities wrote, although not even a letter passed between us. I told him, however, before he went to Manitoba, part of the history of my life, and it seemed to interest him very much, and when alone together he would often talk to me about it. Steve Thompson had also moved out to Manitoba shortly after Taylor went, the two living only a short distance apart. So when they heard Taylor raving about me they sent for Steve, but Taylor would have nothing to say to him. After Taylor's death I wrote Steve to see about the property Taylor had left and what shape it was in. Steve answered that the woman who had lived with Taylor as housekeeper and her children (the children especially) had a better moral claim to the property than I had; and advised me to leave them in peaceable possession. I took his advice; that was the first and last letter I ever received from Steve.

The next person to be troubled mentally was the wife of one of the principal members of the firm—a most beautiful, highly accomplished and clever lady, a daughter of one of the oldest, richest and best families in Canada, and a family whose members are noted for their great business ability, benevolence and kindness to all, and therefore greatly respected by everyone. The lady, I am greatly pleased to say, recovered and is now her former lovable self, and I sincerely hope will continue so.

The next was the concern's chief bookkeeper. Nothing else could be expected would happen any one who would keep the books for such a con-



MESSERS. GILMOUR'S CELEBRATED SLIDE AND TRAMWAY  
*From Lake of Bays to Senora's Lake, Muskoka, Ont.*



cern as ours was. Only a short time ago I read part of the manuscript of this book to him, including the above passage, and he enjoyed a hearty laugh over it; so now there is not much wrong with him.

The next one was the writer, but of that I will tell the reader later on. As to whether I have recovered or not, whoever has read this book so far will be the best judge—that is if reading it has not put the reader crazy.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### I GO UP THE OTTAWA RIVER.

After my connection ended I made an engagement with one of the largest monetary institutions in Canada, and took charge of a party of thirty to go up and examine, estimate and make a report upon the quantity of pine and its value upon a large tract of territory situated in the Lake Temiscamnique and Lake Kippewa district on the Upper Ottawa river in the Province of Quebec. I had two surveyors in my party—Mr. Cotton, of Ottawa, and Mr. Blackwell, of Peterborough—who accompanied the party to take notes and make plans of the territory as the Bush Rangers travelled and estimated it. Sixteen of the party were composed of some of the best expert Bush Rangers that could be got, and the balance was made up of Frenchmen and Indians, whom I took along to haul or pack the camping equipment and supplies and do the cooking for the party.

We collected together and made our start from Ottawa, where I purchased most of our supplies and completed the outfit on our arrival at Mattawa, at Murray & Loughrin's immense store at that point. Mr. John Loughrin, now M. P. P., did all in his power to assist us, and gave me a lot of useful information about the Upper Ottawa and the best route to get up to the territory. Mr. Loughrin also secured us a dozen teams and sleighs to go up with as far as Lake Kippawa.

That was the first time I had ever met Mr. Loughrin, and to say that he is a hustler feebly expresses what I would like to say of him. When getting ready the morning we were leaving Mattawa to start the sleigh part of our journey, Mr. Loughrin gave me valuable assistance in loading up and collecting everything and getting the party started. He appeared to be all over and to be talking English, French and Indian all at one time, for I know he speaks these three languages and probably several others. On reaching the head of Lake Kippewa I divided my party, one half taking a northwesterly course on up to Lake Temiscamnique, and



Mr. Blackwell taking his party up the main stream that runs into Lake Kippewa, which is quite a large river.

I made a cache of our supplies at the head of Lake Kippewa, so that our packing or toboggan men belonging to the party could come out at any time and haul it in as required and also get any mail arriving for any of the party as well as bringing out the surveyors and men's reports to me. I left an Indian in charge of the cache. The two parties were about seventy miles apart and often were a hundred, and travelling from the cache where I made my headquarters to where the parties would be camped used to take me two days, and the night spent on the way up. The Indian who accompanied me would usually crawl into a snow bank. We each had a blanket of rabbit skins, made in the shape of a bag, in which we would crawl feet foremost and then work ourselves backwards, of course into a snow bank, and then pull the hole we made in after us. The Indian used to claim that he was always nice and warm though the thermometer was often forty below zero. Whether he was or not, I do not know ; I do know that I used to be half frozen with cold, and occasionally in the morning when I crawled out if I found only a few toes, fingers or my nose frozen, I would think I had put in a fairly comfortable night.

The men were supplied with tents in which a small stove would be used. The stoves I got specially made of sheet iron, with hinges on the corners, so that it could be folded up flat and portaged on the toboggans easily.

The men would shovel out with their snow shoes a space sufficiently large enough for the tent, then strew the space with balsam boughs a foot or so deep, then set up the tent. The banks of snow around the tent kept off the cold winds, and then a little fire in the stove kept the tent quite comfortable as well as afforded means of cooking—at night each man in the party took his spell of one hour keeping the stove fired up, then when his hour was up he woke up the next in turn to go on duty and so on till through the night, lots being drawn each evening by the whole party to decide which should go on duty first. Once a week, and sometimes twice a week, camp would have to be moved to keep near the bush rangers—moving about six miles each time. So when I would visit a party in an interval of a couple of weeks or so, I had to be careful or I would miss them, instructions being left for me at each of their camping places as to how to proceed to the next place. A piece of birch bark attached to a stick and stuck up near the camp ground was always left for me ; and written on it were the instructions. So my Indian and myself seldom had any difficulty in finding our way.

Timber berths or limits in the province of Quebec are laid out in a different way to what they were in Ontario. In the former the usual way is for the government to sell so many miles commencing or starting from some point on the shore of some lake or bank of a stream—so



many miles up and back of it ; therefore the lakes and streams are the only boundary in many cases. Then after purchasing the lumberman has to stirke any lines he needs to keep him within the limit he has bought ; he is obliged to be very careful, for if he gets outside of his limits either into the Government lands or his neighbours, it is a serious matter for him, and he will probably be made pay a large bill of damages for any trees he may have even only cut down, just the same as if he had taken them away or removed them.

Twenty or thirty years ago when pine was cheap, trespassing or stealing pine was one of the tricks of the trade, and often timber sufficient for a whole raft was stolen from the government, and sometimes from off a neighbour's limits ; but those days have gone by, and since pine has got to be of such enormous value it is far safer and easier to steal a lumberman's daughter or perhaps his wife than it is even to steal one pine tree from his limits, for the pine trees are watched close and kept better track of than are usually his daughters or wife. And generally it is not a very safe thing for a dude with no brains to try to steal one of those wealthy lumbermen's daughters, as quite a few of their papas are more than ordinarily rusty characters, and are not noted for their mildness of speech ; but if the young man has brains papa will often talk to him kindly, even if he has not a cent of cash.

A story is told of a certain curate who was paying his attentions to the lovely daughter of a very wealthy lumberman. The old gentleman was possessed of a more than ordinary violent temper, and when in one of his evil moods thought little of taking off his hat and jumping on it, and would follow this exhibition of passion by using language not found in Webster's or any other dictionary. Some of the wags of the curate's congregation advised the curate to give his prospective father-in-law a few words of advice when a favorable opportunity should occur, which soon after presented itself. On the occasion referred to the old gentleman invited the curate to take a drive out into the county with him, and after they had travelled a few miles the curate introduced the subject that was bearing so heavily on his mind. The old gentleman was so indignant at the curate presuming to charge him with what he claimed he never did in his life, that he almost threw the curate out of the rig, using at the same time language the curate had not studied at Oxford. Crestfallen the poor curate had to trudge back home on foot. All the same the old gentleman admired the curate's pluck, for he no longer objected to the marriage. So the curate married the lovely daughter and to-day he is one of the most gifted and talented ministers of his church in Canada.

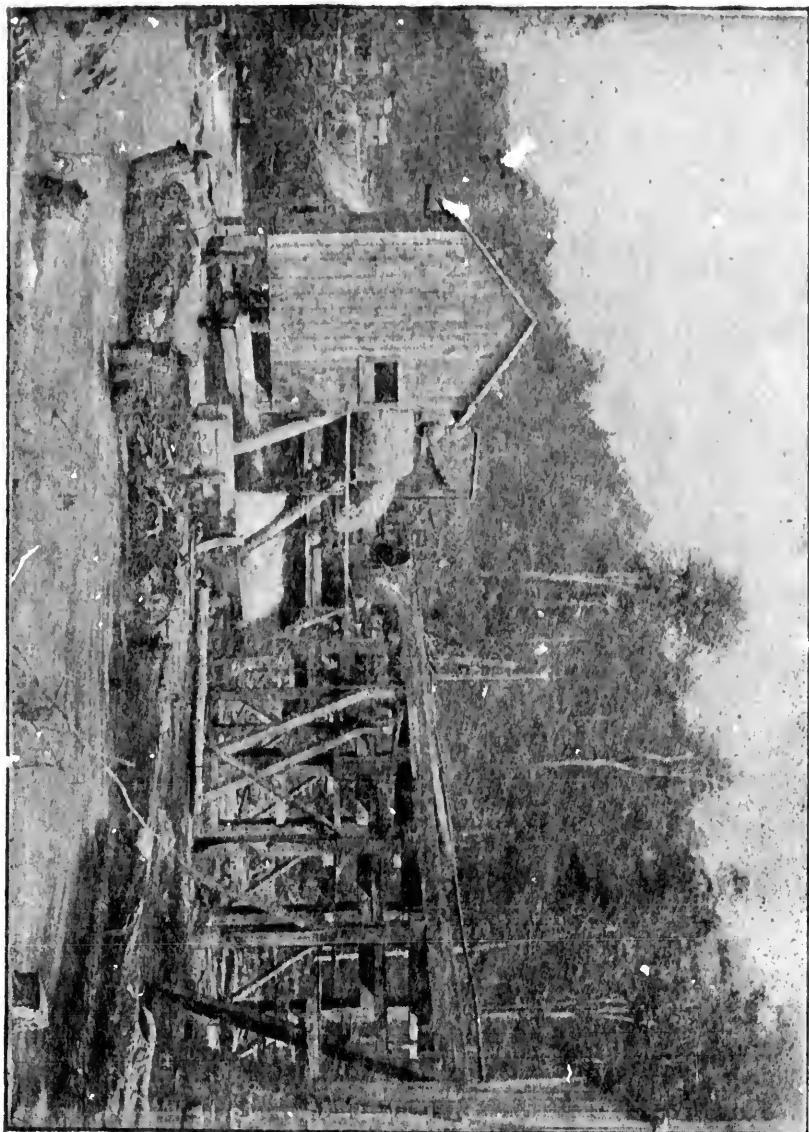
The Ottawa river is the boundary line between the provinces of Quebec and Ontario, and without exception at one time and has even yet more valuable white pine standing on its banks than any other river on the continent of America.

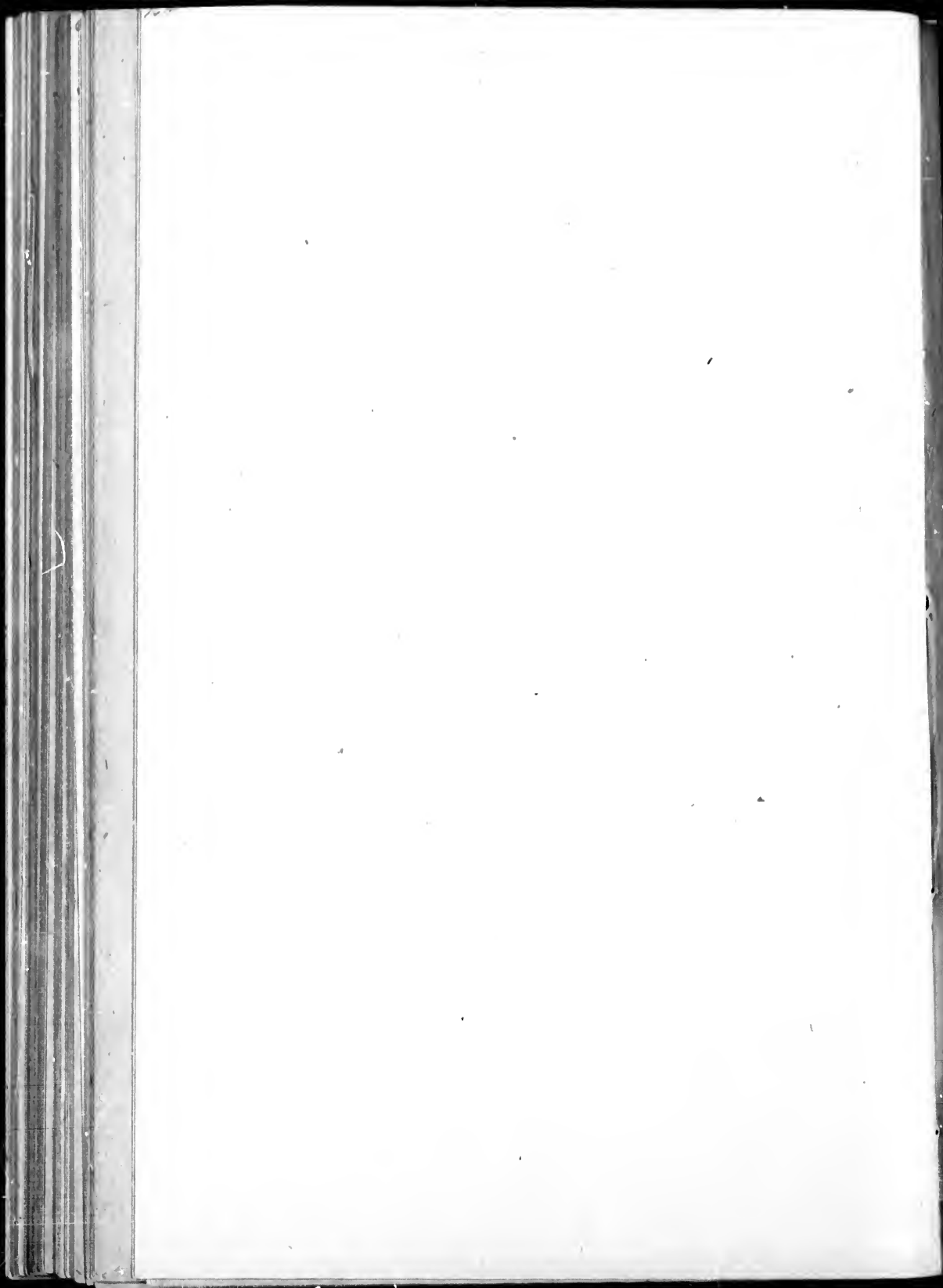
The term "Upper Ottawa" means the river and its tributaries above the city of Ottawa. Immense quantities of pine have already been taken off its banks. For years past several lumber concerns have taken out not only enormous rafts of square timber, but nearly one hundred million feet of logs annually as well, and there are numbers of other firms who operate on it who annually take out forty to fifty million feet of logs, and concerns can be counted almost by the dozen which take out from five to twenty million feet annually along that river. Of course if this enormous outflow is kept up the land will soon be stripped of the most valuable pine, but I do not think any man living to-day will see it. The white and red pine of the Ottawa was always noted for its good quality, and always commanded a good price. Many men have made themselves millionaires out of the pine forests of the Ottawa, and probably many more will do so in the future.

I will try to give the reader some idea of how Bush Rangers make an estimate of the quantity of pine on a given territory or limit. On arriving near they keep close watch to find the boundary mark of the territory, which may be only a point of land or a rock on the shore of some lake on the mouth of a river or stream, or more frequently, a tree or trees marked or blazed with an axe, which probably has been put there twenty or thirty years previously. Often hundreds of other trees since have been blazed in a similar way near it by lumbermen and others in marking out roads and trails, so that it is often difficult to strike the right spot, and even the best experts are frequently at fault. A tedious and long search is often made before one is sure that the right boundary has been found. Wood posts have of late years been placed to mark such places and thus make it easier for the Bush Ranger. He is sure then that he has the right place. When the starting point is settled to the Bush Ranger's mind he either puts up his tent there or may move up into the territory before he camps and makes a start in estimating. In the old days, when pine was cheap, the Bush Ranger would ramble around the territory long enough to make it certain that there were enough trees on the territory or close to it to make sufficient square timber, the profit on which would more than repay them for the whole sum asked for the territory several times over. If it would not in their opinion do that they would not purchase it, for the trees that would only make saw logs were never taken into their calculations at all. It was dead easy to Bush Ranger in those days, especially if it turned out that he had made a wrong calculation, for all he had to do was to increase the territory by cutting any timber that came handy on adjoining territory, and no one would probably be any the wiser. That day has long gone past. Now, when the territory has been reached care is taken to keep account of the course one travels more minutely than even a captain keeps of the course of his vessel, and an expert Bush Ranger can tell you just the spot he is in in the bush wherever

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you may meet him at any time and not be fifty feet out in his calculation; and it is easily and simply done. He carries a plan or book in which he makes a map or chart of each day's work, carefully tracing in it the course he has taken from the time he gets his starting point in the limit and commences to estimate. Every step he makes he counts, and five hundred steps carries him over a quarter of a mile of ground, or two thousand steps a mile. Try it on a measured mile a few times and it will surprise you how close you can come to it; use only the ordinary step when walking. The compass he holds in his hand all the time tells him the course he is travelling, and by it he can keep "tab" of any zig-zaging or tacking he does, for it is not often one can walk in a straight line in the bush. Ten miles a day is a good day's work in the bush when estimating, but sometimes, if good snow shoeing, a longer distance can be travelled. Of course the closer the territory is travelled and examined the better estimate can be made, and often every tree is not only counted but an inspection made of it so as to get an idea as to its soundness, by which a general average can be made of the whole lot on the limit, and so expert will some of the Bush Rangers become that after examining a given territory they can compute within a few thousand feet, board measure, what it will cut out. But to get it down that fine takes up a lot of time and money, as experts draw big pay. Where the best experts or top sawyer's come in is to take in the value of the pine on the limit and the probable quantity of it in a limited time, and make a snap shot deal or bargain on that basis. The extent of the option given on the sale of a limit is seldom over thirty days, though in an extreme case and an extra big territory, sometimes three months is given to look over it, but as a rule the holder does not care to tie his property up for so long a time unless he is pretty sure of making a sale to the party who wants to look it over. So it takes years of experience and hard work before one becomes an expert Bush Ranger. In one celebrated case at law over a disputed estimate made on a certain pine limit, the Hon. E. Blake asked Mr. William Irwin (who is one of the best Bush Rangers and probably the most expert one in Canada) if estimating pine was not like guessing the number of beans in a bottle. Mr. Irwin answered, "no, to him it was not, but that it probably would be to Mr. Blake." Mr. Blake then requested Mr. Irwin to explain how he did it, or how he got the necessary knowledge and information to be able to tell the quantity of pine on a large territory, and Mr. Irwin answered that question in the usual Irishman's way—and a witty as well as sharp one is Mr. Irwin—for he asked Mr. Blake to just tell him how he got his great knowledge of law. So probably Mr. Irwin's reply to Mr. Blake will after all give the reader the best idea of this subject.

We did not get through working over the Upper Ottawa limits until it was too late to get down on the ice, so we had to wait until navigation opened, and then come down in canoes—which we got from the Indians

who are quite numerous in the territory. These Indians were a very honest lot, for often we would leave our provisions, &c., for days together on some trail where they passed daily but not a thing was ever taken.

After giving in our reports and settling up satisfactory to all, the manager of the bank for whom we were working presented me with a cheque for quite a handsome sum over and above my stipulated fee.

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## CHAPTER IX.

### I AM BANQUETED IN BUFFALO.

By this time I had accumulated considerable wealth, and was considered to be one of the solid men of the town in which I was living in— and more, the name as well as the wearer of the name of Geo. S. Thompson was by that time getting to be well known in Ontario and Quebec. I considered I had done fairly well, and kept up the reputation of "the family" that I had so strangely become a member of. Steve had also got to be well to do, so I heard, and George's mother used to write me that she was extremely proud of the two of us.

I then thought I would try the Georgian Bay country for a while, for the Trent River was about lumbered out, and what little pine was left tributary to it was mostly in the hands of less than half a dozen persons, and the total quantity held by all combined did not, in my opinion, exceed four hundred million feet of fair average logs, and that would be taken out in small quantities; so practically lumbering on the Trent had gone forever, and it was a great pity, for the quality and size of this pine was by far the best of any in Canada, Michigan pine alone exceeded it in quality and size.

About this period of my life (the year 1886) I received an invitation from the Queen City Hunting Club, of Buffalo, N. Y., to come over and pay them a visit. I may say that since I made the trip to Rochester, referred to before, I had severely kept clear of the United States, but when the very pressing invitation of the Buffalo gentlemen reached me I thought it would be safe for me to venture over the borders once more.

The Queen City Hunting Club was that year composed of the Aldermen and ex-Aldermen and a few other Buffalo's most prominent citizens. The club had for many years previously paid Canada an annual visit for their hunt. They usually went up the limits north of Haliburton, where I had lumbered, and I think it was in the year 1885, when going up to their



hunting ground north of Haliburton, that they were caught in a terrific gale which suddenly sprung up while crossing Big Red Stone Lake, and they were badly wrecked, and several of their number had a narrow escape from drowning. As it was, most of their supplies were either lost or badly damaged, for the crafts they were in were mostly small skiffs or canoes. Our lumber depot and farm was at the head of Little Red Stone Lake. On their arrival there I did what I could to help them in their distress, and they claimed the assistance I gave them saved Alderman George Merchant's life, but I think the credit of doing that should be given Doctor Greene who was with the party. Be that as it may, when the club returned to Buffalo they had an account of the trip published in the newspapers of that city, and mailed copies of the same to me, and as I read it I actually blushed so that the plump and pretty house keeper that I had at our depot farm noticed it; and so remarked. She had a blush on her own face a second later, for I closed her mouth in a way that a pretty woman's mouth only should be closed by a man.

The following spring, subsequent to receiving the invitation I started for Buffalo, and on my arrival I found that a conspiracy had been entered into by the members of the club, their mothers, wives, daughters, cousins and aunts to kill me with kindness, for before I had been in the city a week I had many times been as dead as any corpse could be.

I have always been susceptible to the influence of pretty women although I always loved a pine tree. The moment I came in contact with one or the other, a sort of mesmeric or hypnotic influence is felt. So is it any wonder that I felt an easy victim to the conspiracy. The charms and graces of the ladies of the beautiful city of Buffalo are known the world over, while their consorts are only equalled by the old stock gentlemen of the Southern States. I can pay them no higher compliment than this. The night previous to my departure the *coup de grace* was given me, which left me *hors de combat*, and like the patriarch of old, I met my fate in a banquet hall, for at this affair, which took place in the Genessee Palace Hotel the president of the city council of Buffalo, G. W. Partridge, Esq., in the name of the club, presented me with a superb silver mounted Winchester rifle, which had been handsomely engraved. The names of the donors, as well as my own name, was inscribed on the side of the rifle. The twenty names represented Buffalo's wealthiest and most influential citizens. Speeches were made and toasts drank. I have a hazy idea about the toast drinking, and have been told since that I made a speech. I always denied it; if I did it was the first as well as the last I ever made. After partaking of a fifteen courses and other fixings, not to mention the toast drinking, can it be expected that any man could remember much of what he either said or did? I, however, remember the colored waiters, who were dressed in a gorgeous livery, even surpassing the livery worn by the valet that used to march behind

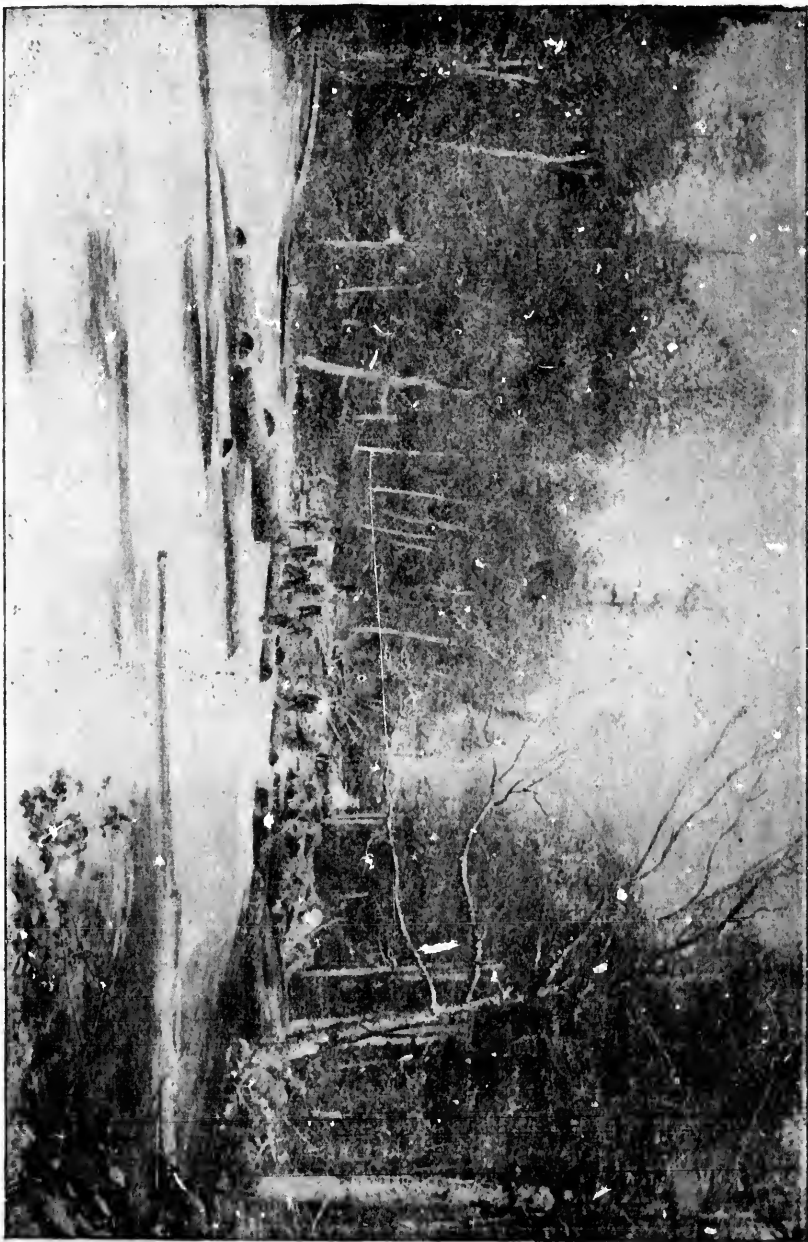
the Williams' kid in Haliburton. I also remember that after the toast list had got pretty well under way my colored friend in livery had great difficulty in making connection with a wax candle light and the end of my cigar; he seemed nervous, and his hand trembled and dodged round that sometimes I thought he appeared to have several candles in his hand. My coolness, nerve and steadiness under fire no doubt rattled him.

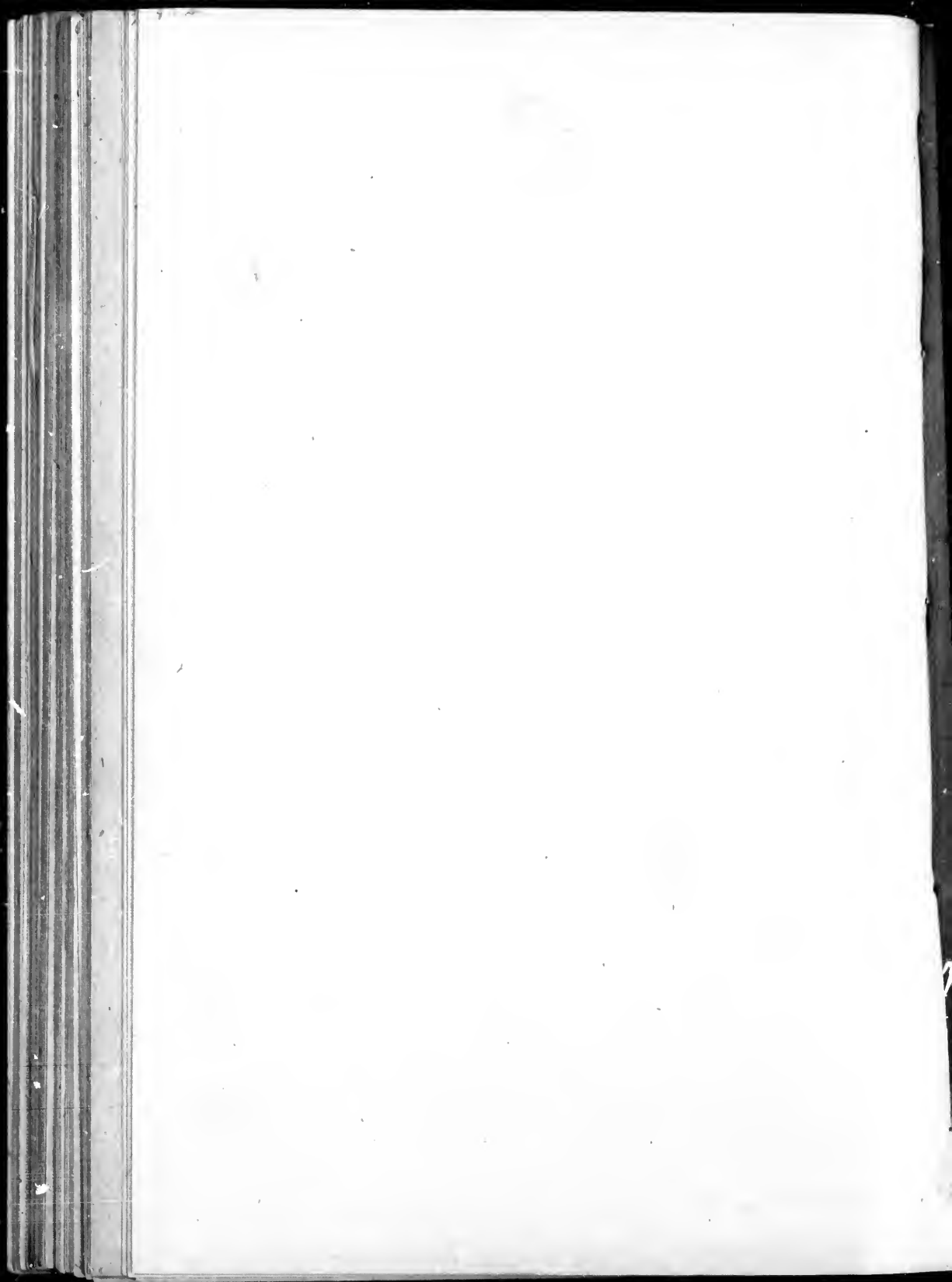
Just about this time I moved up to the Georgian Bay. The American lumberman in Michigan had turned their attention to the Canadian pine tributary to the Georgian Bay and Lake Huron. The Michigan pine, which is the best that ever grew on earth, was getting scarce, and that fact was leaving many of the Michigan concerns in a bad fix, for their large sawmills and costly outfits were dead stock on their hands unless they could get sawlogs to feed their sawmills. Besides, the salt works in connection with nearly all their sawmills in the Saginaw valley could not be continued, for the refuse of the sawmills supplied the fuel for the salt works. So in a manner it was a double loss to them if compelled to shut their sawmills down. So over to Canada they came, and soon astonished the Canadians by paying prices for standing pine that our Canadian firms had never dreamed of, and they shook their wise heads and said "those Americans were cracked in the brain." But I guess it was the other way about, for the Canadians were too slow. To give the readers an idea of the jump that took place in the price of pine, I will relate a few sample sales: In Parry Sound district was limit which a number of years previously had been purchased by a Canadian concern for the sum of seventy thousand dollars. The limit had been operated for several years and a large amount of sawlogs removed when along came an American who offered the concern two hundred thousand dollars cash for their limit alone. The sale was quickly made, for the Canadians thought they had struck a snap. So they had, and so did Mr. American, for he went back to Michigan and brought another American over to Canada with him to see the snap he had got. The new comer was so delighted that he asked his friend to name his price. "Four hundred thousand dollars, cash," was the reply, and the sale was then and there made, and the first American had just doubled his money in less than a year's time. He then went to another Canadian concern and asked them how much they would take for a slice of their large limits, and two of their sawmills. Three quarters of a million of dollars was the price asked, and they soon got their money. The first American again returned to Michigan and brought more of his friends over to Canada, and during their visit he sold them just about one half of his last purchase for nearly a million of dollars, cash. No doubt his conscience would not permit him to unload it all on the one party, so back again he went to Michigan and brought over quite a number of his friends and sold out the remaining half of his last

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DRIVING SAW LOGS ON CREEK TRIBUTARY TO FRENCH RIVER, SHEWING DAM IN THE DISTANCE.  
*The Hardy Lumber Company's Limits.*





de I to them for something close on a million dollars cash. Whether the Canadian Government also paid him a commission on the immigrants he secured or not, I never heard, but they should ; for he brought over some of the wealthiest immigrants and more of them than any immigrant agent the Government ever employed.

The French river is the largest stream that empties into the Georgian Bay. The huge inland lake, Nipissing, empties itself into the French river, and so does the great Wahnapiatae river, but that river empties into the French close to the Georgian Bay. The French river and its tributaries have the greatest quantity of virgin white and red pine on its banks of any river in Ontario to-day. It is all in the province of Ontario, and it is up that river that the Ontario Government holds the most valuable of their unsold pine, for the tributary to the French is the best average, both in size and quality, of any that grows on the North Shore of Georgian Bay, but the size and quality of all the pine on the North Shore is much inferior to the Ottawa river pine; it is also much more defective. To see it standing in the forest is very deceiving to one accustomed to the Trent and Ottawa river pine. A very small proportion of it is neither large enough or of a good enough quality to make waney or square timber. The trees are also much shorter than were the trees in the Trent or Ottawa, and they also taper much quicker. A three log average to the tree is about all that can be got, and on an average it takes ten to fifteen of the logs to cut up in one thousand feet of lumber, whereas in the Trent about six or even five logs would make a thousand feet, board measure, and in the Ottawa about eight logs would make the same amount.

Therefore comparatively very little board or square timber has been taken out on the North Shore, and what was, never brought a big price. A number of large streams empty into Lake Nipissing, the Sturgeon river being the largest; along whose banks is a virgin forest of pine still in the hands of the Ontario Government, and that forest is the most valuable asset the province holds to-day. The quantity of pine has never been even estimated by the Government, so it is unknown by anyone alive, but it must be very great.

J. R. Booth, the lumber king of the Ottawa, several years ago, with great foresight, saw that the pine tributary to Lake Nipissing would eventually become of great value, so he purchased immense tracts of pine forests on its shores and tributaries for a mere song. Then he constructed a railway from Lake Nipissing to Lake Nisbonsing, in the Mattawa river, a tributary of the Ottawa, and the railway enables him to carry over the logs and have them run down the Mattawa into the Ottawa, and so get them sawed at his mills at Ottawa. The railroad is ten miles long and is the best equipped of any piece road in Canada. About ten thousand pieces of saw logs can be put over it daily at a cost of about thirty cents per million feet, board measure.



The Holland Emory Company, of Saginaw, also built a railroad on their Wahnapiatae limits, for logging their large limits in that river. It was the first log road of that kind ever built in Canada, though they had been used to a great extent in Michigan, and found to be cheaper in the end than hauling logs on sleighs. The Holland Emory log road, including its branches, is close on to thirty miles long. It is a narrow gauge and they run three locomotives on it, one of which is specially constructed and geared up so that it will climb a grade with a load easier than an ordinary locomotive could get up light. The log road will be of immense service in the future for hauling out the ore of nickle, copper, gold and other minerals so plentiful in that district, and can also be used for removing the immense quantities of birch and other unfloatable woods in that section, and so in that way will act as a feeder to Canada's greatest highway, the C. P. R.

The illustration elsewhere is taken from a photograph of the largest load of saw logs ever drawn in Canada, up to that date, on sleighs. The load contains over fourteen thousand feet of lumber, board measure, and it was drawn by one pair of horses a distance of four miles. Great rivalry exists amongst shantymen as to which crew can send down to the dump the biggest load of logs in the season. The one shown in the illustration was hauled at one of the Holland Emory Company's shanties, on their Wahnapiatae limits. The number of pieces has since been beaten, but I doubt if the number of feet, board measure, has. Last winter a load of logs containing one hundred and ninety pieces were hauled at one of C. R. Eddy's shanties, at Cartier, on the Spanish river. Frank Race was the foreman of the shanty, and it stands as the champion load of the season of 1894-5. Of course the saw logs were of a small average size. The snow or rather ice roads have to be in the very best condition to haul such great loads, and it is expensive work getting a road in such prime condition. First, all the trees have to be cut out of the way for a space at least twenty feet wide, then the stumps have to be grubbed out and all the stones rolled to one side, and the bed has to be graded just similar to a railroad. Then when sufficient frost comes the snow is all shovelled or plowed and the bedway of the road is sprinkled with water just the same as the streets of a city are sprinkled. The water is allowed to freeze until it becomes several inches thick with ice, after which a planer is brought on and hauled over by a team of horses, and the ice is in that way brought up to as fine and polished a surface as a skating rink or even more so. Then a groover is put on, which is also pulled with a pair of horses, and grooves are made for the sleigh runners and the road is then ready. All the droppings of the horses is swept off clean, and a sprinkler kept going on the road often night and day. Snow storms interfere and cause a lot of trouble, as all has to be snow-plowed off after each fall of snow. The logs are loaded on to the sleighs by means of pulleys and a long chain,



and the horses pull up the logs on the sleighs. The runners of the sleighs are as wide apart as waggon wheels, and the bunks to hold the logs on the sleighs are twelve to fourteen feet wide. The teams start hauling at four each morning—long before daylight, and torches have to be used to give light. To see dozens of them dodging around as the men go up and down the hills, going out to their work, is a weird sight, while perhaps the thermometer is prowling around between forty and fifty degrees below zero. The teams often make trips of four miles or so and back for a second load before daylight. So a shantyman's life, either in the bush or when river driving, is anything but a bed of roses. Accidents in the bush are numerous, axe cuts being most plentiful. Trees falling on top of them through the wind blowing the tree across the cut is also the cause of many accidents. In fact it is a most dangerous life all through, and the casualties are more numerous than in some wars. A knowledge of a little surgery comes in useful to a foreman, clerk or bush superintendent, for he will often have occasion to put it to good use, and thereby save the life of some poor fellow, for the nearest doctor may be hundreds of miles away, and to send the injured man out is often an impossibility. Sunday is the only day a shantyman gets any rest and then he is often kept busy going on a still hunt for the shantyman's "pet insect" and destroying enough of them so that he can sleep in peace at nights for one week. On the river years past men used to work on Sundays the same as week days, but of late that has been abolished by most firms.

The Spanish River, next to the French, is the largest tributary to the Georgian Bay and there is an immense quantity of uncut pine on its banks and tributaries. The river is over five hundred miles long, and is one of the cheapest and quickest rivers to run logs down in Canada. There are a number of very large lakes emptying into the Spanish, and the C. P. R. main line runs parallel to it for over one hundred miles.

The Muskoka, Magnatewan, White Fish and Blind Rivers are the other principal rivers that empty into the Georgian Bay, and all of them still have immense quantity of pine on their banks and tributaries. I lumbered and travelled a lot on all of the territory on the North Shore, but to give the reader an idea of the quantity of the uncut pine on them would be an impossibility. But the inroads the Americans are making into it, vast as it is, will soon sweep it clean. Take that country all through, on an average, it will take nearly if not quite one thousand acres of territory to cut out one million feet of sawlogs. That is, and count in the vast territory on which the pine has all been years ago destroyed by fire. Of course some times a million feet is cut on one hundred acres, but that is considered a first-class cut, and so it is. On the Trent waters I often cut a million feet off fifty acres, and in Michigan some claim they have cut two million feet of a forty acre section. But take what pine is left on the

North Shore to-day, if it cuts out one million feet to every five hundred acres on green bush on the average is about all that can be expected of it.

The rivers tributary to the Georgian Bay deliver the logs down to the Bay early in the spring, and the rafting can be easily commenced in the month of June, and is continued on through the summer months until all the logs have been towed to the mills, at points on the north shore or over to Michigan sawmills. The logs that go across Lake Huron to Michigan mostly go to Bay City and Sagnaw City, but quite a number go to their points such as Alpena and Lowas cities, and also considerable long or dimension timber is towed right through to Tonawanda, below Buffalo on the Niagara River. The long timber for Tonawanda market is taken out the full length of the tree, after the tree is felled, being only butted and topped square. Of course the long and huge trees are very difficult to handle in the bush and river, as they often make a bad jam on the rapids, for they take so much water to float. Very few Canadian firms handle any of that class of timber. The reason for taking out the tree in its full length is so that it can be towed down the great lakes more quickly and more safely. Besides, on its arrival at the mills it can be cut into any length of size of a stick required.

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## CHAPTER X.

### LUMBERING ON THE GEORGIAN BAY.

The process of rafting is slow and expensive, a large augur hole being bored near both ends of each stick and a chain usually made out of three-quarters or one inch round iron, and about thirty feet long, is passed through the augur holes and so on through the next stick until the chain is all taken up. Then another chain is fastened on and the stringing continued until the raft is about one hundred feet wide ; then another cut is strung up same as the first and of the same width and coupled on by means of other chains to the first lot, and so on until a thousand pieces are in the raft, care being taken not to make the raft too long or the tug would have trouble in handling it going down the Detroit and Niagara rivers in passing other tows of barges and vessels. The quantity of pine taken out in the long length is comparatively small, the most desirable length of log for the American markets are those cut sixteen feet in length—the rafting of short logs is simple, merely consisting of enclosing from thirty

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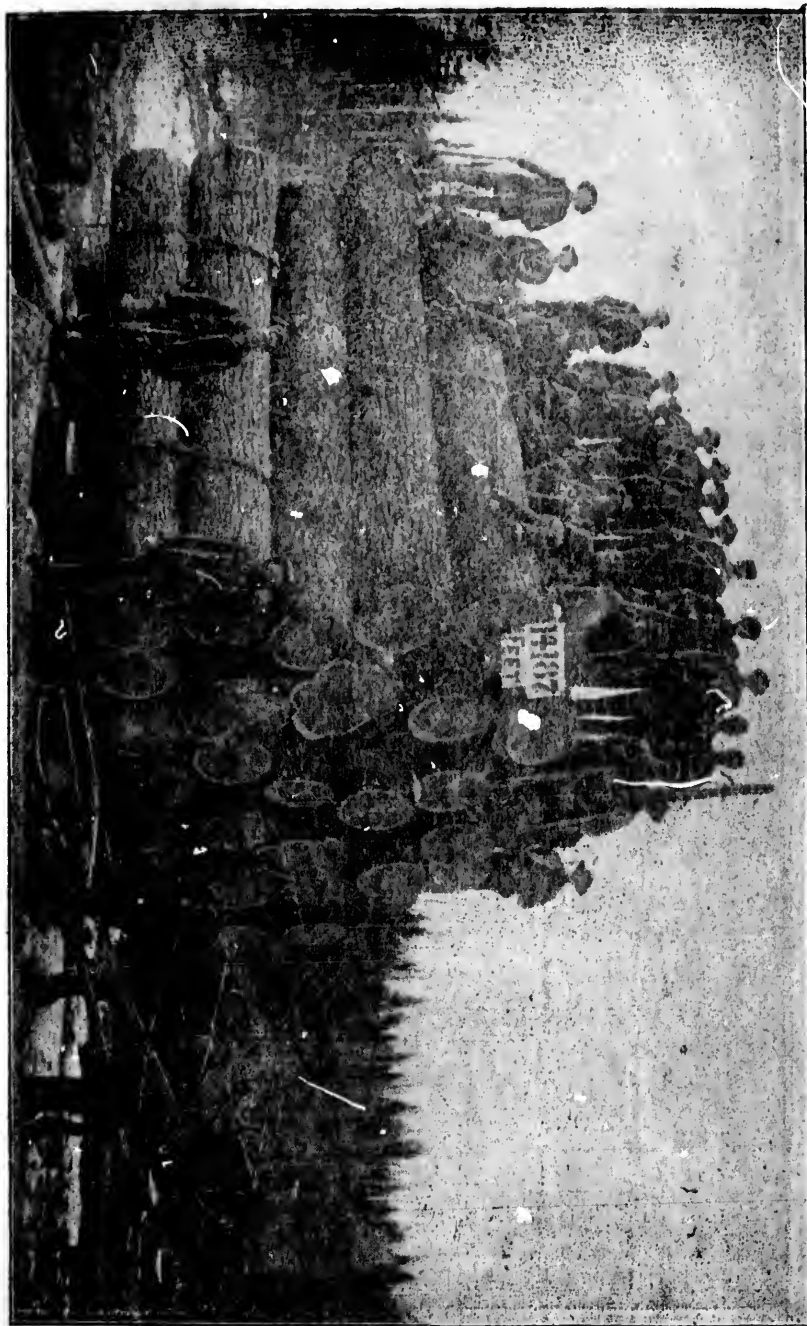
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MR. T. PICKARD'S CHAMPION LOAD OF SAW LOGS, DRAWN FOUR MILES BY THE PAIR OF  
HORSES SHEWEN HITCHED TO SLEIGHS.  
*On the Holland Emory Lumber Company's Limits, Wawatigata River, near Sudbury, Ont.*



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to sixty thousand pieces of logs in booms. When the sawlogs arrive at the Bay they are run out into store booms, and then when the big lake tug comes with the big booms, they are emptied into the big booms, and in a few hours the two is ready for the big tug to proceed on her trip.

The boom sticks used for towing across the lake are about twenty to thirty feet in length, and seldom one is less than thirty inches in diameter at the top end; the boom is round just as it was cut out of the pine tree. A six inch auger is used to bore the holes through the stick, about two feet from each end, and the sticks are then coupled together by means of a chain, each link in the chain being made of  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inch round iron; the chains are fastened together by means of a shackle, and riveted so that they cannot work loose. About two hundred and fifty pieces are in a string or set of booms. These booms, when placed around the outside of the mass of floating logs, keep them together so that the logs cannot get out into the lake—fifty or sixty thousand pieces of sawlogs covers an area many acres in extent. Usually two powerful tugs are put on to tow the mass, and a trip across the lakes from the Spanish or French River to Bay City takes a week, and often two, if bad weather should be encountered, which it often is, but the blow or waves either cause no loss if the tow has lots of sea room. The waves run mountains high and as long as the boom does not break a chain or a stick, the logs will stick on it all right. If the boom, however, should break or get loose, no logs to speak of will be lost—that is if the tugs have lots of sea room, for in that case the tugs will keep circling around the logs with the booms until the storm abates, and then close the boom around them and proceed on. The cow-boys do just the same with their cattle when they stampede; they ride up to the leaders and start them going in a circle and when the cattle have run themselves out of wind probably they are only a few miles away from the starting point. The trouble the tugs have, however, with a tow of sawlogs is, when the tow is perhaps only a few miles from shore, which perhaps is a rocky one for miles out. Then the tugs use up their coal trying to hold the tow out from the shore, and often the tow line has to be thrown off the tug and let the logs go ashore; and the costly set of booms will often be smashed or cut into pieces tossing on the sharp rocks, and the sawlogs will be piled up forty tiers deep on the rocky shore or get away off down deep bays—miles away. The cost of collecting them is great, and seldom all are got together again, and the loss to the owner in either events is enormous.

One good feature is that seldom are any lives lost, for the tugs that tow logs are both large and strong, and would weather any gale, even on the ocean. My first two summer seasons on the Georgian Bay was spent in towing down the bay or over to Bay City, but my usual luck attended me, and I never had a bad wreck worth mentioning.

The two first seasons that I was on the Georgian Bay I was employed



by a capitalist who resides in Toronto, and who speculates in timber limits and sawlogs, as well as operates limits and mills of his own. He had no practical experience in the bush part of the timber business, so I had to attend to most of that for him. In addition I had to look over and estimate on pine limits or sawlog rafts he wanted to purchase on speculation. The sums involved often ran up into very large figures, sometimes as high as a quarter of a million of dollars. It was a ticklish job to decide when to buy or refuse, either a pine limit or a lot of sawlogs. Good judgment had to be used, for if I advised against a purchase perhaps another would step in, buy and probably make money out of it ; so refusing to purchase in doubtful cases did not always do. However, I made some very fine bargains the first season, and my employer made lots of money out of them. My retainer allowed five per cent. on all deals up to one hundred thousand dollars, over that amount a sum to be agreed upon is usually paid. But my employer wanted the profit, commission and all. So the first year I came out in debt. I looked on it in this way : Here is a man who knows nothing whatever about the bush business, getting my brains and hard earned experience for nothing, and he is reputed to be worth millions. So the next year I got my commission from "the other fellow," and my employer claimed he lost one hundred thousand dollars through my bad judgment. Whether he did or not I neither know nor care, but I will admit this, that I tried my best to make him lose that amount, and I guess I succeeded.

I then went in on my own account and did a little speculating as well as commission business in pine limits, and made considerable money ; in fact that was the time I should have retired from the business, for at that time I had sufficient to have kept me in comfortable circumstances the balance of my life, with but very little exertion of any kind. However, I was like lots of others and did not know when I had enough. I was still a young man, comparatively speaking, and moreover, I liked the business, and the thought of retiring never entered my head. Besides I saw lots of money ahead, close in sight, and I thought I might as well have a share of it as any one else.

A good business was being done and lots of money was being made those days by quite a number of bush experts, who would obtain an option from the owner of a limit for so many days or months, and then examine the limit and hunt up a purchaser and often make a sale in that way, and get a commission, a lump sum, or whatever he could out of the deal and often large sums were made in that way, for at one time nearly every one who had lots of capital—wanted to invest it in pine limits. Those big transactions before referred to made capitalists, bankers and all other kinds of capitalists wild. It was an easy way of making money and much faster than gold money, was made even in California's most palmy days.

Of course speculators had to depend on what the bush rangers re-



ported as to the value or quantity of pine on the limits they were proposing to invest in. The term "timber limits," is used when speaking of a berth or territory of any area ; no particular meaning attaches to it to indicate its size, value or quantity of pine upon it. On the North Shore all the townships that have been surveyed are laid out in mile square sections, and thirty-six of them are called a township, but the township may be divided into a half a dozen or more timber berths, or it may be sold in one berth or block or a number of townships may be termed a timber berth or limit. Just the same as a raft of timber or drive of sawlogs may only contain one hundred pieces or it may contain one hundred thousand, so the term timber berth and limit is very indefinite. Sometimes a speculator, and often an old time lumbermen, gets badly taken in as the value of the limit or quantity of pine on it may have been greatly exaggerated by the bush ranger—sometimes through ignorance and sometimes wilfully, for the speculator or lumberman would seldom go to see the limits himself, and even if he did he would not know any more after seeing the limit than he did before. Many lumbermen doing a large business know nothing whatever about the bush or about estimating pine, so the opportunities were plentiful for a good and well known bush ranger to pick up ten or twenty thousand dollars at one crack, and even much more has often been paid to get the bush ranger to over-estimate the quantity of pine on a limit. Ten or twenty thousand dollars is a large bribe, and it will tempt many a man. Even aldermen in the good city of Toronto I notice were not proof against bribes of even a far less amount than many a poor man is offered away back in the bush, where there is no church influence to keep him on the right path. So if an Alderman is tempted and falls right under the shadow of a big church, is it any wonder that the untutored bush ranger falls occasionally, away back in the bush. Seldom will two bush rangers agree as to the quantity of pine on a limit ; one is just as willing to swear there is only perhaps ten million feet on a particular limit as the other is twenty million. So it must be very perplexing for a judge in lumber suits to decide in many cases what probably involves hundreds of thousands of dollars.

I will mention one particular trial a few years ago in Toronto—in which great interests were involved and on which there was the best legal talent of the day—Sir Oliver Mowat, the Blakes, Messrs. Osler, Fell, Meredith and a host of others, and witnesses by the hundred and many of them the best experts in Canada. In giving their evidence—the experts were about divided ; some swore there was only about seventy or eighty millions, others that there were over one hundred and fifty million feet on the limits in question. I was a witness on the case. The limit has since cut out nearly one hundred million feet and there is still claimed to be on it over one hundred million still to be cut, and the lawsuit at the time settled the limit to be worth three hundred and fifty thousand dollars,

and six years later, after seventy-five million feet had been cut and removed the owners sold it to the present holders for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

My evidence given in that case, as can be seen by the records of the court to-day, was that there was one hundred and fifty million feet on the limit, and that it was worth four hundred and fifty thousand dollars. I was the first witness put in the box that put a value on the limit. The experts on the other side only had been heard, and the highest quantity any one of them placed on it was ninety million feet, I was kept in the box for half a day, lawyers tried hard to "break me up." They succeeded in wearying me but utterly failed to break my evidence. Few that day thought I was right. One Peterborough man especially so, but he usually did his bush ranging with a pair of horses driving around the streets of Peterborough.

One day when I was at Kidd's Landing on the French River the third or fourth year I had been up in the Georgian Bay District, I received a despatch from Mr. Kirwin, then of Peterborough, stating that he would like me to come down to Peterborough as soon as possible, as he wished to see me on very urgent business. I knew Mr. Kirwin by reputation, and also had met him a few times. He had not been living in Peterborough very long but had been there long enough for the concern I had worked with for so many years to unload their old sawmills and cull limits on to him, and as he was one of the old sticks from the country "don't you know," they had made him believe that it only took a few years for a new lot of pine trees to grow up, and I had heard that he was getting very impatient about the slow growth the pine was making especially on the English Company's nine townships which had also been unloaded on to him. A few days later I arrived in Peterborough. Mr. Kirwin's carriage and pair awaited my arrival at the station to drive me up to his mansion. As I stepped into the carriage I could not help but contrast the present with the time I had once arrived at the same station, curled up in the corner of a box car, on my return from that first trip to the city of Rochester.

As I drove up to the mansion Mr. Kirwin was standing on the steps to receive me. He grasped my hand, shook it and said he knew the "old guard" would never forsake each other. I answered that I was not one of the deserting kind. After partaking of dinner we adjourned to the library. Mr. Kirwin was profuse in kind inquiries as to how I had succeeded during the past three years or so. A decanter was produced, also a bottle labeled "dream medicine," and we were soon discussing the merits of the two. Past experiences were related and an occasional poke in the ribs from Mr. Kirwin assisted in relieving the monotony as we chatted about scenes and incidents in days gone by. The "dream medicine" soon made Mr. Kirwin sentimental, and he wandered off on one of his pet hobbies, two of which are history making, and hypnotism, for he always

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"TED" CAVANAGH.

*(A friend in need is a friend indeed.)*

claimed he had mesmeric powers, and often he would be very amusing when trying to perform. This particular evening history making appeared to be his forte, and he claimed we were both making history. Little did he think at the time that I would be the man who would prepare this particular portion of it for the world. Living pictures was a fertile subject for discussion, and although I was not much on history I could study it for hours at a time when talking to my friend, and the nearer we got to mother Eve in the garden of Eden the better I understood and enjoyed it.

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## CHAPTER XI.

### MR. KIRWIN'S DREAM MEDICINE.

As the evening began to wane Mr. Kirwin began to wane with it, and I also knew that if I partook of much more of that "dream medicine" I would not be able to discern the difference between an ancient Egyptian mummy and a living picture. Mr. Kirwin, however, had not as yet touched on the subject of why he had sent for me, or what he wanted to see me about, and I gave him a little hint to that effect. He then began in his own peculiar style to tell me that he had given the great only Ratbun Company as he termed it, an option on all his property, including saw-mills, limits and plant, and he had hoped to realize sufficient from the sale, over and above what he owed a certain bank, a sufficient sum to enable him to spend the balance of his days in ease and comfort. The Ratbun Company, he said, had sent up bush rangers to examine his limits and other property, and they had sent down unfavorable reports. They could not find any pine. I remarked that I did not expect any one could find pine on his limits unless they wore gold rimmed spectacles. Pine trees, I said, were very slow of growth, and as many years previously I and others had cut and removed all that was large enough or any good on that territory, I did not think the new crop of pine could have grown tall enough to be seen by the naked eye.

The conference between us lasted away on into the night, when we retired, after taking another dose of dream medicine.

Next morning when I awoke I found myself in bed in a well furnished room. After dressing I took out my compass, set it, then took a squint at the sun, which was away up. I then took my bearings and made my calculations and discovered what Mr. Kirwin wanted me to do.

The next night I was in Haliburton and stayed around the village for a few days when I "tested" the eye sight of a number of the Raftburn Company's bush rangers. Then I returned to Toronto where I met and reported to Mr. Kerwin, that the Raftburn Company's men did not need any "gold rimmed spectacles." They could see only too well with the naked eye. Mr. Kirwin and I put in a day or so together at the Queen's Hotel in the city, part of the time being spent in a large building on King street, where "gold rimmed spectacles" are handled wholesale. The first night I was in the city I had a dream which I thought would interest Mr. Kirwin, so I related it to him. I knew he was a good hand to interpret dreams that had money therein for himself. I said that I had dreamed that a number of my Georgian Bay friends who were expert bush rangers, and myself had arranged to have a nice little hunting and fishing party. We decided to go back to Haliburton and have our hunt on the English Land Company's townships. When we arrived at the hunting grounds, I was struck with a remarkable number of standing pine trees—in fact the pine forests had just the same appearance and the pine trees looked to be quite as numerous as they did when I first saw the bush a quarter of a century before, I drew my companions' attention to the great number of pine trees visible; they looked in every direction but not a pine tree could they see. Still I persisted—I could see thousands of them. They laughed and said I had partaken too much "dream medicine." Some of them said if they had "gold rimmed spectacles" they then might see the pine trees that were visible to me. We then all partook of a little more dream medicine, and I produced a few sample spectacles and told them the house I represented had car loads more of the same kind. My friends put on the spectacles instantly. A great change came over their eyesight. They then claimed that they could see great number of pine trees in every direction, of the largest size and the best quality. I then got them to sign their names to documents on which I had written an account and description of the remarkable occurrence, for I was afraid unless it was written down and kept track of neither myself or any one else would ever be able to find them again, neither would any one believe our story unless we could show papers for it. Shortly after we broke up our camp, and in my dream I thought I came to Peterborough and gave Mr. Kirwin a copy of the documents which my comrades had signed. Mr. Kirwin was very pleased to get the papers, and made me a present of a trunk full of gold rimmed spectacles. This was the dream I related to Mr. Kirwin, who, for a wonder, sat very quietly and listened attentively all the time. He said he did not think there was anything remarkable about my dream, for he said he would make my dream come true.

Mr. Kirwin said he also had a dream during the night just past which he would relate to me. He said he dreamed that the United States de-



clared war against Canada with the avowed intention of annexing us. Great Britain at once came to Canada's assistance, and the war had only been a short time in progress when the Southern States again seceded from the union. The French in the Province of Quebec and in Manitoba had simultaneously decided to throw in their lot with the Northern States. This action of the different States and Provinces tangled matters up so badly that soon it was impossible to tell which was which, or what they were fighting for or about, and to make the confusion still worse the Anarchists took a hand in and commenced to slaughter indiscriminately on all sides, sparing none. From Quebec to New Orleans the Anarchists made great havoc and slaughter. There was a terrible time ; it was a war which if allowed to go on, meant extermination. Such awful carnage had never been known in the history of the world. Europe and the rest of the world looked on in amazement and horror ; what to do no Emperor, King or people appeared to know. Fortunately, when things were at their worst the Prince of Wales thought of the great power invested in him as Supreme Grand Master of the Masonic Order. He immediately caused summons to be sent all over the world to the Deputy Grand Masters to attend a convention or Grand Chapter to be held in the city of Jerusalem. Emperors, Kings, Presidents and all the Deputy Grand Masters and their exalted Sir Knights companions from all nations on earth, obeyed the summons, including great men from the States and provinces of North America. Never before—not even the olden days had a more noble or a more magnificent gathering taken place within the ancient walls of Jerusalem. The third day in which the Grand Chapter had been in session, at high noon that day, a great shout of rejoicing was heard proceeding from the temple by the anxious multitude who surrounded the building, and word was passed out to the multitude that the lost key stone bearing the mark of King Hiram of Aby had been found by the Prince of Wales. Word was instantly flashed all over the world, and the slaughter in America at once stopped as if done by magic ; all was turned into rejoicing, for the great problem had been solved ; there would be no more wars. The Masonic Grand Chapters or Councils would in future settle all disputes and differences between nations.

During the war in America most of the fighting and slaughter had been done in Canada, and where to bury the millions of slain so hopelessly mixed up no one appeared to know. The matter was eventually settled by the representatives of the parties concerned, who decided that a territory should be selected for an international cemetery in which to bury all the slain, and the English Land Company's nine townships were finally selected, and Mr. Kirwin thereby realized one and a quarter million dollars for those lands. That was Mr. Kirwin's dream, as related it to me.

When I had somewhat recovered from the amazement which the recital of Mr. Kirwin's dream had caused, I asked him if he had taken

any part in the fighting. He replied that he had not but he had left me to attend to that. I also inquired if in his dream he noticed whether or not I had cut any figure in the war. He answered that there was a lot of noise made about me—sometimes good, often bad reports were spread broadcast about me ; but at the close of the war I returned, looking younger and fresher than ever, and everybody was rejoiced to see me, for many heard that I had been slain, but although I had been badly wounded several times, I never gave up the ghost, but fought through it all. Sometimes, I staid side by side with the British, but the fiercest battles that I fought in were in the Southern States, in the ranks of the brave Southerners.

Mr. Kerwin asked me if I thought his dream would come true. I replied that it all depended on the Americans, or what they did. Mr. Kirwin replied that the Yankees were fools enough to do or buy anything.

My dream, sure enough, came true a short time afterwards, for a few days later I collected together those expert bush rangers mentioned in my dream, and took them to Haliburton, where we found that the pine on the English Land Company's townships had grown marvellously, and the feat we performed on that trip can only be compared to the miracles of the loaves and fishes, and if anything outdid it.

On my return from that trip I gave Mr. Kirwin copies of the reports and estimates which I had received from the twelve expert bush rangers who were on that trip with me. The expedition cost a heap of money—thousand of dollars.

Mr. Kirwin had the estimates, reports and notes all type written and put into book form, and I wrote an introduction to it) an epistle to the Romans or rather Yankees it might be termed.) The book, when finished, had a neat and respectable appearance, but its size made it only an office or library book, so Mr. Kirwin, or someone else, later on, had an abstract of it printed in phamplet form and bound with nice red cover with an "Ode to Haliburton," printed on the back cover. The effect that Ode had on me the first time I read it will be described later on.

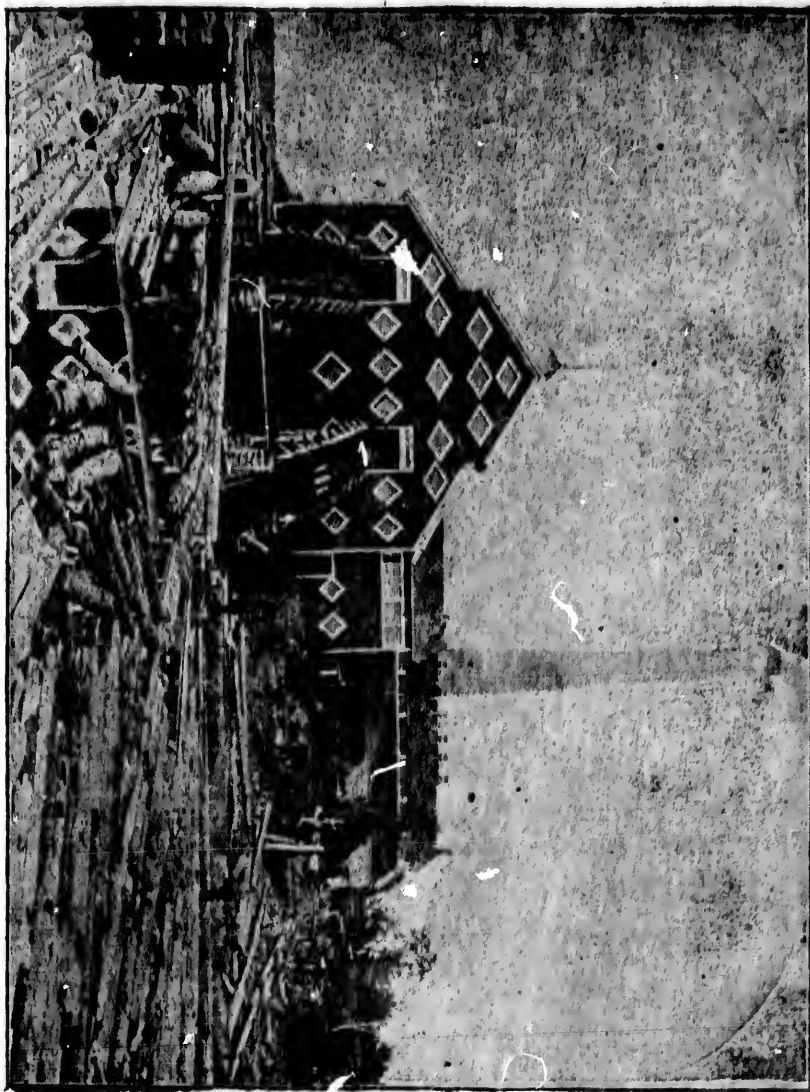
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"UP TO DATE" SAW MILL ON THE OTTAWA RIVER.  
*The property of J. R. Booth.*





## CHAPTER XII.

## I BEGAN BUSINESS FOR MYSELF.

A few weeks later while sitting in a Toronto hotel, I noticed an advertisement of the Ontario Government a certain tract of pine, situated in Algoma territory, on waters tributary to the Spanish river. It don't matter which newspaper it was that I was reading—they are all good—for Toronto has I think the best newspapers, and more of them, of any city of its size on size. This fact accounts for the remarkable intelligence of its inhabitants. The advertisement referred to announced that tenders would be received by the Department of Crown Lands for the above limits up to noon of Thursday, the 15th of October, 1891, or about three months subsequent to the day that I first read the advertisement.

A bush fire had that summer run through the district offered for sale, and had more or less damaged the pine. The trees damaged would have to be cut and watered the ensuing winter, or they would be worthless. Almost immediately, or at the farthest a few weeks after a pine tree has received a scorching the borer worm will develop itself within the bark of the tree, and at once proceed to cut its way into the tree. The hole the worm makes is fully a quarter of an inch in diameter, and the worm will fairly honey comb the timber, but rarely ever in a straight line. It bores out a tunnel through the tree in any direction that may suit it, but never "back tracks," and probably there will be hundreds of worms boring in the same tree. They are tireless workers, for they can be distinctly heard night or day boring or chewing away, so loud as to prevent the men from sleeping in a shanty, and others as well as myself have cursed the great pest at nights when they would keep us awake with the noise they make, boring the wall logs of a shanty. A borer worm is just about one inch in length, and has a machine on each end like an augur gimlet, and the sawdust drops out of the hole just the same as it does out of a hole bored by gimlet. The worm always keeps an upward course, so that the sawdust he makes will drop out of the hole of its own accord, and the sawdust will often be several inches deep at the base of the tree. They never leave the tree until it loses its sap substance, and is virtually dead. Where they then go or what becomes of the worm I never heard. The worm leaves the tree practically useless for lumber, firewood usually being all the greater part of it can be used for. Occassionally a section off the but end of the tree can be saved. If the tree is cut up into short sections more or less

can be used for shingles. A very slight burn, or even the tops of the tree slightly singed, often kills it. A pine tree may perhaps show only very slight trace of a burn, and yet will eventually die ; but if the tree lives through the second year the chances are it may recover, but occasionally a tree will live until the third or even the fourth year and then die.

The borer worm only attacks trees that will die. There is no preventive known or even will be ; the borer worm comes too quickly, and are too numerous, and gets at its work too rapidly after the fire.

The pine in the territory advertised for sale could not be disposed of in the usual way, not only because it was on lands that were unsurveyed, but also because the quantity of pine could not be estimated. As the government only desired to sell the pine damaged by fire in the territory, and for reasons that I have given no one could then tell what that quantity was. Therefore, the damaged pine was to be cut under the supervision of an inspector, appointed by the government, and the pine was to be paid as cut and removed. The pine was to be allotted to the highest bidder and no bonus was to be paid down at the time of sale, but bonds were to be given as security for the faithful carrying out of the terms and conditions of sale. In fact the sale was similar to the way the English Land Company had disposed of their pine. Maps or plans showing approximately only the territory that the fire was supposed to have run over, were supplied by the department free, I read the advertisement several times, for it set me thinking. I had been through the territory where the burn had occurred a couple of years before. After carefully reading and re-reading the advertisement, I took a short walk and a little "dream medicine," then I read the advertisement again took another walk and more dream medicine, and so on for the balance of the afternoon and evening.

The next night I boarded the "Winnipeg express," at the Union Station, and was soon been whirled along toward Algoma and "the burnt pine district." On the same train I noticed there were also quite a number of other lumbermen, who, I found out, were heading for the same territory. On my arrival at my destination a few days later I found there were hundreds of bush rangers looking over the burnt district, and more were arriving nearly every day, the men came from many parts of Canada and the United States, for the territory to be sold was hundreds of miles in extent, reaching from Sudbury West, on the mail line of the C. P. R., a distance of over one hundred miles, and extending back on the north side of the C. P. R., in some places close into one hundred miles on the south side of the C. P. R. The fire had not done so much damage of course ; there were many places in the forest which the fire had not touched at all—some places only slightly and others badly burnt.

Report at the time said the fires originated through the carelessness of mineral prospectors ; other attributed them to locomotives of the C. P. R., and a few openly declared that the limits were set on fire, and that



Michigan lumbermen who had run short of pine in their own country were the instigators, their object being to force the Ontario Government to put the pine on the market. In my opinion, formed on what I learned at the time and subsequently, I think if the blame is divided about equally among the three before mentioned causes, would be right. Anyhow, I was not up there to investigate the cause of the fire, but I can truly say I felt sad and sorry to see the magnificent pine forests so ruthlessly destroyed, and so much of Ontario's inheritance wiped out, for I had not travelled many days before I could plainly see that the fire meant a loss of many millions of dollars to the people, and I felt that I ought not only for my own but also for the people of Ontario's sake, to try and secure a large tract of that burnt district, and thereby save all possible and make the most out of the calamity. But how to make sure of getting a slice of that territory I had been figuring in my mind ever since I had first read the advertisement in the newspaper.

My past experience had taught me that right in that very burnt pine district there was a fortune awaiting me if I could only find the key, or get the right combination. I reasoned with myself about this way: "George," thought I, "you knew for many years past that Sir Oliver was a dear, good man, yet you never gave him a vote; more, on every occasion you went out of your way to try to put the G. O. M. out in the cold, so now you must abide the consequence."

However, after getting a sufficient idea of the burnt pine timber district, so as to enable me to put in a tender on one or two of the best berths, I returned to the city and inquired of a friend of mine if he knew where I could find a few hungry politicians who had a good strong "pull" on the Ontario Government. My friend instantly replied that he knew of no place that contained a more hungry crowd of politicians than did the town of Lindsay. That was all I wanted to know. I packed a few samples of golden spectacles into my grip and boarded the first train for that town.

On my arrival there I had no difficulty in finding quite a number who were only too willing to wear my golden spectacles. I finally selected three of the hungriest out of the mud puddle, and induced them to come up to the city with me. The most voracious of the three was the smallest of the lot; his initials were not "O. J." though he writes—"D. C."—I mean "Q. C." after his name.

A brother of his got possession of some of my gold rimmed spectacles, and he could see objects so far away that he struck out to find what the objects were, and has never since returned. It is astonishing what distances some people can travel after they get the spectacles. "O. J." had an idea that the boots of the late Hon. C. Fraser would just fit him.

The second of the trio, an ex-M.P., whose initials are not N. T.

thought he would look well as Minister of Militia when the Hon. W. Laurier became Premier of Canada.

The third and highest wolf of the catch had an idea that his influence and "weight" would send up or down either the Dominion or Ontario Governments which ever way he chose. His initials are not B. T. G. As regards his weight in aviardipois, probably he was right, but his upper works are just as shallow and light accordingly as his abdomen was big and heavy, and he always took more pains and trouble to feed the last than he did the first mentioned part of his body.

I think the reader will agree with me that I made a big "catch" in short a time. I had secured a prospective Minister of Militia, a proseeective Minister of Public Works, and (in his mind) so great a man that he thought he carried the balance of power of two Governments. To where his ambition soared I never learned, but it could not be less than the Governor Generalship.

"George, my boy," I thought, "you are getting away up the tree where, at your beck and call, you can catch when you wish big fry. Be careful," I said ; "even Napoleon got a tumble."

The day following my arrival in Toronto, was the last one on which the department would receive tenders for "the Burnt River district," I knew if a tender could be put in and the space left blank where the price offered per thousand should have been written, after all the other tenders had been opened, and some one wearing my gold rimmed spectacles would write in the figures a couple of cents or so over the highest bid, my show would be good. My past experience taught me that the price offered or stated would cut no figure in the deal ; that could be arranged later to suit one's self by means of log scalers and so forth, (*a la mode* Taylor and the English Land Company's deals.) That was my little scheme. Just get possession of a slice of the territory at any price, then I knew the rest could be easily arranged, and I would pull out of the deal at least one hundred thousand dollars ahead. That was the sum I knew I could make out of it if my little scheme worked all right. My reputation as an eye-opener was noised about more than I was aware of, and I soon discovered that I had climbed up a tree which was difficult to hold on, and wearing on me to do so. Night and day I had tocling and fight for dear life, and I knew the least slip I would fall and crash right into the pack of wolves waiting at the foot of the tree. The wolves knew that it was only a case of waiting and watching, for their howls had brought a drove of buzzards around my head, and were fast blinding me with their dirt.

My tender for the burnt timber was not accepted, but one of the three who had come up with me from Lindsay was, however, awarded a piece of the territory, although until the day he came up with me, he did not even know anything about the sale taking place, for he was not a lumberman or a speculator either, for he had not a dollar to do either. Whether it

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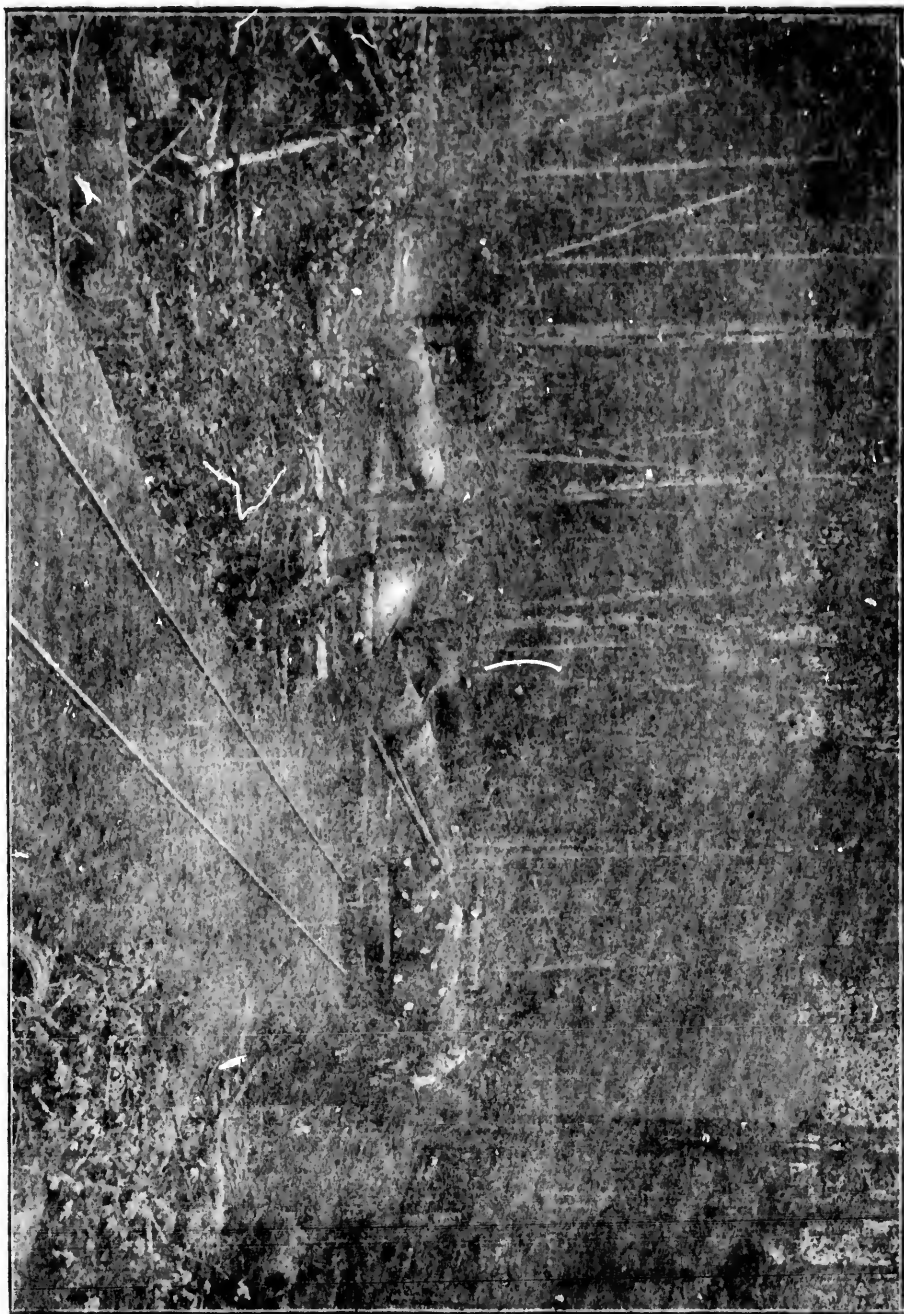
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*(Four white paint spots on logs is the firm's log water mark, in addition to usual hammer stamp or mark on each end of log.)*

FRYER AND SMITH'S LOG RAILROAD, MICHIGAN.



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was case of giving me the double cross I leave my readers to form their own opinion. However, to say the least, it was a remarkable coincidence that a person who did not see the territory or know nothing whatever about lumbering could make such a clean guess figure of just two cents per thousand higher, so as to take the limit over the next highest bid made by a very shrewd Ottawa river lumberman. I claim it was more than by chance—it was another "miracle." Shortly afterwards the whole Lindsay party referred to, along with another one and myself, then formed a partnership firm to operate the limits, I to have a third interest and be general manager. The name of the firm was not Thompson and Company of Pogoamasing, Spanish River, C. P. R. We at once put in a large force of men and took out an immense quantity of sawlogs and long dimension timber the first season.

Our drive got down to the storing boom at the Georgian Bay early in the month of June, and then trouble began, for the Company which had secured the charter to start all logs and timber coming down the Spanish River were unprepared to handle with any despatch the enormous output of timber and sawlogs sent down the Spanish River that season by the twenty or so firms, operating on it. Most of the firms were American concerns, and I soon saw that our logs and timber could not be got out of the river in time to get them over to Bay City that season, and that fact caused me a lot of worry along with what I had been having for months previous, in connection with losses I had sustained in some other speculations I was interested in. Besides, there was great friction among the partners of the firm; each one appeared to want to grab all, and it was a case of "do up" all around. Professional politicians are usually a cold blooded lot, are always desperately hungry for money, and most of them care but little how they get it. Of course I was blamed by all, and all the disgrace heaped on me, and that was all I got out of the steal—and "up to date," in a concern of nearly half a dozen parties, not one will speak to another; all are on bad terms, and all are at law with each other. More than half a dozen law suits have been already tried to settle matters in connection with the firm, and several suits are still in court and more to be entered. So our firm was composed of a lot of most uncongenial fellows; each one thought he knew more and could handle the business better than the other fellow, but any work to be done was left to me. The limit we secured was a very large one, and on it was an immense quantity of pine of the best quality of any on the Spanish River, and it was the easiest limit to operate of any I have worked. No less than four stations of the C. P. R. were located on the territory, for the main track of that road run through the limit. The Spanish River and Lake Pogoamasing gave us a great water front, so that our timber could be hauled to water or to railroad at a very small cost, and the toll collected for driving our logs down the river to the Georgian Bay was only 35c



per thousand, board measure, the driving on the Spanish being done by a company formed for that purpose. Our limit was up the river fully two hundred miles by water from the Bay, and we were the first to put logs or timber in the river as far up it as our limits were situated, and logs could be watered on it easily for two dollars and seventy-five cents per thousand feet. We paid our log contractors three dollars per thousand for taking out the logs. The price we were paying the Ontario Government was \$3.17 per thousand board measure for the pine, so the logs cost just about \$6.50 per thousand feet, delivered out into the Georgian Bay, where there was a ready market for such good quality logs at from ten to twelve dollars per thousand feet—or a profit or margin of fully five dollars per thousand—which is an exceedingly large profit. The members our firm would each made a small fortune in quick time, if unity had prevailed, but the only thing common amongst the heads of our concern in which all appeared to agree in, was to drink all the whiskey obtainable. Along about the first of the month of July of 1892 I got so worried that I could not sleep, eat or do any business. My enemies also pursued me most relentlessly. Some of them accused me of forgery, others of perjury and all agreed I was a robber, and the foremost to put out these reports broad cast in the world, was the man who, more than all others, had taught me to be a scoundrel if scoundrel I was, and he was also the one who had derived the most benefit of all the stealing I had done all my life, and several of the loudest of the others at the very same time were only crying “thief” on me to draw attention off themselves, while they were robbing me and grabbing up my wealth and property among them. All of them ever since with no one exception have been fighting each other in the law courts over my property and “up to date” are still at it. A worthy lot, indeed to knife and then denounce me to the world. If they had been honest men I would not say or write a word concerning it, for probably I was guilty and deserved the scorn of all honest men ; but when my confederates in my rascality were about the only ones who did scorn and denounce me, and did it to clean their own dirty skirts by making mine blacker, then I say it is time for me to at least give my version of it, for there is always two sides to a story. The one side in this case, has often been well told by quite a number, and I, for the first time, am trying to tell mine in “Up to Date.” I of course had no show or chance against the number of accomplished gentlemen (?) who banded and worked together in union to accomplish my ruin and downfall. Singled out I could have held my own with any two or three of them, and came out an easy victor. They would never give me an open chance to face them in any way, but took the Judas way of causing my ruin and downfall. They actually bolt to the other side if they meet me on the street. When my illness took me down in the summer of 1892, then the scramble began among them as to who should have my property, and it is as I have



said, going on yet. Never for an instant did any of them think I would ever return on the scene, for towards the latter part of the summer of the year referred to, the report was that I had gone hopelessly insane.

I saw my wealth and my property disappear as fast as snow in the July sun, until nothing was left to me but a name that I had disgraced and was ashamed to hand down to my children.

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### CHAPTER XIII.

#### MY MENTAL TROUBLES BEGIN.

The agony and mental torture I suffered that summer no pen can describe. Bodily pain, or even torture, is nothing compared to mental anguish, for it is hell itself. It was so exquisitively so that is utterly impossible for me even to attempt to describe it. The readers has only to think for a few moments and bring to his recollection some of the terrible deeds done by insane people. Hell has no terror to one suffering as I suffered ; it would be a welcome change day or night. In palace or hut, food, raiment, wealth, kindred or friends, all are nothing to an insane person. Sleep and even tears were denied me, the horrible feeling never stopped a moment, and I was allowed to wander around ; phiscally as well as mentally I was a hopeless reck, could not longer bear my sufferings, so I headed down South for New Orleans. I got as far as the city of Pencaio, when my cash was all gone. I then wandered up into Alabama, trying to find some of my old war comrades.

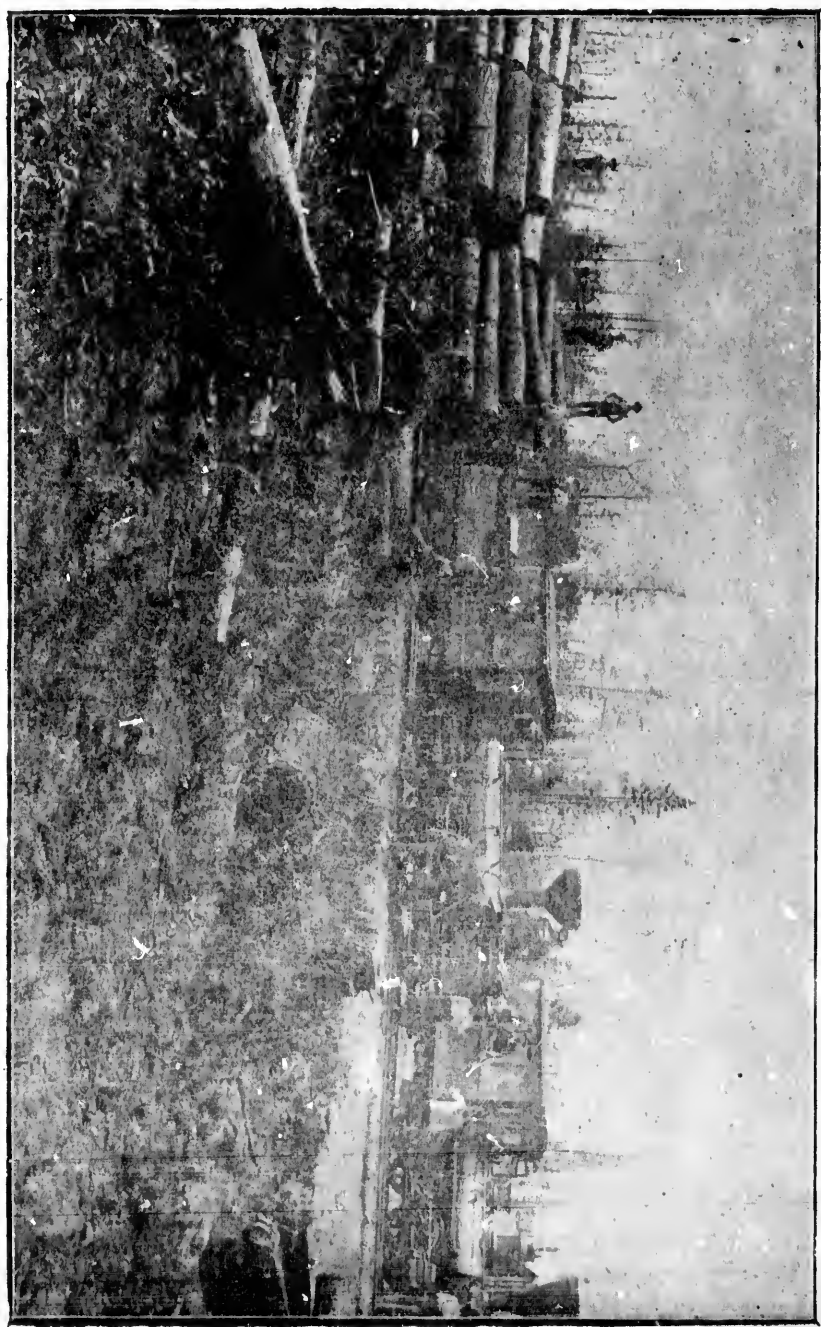
All the time I suffered the most terrible agony, being haunted as I imagined, by demons, till my sufferiags got so unbearable I could no longer endure them, so I determined to find the battlefield my father had been slain on and on it end my days. I knew the penalty a self-murderer is said to be doomed to, but I knew my sufferings could be no worse in the next world ; anyhow I was ready to face it and take chances.

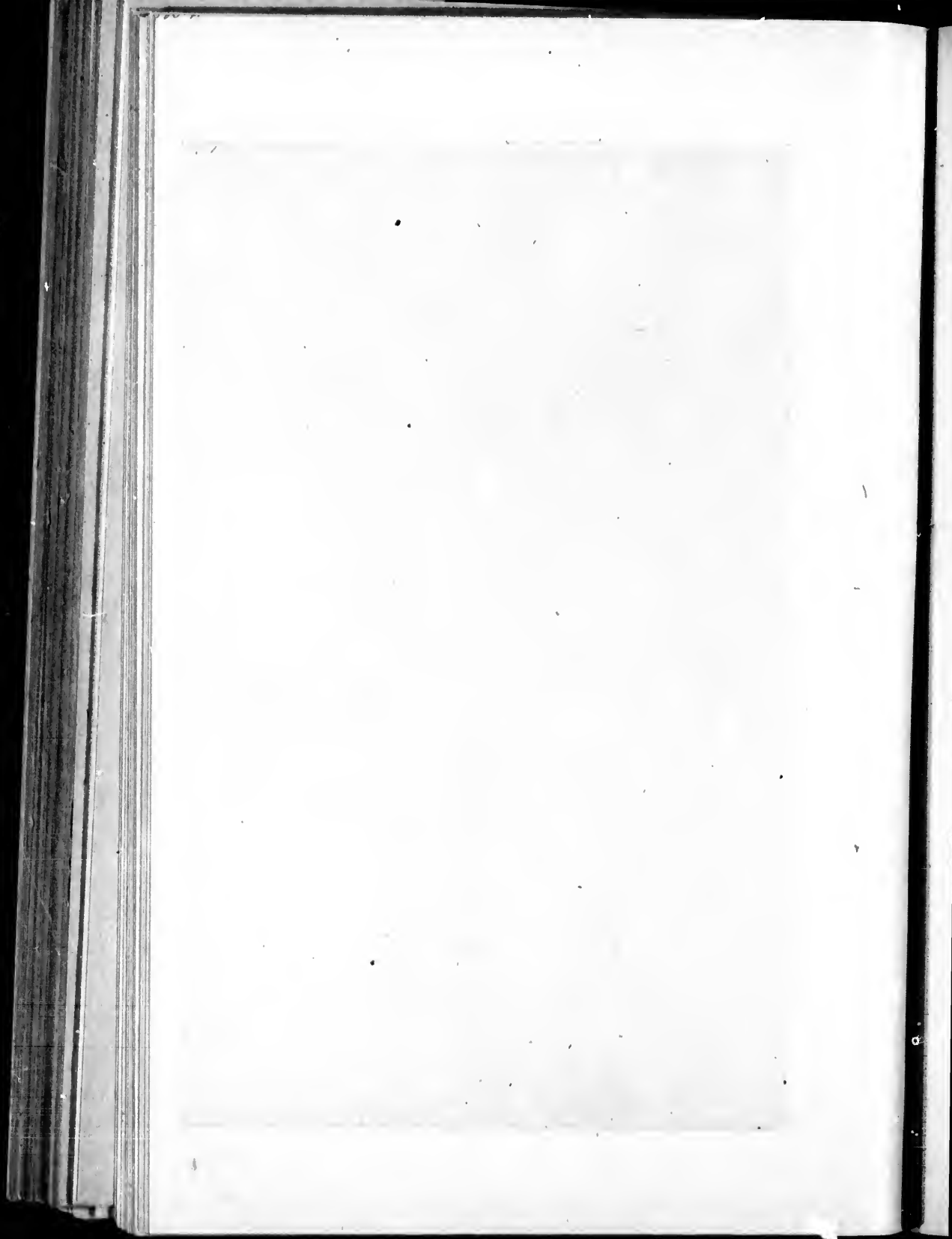
I got up to Flomington junction, on the Louisville and Nashville railroad, in Florida, then wandered up the railroad, into Alabama, and for the first time in all my sufferings and wanderings I thought of praying to God, but not a prayer could I think of, or could my lips form one, no matter how I tried. I imagined the devil and his imps were present all the time mocking me. In my wanderings one day I met the son of an old Southern planter, and he took me to his home. Strange to relate their family name was Thompson. The family consisted of the old gentleman, who had been an officer in the Southern army, the wife of 'he son I

have just mentioned, and one little child, and another little one was soon expected. The old gentleman felt sad and lonely, for not long before his wife had died ; he had also lost some sons in war. He thought they had been slain, for he had not heard of them sence the war. The old gentleman and I had quite a number of long chats, and we both talked as if we were tired of life—in fact I told him I should end mine. I staid with the Thompson family several days ; they were very kind to me. I imagined there was demons' secreted in the house or in the bush surrounding the house. One Saturday evening, just about dark, I could hear the demons talking and closing in on the house. I rushed out of the back door and ran into the bush pursued by the demons. I circled back to the house and the Thompsons would not allow me to enter, but threatened to shoot me if I did not make off, for no doubt I had given the lady of the house quite a fright which in her condition was a serious matter. I then run for the railroad track, which was only a short distance away, and as I ran I could hear shots from a revolver or rifle close to my ear. When I reached the track I ran up towards Pollard. I soon met a heavy freight train slowly climbing the steep grade ; the engine and train appeared to me to be manned by hundreds of demons, and there also appeared to be hundreds of demons following me on the track and in the bush on each side of the track. Death was my fate, they yelled, and hell my doom. There was no escape. I tried to pray, and then laid down and placed my neck across the rail with my back to the approaching train. Slowly I could hear it until I knew it could be only a few feet away. I lay there and did not attempt to move, but kept repeating all I could remember of the Lord's Prayer and the Hail Mary. The locomotive struck me and rolled me off into the ditch and the train passed on. I then stood up on my feet and I could feel the blood tickling down my face. I took out my handkerchief, wiped the blood out of my eyes, then threw off my hat and coat (which were found there by the young Mr. Thompson the next morning.) I then ran into the bush still pursued by the demons. I ran through water, swamp—everything—nothing stopped me, and after I had ran quite a distance came to a number of houses which were inhabited by negroes. I knocked at several of the doors and asked to be taken in, but they appeared to be nearly frightened to death when the light would flash on me, and they got a look at me. None would allow me to enter. I then ran up the street, or rather lane, and came to a sawmill which I entered. The night watch drove me out. I then continued on up the road, which brought me back to the L. N. N. Railway track, having made a half circle of what size I do not know. There was a hut at the crossing and a negro and his wife lived in it. I rushed in and begged them to let me remain all night ; they refused, but allowed me to remain a few hours, when just about midnight they made me go. I then headed down the track towards Flomington Junction. The negro, before he closed the door, shouted to

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LOCOMOTIVES AND LOG TRAIN, MICHIGAN, U. S. A. FRYER AND SMITH'S RAILROAD.





me to look out, that an express train was approaching. I paid no attention to his warning, but kept right on, walking in the center of the single track. I could plainly hear the train thundering along as it was overtaking me, and had lots of time to get out of its way. I had no intention of doing so, however, but walked right on in the center of the rails ahead of the fast approaching train. I crossed myself and kept on repeating the Hail Mary, and the Lord's Prayer, or at least all I could remember of either. The train was fast getting closer to me, but I walked straight on and kept on praying and crossing myself, and then there came a blank.

The next that I have any distinct recollection of was being in Doctor William McAdory's house in the village of Pollard, Alabama, and I was informed that I had been found on Sunday morning about two weeks previously two miles down the railroad from Pollard, and that I was more or less smashed up when discovered. A large pool of blood had run out of my mouth, and blood was still trickling from mouth, ears, nose and eyes when found. Dr. McAdory, like the good Samaritan of old, had taken me in and, along with his good wife, had nursed me and brought me around. This gentleman and his young, beautiful and talented wife were very kind to me, as also was Mrs. McAdory's father, who was a brother mason. He had been an officer in the Confederate army and so had Dr. McAdory. The merchants and all the people of the village treated me very kindly.

There are two or three sawmills close to Pollard, and it is quite a thriving village. I know my reader will probably say that the two attempts at suicide just described could not have occurred without being fatal. I admit that, even to myself, it seems an improbability ; nevertheless, even at the risk of being still called insane, I say it is the truth. I have described and told it just as it occurred to me ; my remembrance of that night is too vivid to ever forget it. I wish I could. I give the names of people living in Pollard, and if the reader wishes to verify the assertions I have made it can easily be done. The Post Office officials, the station agent, the Thompson family, or Mrs. Dr. McAdory would no doubt cheerfully give the reader further information and verify every word of the above. My escape from death that night, to say the least, was truly marvellous, and I ascribe it to the intercession of the most blessed and Holy Virgin Mary with her Son our Redeemer and Saviour. A few months ago when I was baptized and admitted into the Holy Roman Catholic Church I took Joseph for my second name, in honor of my Patron Saint, and there is no man living to-day who repeats the Hail Mary and the Lord's Prayer with greater devotion than I do, and even will as long as I live.

Dr. McAdory was a devout Roman Catholic ; his wife is a Protestant. I remained several weeks with the Dr. and his family. I became very much attached to them. The Dr. would often take me out driving when

visiting his patients, and he got me to tell him my history. He had fought all through the war, and said he distinctly remembered my father, was fairly well acquainted with him, and had received letters from him on which there was a crest and motto, which, being of a curious design, he remembered. He told me what the crest and motto was, for he said by them I could no doubt trace up my father's family.

The Dr. made me promise never again to attempt suicide. I gave him the promise, and it will be well kept, for never again will I attempt to take my life. The Dr. also advised me to go back to Canada, settle up my affairs, then come back and settle down in Alabama.

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#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### MY MENTAL SUFFERINGS CONTINUE.

After a stay of nearly two months duration with Dr. McAdory and his family I made for Canada. On my arrival in Ontario I found my old friends, Messrs. McCormack, McCloud, Cansual, Shepherd, Symington, Anderson and William Irvin, of Peterborough, had formed themselves into a powerful syndicate of sawlog contractors or jobbers, and that season were taking out close on to two hundred million feet of sawlogs on the Muskoka, French and Wahanapitae rivers for several American companies. On the invitation of one of the members of the syndicate I went up to their headquarter shanty, at Wahnapiatae, for a visit, for I was still very weak. I thought a trip to the pine bush would help to recruit my exhausted energies. I remained there a few weeks, and again the desire to commit suicide seized me. Day or night my thoughts were ever on suicide, and my struggles against it were terrible. After I got through my visit with them I made an engagement with Davidson and Hay, of Toronto, whose sawmills are at Cache Bay, Lake Nipissing, and I went to one of their shanties, on the shore of Lake Nipissing, to do the log scaling. Still the terrible feeling never for an instant left me, and I scarce got any sleep at all; my sufferings were dreadful. I would often take my snow shoes and ramble miles away from the shanty into the lonely bush. Often I would throw myself down in the deep snow or kneel by some black rock and if ever a man tried to pray to God and ask his forgiveness I did. I staid with the firm for several months, and might remained longer but I again wanted to ramble, and I fell in with my old and true friend, bush



superintendent Milton Carr, of Povungson, (now of Trout Creek.) He took me with him to do the clerking on his sawlog drive going down the Wisiwasa creek, and after the drive got to Calander, on Lake Nipissing, we were paid off.

I then staid around North Bay for a few months, and I soon felt quite at home there, for those who live in that brisk little town are a good, hearted and kindly lot of people.

Towards the autumn of 1893 I went over to the township of Nipissing and purchased the wood standing on several thousand acres of land from the settlers, and I started to make a raft of waney timber, composed mostly of birch and ash woods ; also I got several thousand pieces of baswood and ash sawlogs made by the settlers. I was delighted to get back to my old work again, and no doubt I overtaxed my strength, both mentally and physically, for I had only got the operation started a few weeks when I found myself getting very weak, and in walking distances either on the road or in the bush I would have to take frequent rests. I could not sleep, and soon weak spells or kind of swoons would come over me at intervals of three or four days, and the only rest I would get was when I was in one of these spells, for an endless activity had taken possession of me ; day or night I had to be doing something or other. The fainting spells, or whatever they were, would sometimes last from six to thirty hours, and when in one of them I was told I was to all appearance dead. I would feel a little weak after coming out of them, and did not notice the time passing when in them. I was utterly unconscious of my surroundings. The doctors who attended me became alarmed, and were afraid I would go off in one of them. The last bad one I had was in North Bay, and they say I was very violent the greater part of the time. It occurred on the evening and night that Mr. Murray's lumber was burnt. Dr. McMurchy and several friends had a hard time with me for several hours, during which it appeared to me that God and Satan were present in the room, and were playing a game of cards to decide which was to have me. I was to umpire the game, my struggles as I watched the game proceed were terrible. Finally God won. My ravings that night, I was told, were dreadful. Those who were with me said that never again do they wish to be the unwilling listeners to such dreadful blasphemy. Then I became conscious the next day, and was told about the awful occurrence, I at once went and locked myself in my bedroom, and on my knees I pleaded and prayed for forgiveness. All of a sudden I felt a change come over me, thanks and praise be given to God. I then knew I was forgiven. I immediately sent for the Rev. Father Blum, P. P., North Bay, and since that day I have been one of the happiest men on earth. The devil, demons, hell, jails, cells or asylums have no longer any terrors for me, because I know God is with me. No matter where I am He will protect and guard me, and with Him I am safe. I may also say that the devouring

appetite I had for stimulants for many months previous to that night left me, and I have never had any desire for them since.

I must here mention a strange coincidence that occurred just about the same day above referred to—it was no less than the death of my dear and beloved friend, Dr. Wm. McAdory.

A few months after I made that stay with him down in Alabama, the Dr. was stricken with paralysis, which left him an invalid until his death. When he was able to be moved he had them wheel him out on the verandah in his chair so that he could sit for his photo along with his wife and baby, and his wife's mother and sister, so that he could send it to me. The reader will see a copy of it, being the last illustration in this book—Dr. Porter, Powassan, at my request, wrote to Dr. McAdory for information about my case. Dr. McAdory received the letter and read it as he sat in his chair, then wrote on the back of it the answer he intended to have copied and sent. That was the last act ever done by Dr. McAdory on earth, for he expired a few moments later, and as I have before stated, it occurred on the day following that dreadful night to me in North Bay. I was not made aware of Dr. McAdory's death until several months after it occurred. Mrs. McAdory did not have the heart to write to me sooner, especially as she heard that I, soon after the Doctor's death, was in the asylum. She was afraid the shock might be too much for me if I got the sad news in my then weak state. I had written to the Doctor shortly after I was confined in the asylum, and again after I had been there several months, and it was in reply to that letter that Mrs. McAdory wrote. I will not attempt to describe my grief on receiving the sad news. As soon after as I was able I wrote the widow a letter of condolence. I am sure my grief was only equalled by her own, for as much as I know she adored and loved him I am sure her love did not exceed mine, for that would be an impossibility, for to that noble man I owe my life. How many doctors would have taken me in and cared for me the way he did—an unknown tramp brought to his house and kindly cared for as I was by Dr. McAdory and his family. Why would I not love him and his wife? I would be an ungrateful man if I did not.

In the month of November the same year (1893) I had some business with a lumber concern which required me to go over to Saginaw City. This concern has pine limits in Canada, and own a sawmill not a thousand miles from Fenelon Falls. During my interview with the managing partner, after my arrival in Saginaw, he asked me if I had ever examined any limits in Haliburton County called the English Land Company's nine townships. He had a peculiar smile on his face as he asked me the question. I replied that I once had charge of a party that were supposed to estimate on those lands. He then produced a little phamplet, nicely gotten up and bound with red covers; he handed the phamplet to me and asked me to look it over and state if it was an abstract taken from the type-written book that

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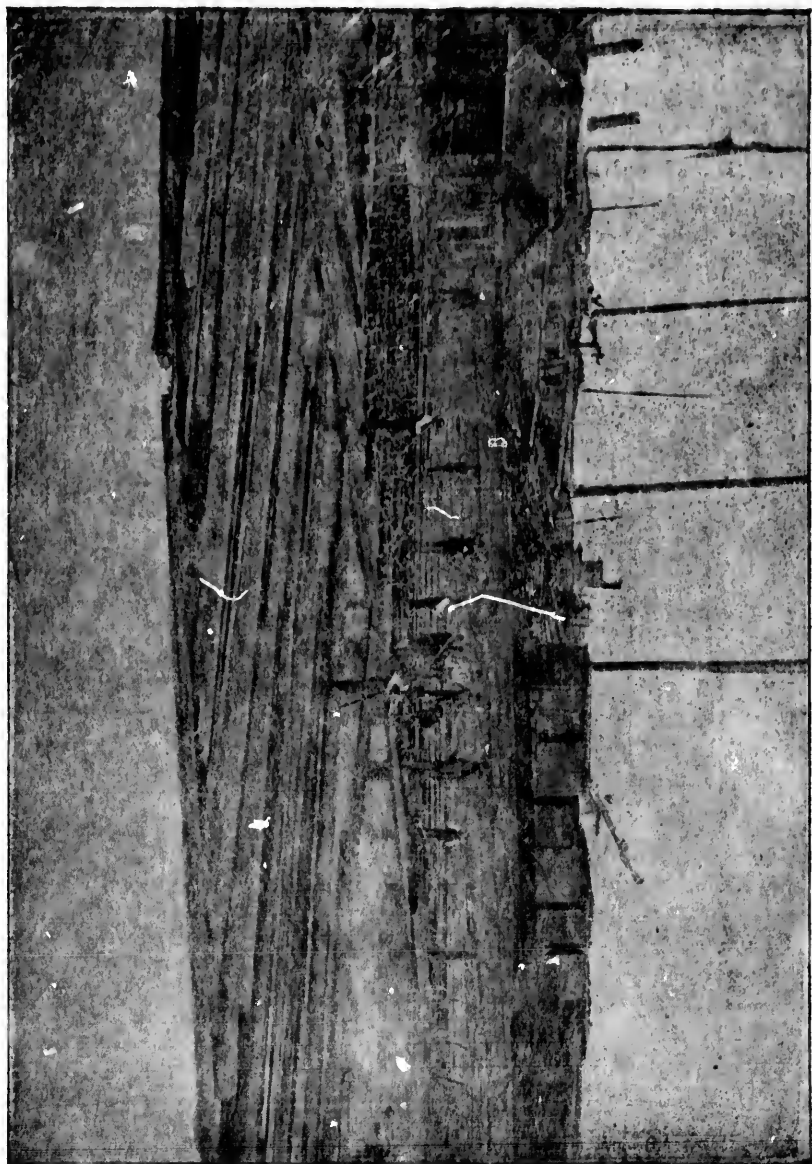
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RAFTING SQUARE TIMBER INTO DRAMS, TORONTO HARBOR, ONT.





had contained copies of the notes we took on a certain little expedition. I read it carefully through, and then told him to the best of my belief it was. He said he would like some information about those lands, as he said a certain broker who lived in Detroit wanted to sell those lands to his firm for one and a quarter million dollars. That made me fairly gasp. I asked him if they intended to purchase at that price. He said no ; that after he had read the poetry on the back cover of the pamphlet he wanted no more to do with those lands. I hastily looked at the back of the pamphlet and there headed in large letters printed "Ode to Haliburton." I asked him to give me the pamphlet, and I took it with me so that I could again read it out in the cool air. I wandered out into the street and took the first train down to Bay City, twelve miles distant. Sleep that night for me was out of the question. What was "eating me" was the thought of what a chump I had been to furnish the brains and material for a book which was being offered on the market for one and a quarter million dollars, and all I received for my authorship rights was a few cases gold-rimmed spectacles, and then as if that was not sufficient injury to me for some doggerel poet was employed to write that "Ode to Haliburton" on the back of that pamphlet without even asking my permission ! No wonder I could not sleep, for the words of that "ode" kept running through my brain ; it was about as follows :

"The buck, the does, the bulls the cows,  
The hills, the dales, the streams the lakes,  
The stumps, the rocks and swamps are all that are left  
Of beautiful Haliburton."

That is how the lines ran of the "ode," or at least as I can remember, for I am writing from memory ; so if I have the bulls wrong I hope the author as well as the reader will kindly pardon me for inserting them in this book. Those sickly lines ran through my mind all night, and they were worse than any nightmare. The next day, as I walked the streets of Bay City, the people stared at me, and no wonder, for my condition was fast getting worse. Soon the deputy-sheriff came down from Saginaw City and arrested me at the Fraser House, and he took me up and put me in Saginaw County Jail. Such was the disastrous effect the reading of that "ode" had on me. This officer, Mr. John Riordan, is gentlemanly and kind-hearted to a fault. About seven o'clock in the evening, when we arrived in Saginaw from Bay City I was at once taken before Judge Goldsmith and got a week's remand.

Mr. Riordan appeared to feel much worse about the matter than I did, for he at once took me up to his own residence and gave me a good supper. His widowed mother was living with him, and he did not tell the old lady till after supper that he was taking me up to the jail, and when he did tell her the good old lady would not believe him, and her tears as I left the house affected me very much. The sheriff and I boarded the

street cars and soon for the first time, I was inside the jail. The cell I was first assigned to was called "Jack the Ripper's." There were three cells only in the tier, which were nicely made and were finished off with plain steel plates. Walls floor and ceiling were all made of half inch steel plate, and the cell was about four by seven, in which was a nice little cot bed. The sheriff and turnkey stopped for a while, after searching me, and we all had a sociable smoke. I was then double locked in the cell, and was soon fast asleep sleeping the sleep of the just, for I knew I could sleep in safety and comfort—no fear of burglars or fires, for I knew the plates of which my cell was composed made me quite safe and secure as regards both. Next morning at seven o'clock the door was unbolted and I was told I could come out if I choose and exercise myself in the birdcage promenade the cell-doors opening on to the promenade was about four feet wide and about forty feet long. I walked out and found the occupants of the other two cells taking their morning abulations at a sink at the end of the corridors. I followed suit. They then informed me that the rules were for the last arrival to make the beds, sweep and scrub the floor and clean up the apartments. I peed off at once commenced. One of my fellow prisoners was white, the other colored. The negro was charged with committing rape on a little white girl; the white man was in for embezzlement, and he was the slickest talker I ever met. After I had been in there a day or so I took the young negro in hand and put him through the steps and facings, and taught him the manual drill; also tried to learn him something about Heaven and a future state. He did not know anything about either. After a few days he appeared to realize his position more acutely. He was afraid a mob would come and lynch him though he protested his innocence. I told him if I for a moment thought he was guilty I would slaughter him myself. Finally I came to the conclusion he was innocent, and I concluded to baptize him, which I did after I had made him kiss a cross I had made on the wall of my cell, and I made him call on God to witness his innocence and I then baptized him and named him "Dixie." He got his trial a day or so later, and was acquitted, so I guess he was innocent all right. I then tried to convert the embezzler, but found I could not do anything with him, so the jailer said he would move down to the "bull-pen," in which they were about forty prisoners, and I could there continue my missionary efforts, for he said I would find lots of material to work on, from murderers down. The bull pen as it is termed is inside a large room and built like a bird cage and inside the pen which was made of steel lattice work was three tiers of cells also made of steel, seven cells on a side. I was put in the third or top tier, but was only allowed to walk round my own tier of cells. The other prisoners had the same privilege. The walk was about three feet wide, the pen or steel lattice work in the large room was called the bird cage of bull pen. In one of the cells next to mine was Palmer's—the man who shot and killed his



brother in Saginaw ; the one on the other side was occupied by a man during a twenty years sentence for wrecking a train. Palmer, the murderer, had two years put in of his thirty years sentence, and was down from the State Penitentiary, having secured a new trial, but his sentence by the court then sitting was confirmed. One of the other prisoners told me he was doing ten years for incendiariism. I asked another what he was in for ; he told me to go to Halifax and find out. Such were a few sample cases of my fellow prisoners. The Jailor introduced me to them as a Jesuit missionary come to convert them. They all flocked around me and intimated that my clothes were too swell for the business, and suggested, if I practiced what the Bible taught I would exchange with them. I at once did so, and soon all I had on was a pair of old overalls, one brace, an old flannel shirt and a cowboy hat and a pair of socks and rubbers. One of the prisoners produced a mouth organ, and I opened the revival meeting by giving them a song and dance. A boxing match was the next on the program, and in the second round I knocked my partner out. I gave him one in the neck and tumbled him so quick his scull made a split on the steel floor. We then ended up the meeting with a concert *ala* Moody & Sankey. The boys all swore they never spent such a pleasant evening, and voted me the title of Colonel on the spot, and also boss of the bull pen. I could get none of them to box me after that evening, but I found them nearly all to be very kind hearted fellows. I did not succeed in making many converts. When my week's remand was up Sheriff Reordan, took me down to the Police Court before Judge Goldsmith. Quite a number of spectators and others were in the court, and we had quite a lot of fun. I got another couple of weeks remand, and I was again returned to the bull pen. The boys were delighted to see me back, but their joy did not last long for I commenced to have dreams and visions at night. The Court house is along side the jail. At the last stroke of the Court house clock striking midnight something was sure to happen me, and then for three or four hours there was no sleep for either myself or the rest of the prisoners, for the least sound or movement in a cell could be heard plainly in the three tiers of the cells. Of course each one of us was locked securely in, so that we could not get out or see each other.

One morning after I had one of those bad dreams, during which I had created more than ordinary noise, the prisoners all, or nearly all, with one voice begged and implored the jailer to have me taken out of the bull pen away from them, for the fright I had given some of them had made their hair fairly stand on end ; two or three had actually fainted, but I will not now tell the readers any more but will probably write another book later on of my life and will then describe the dreams and visions I had in that jail, and the many strange and somewhat remarkable occurrences that have happened to me in my somewhat checkered career ; no event or occurrence in it at all compares to what happened to me in that

Saginaw jail. I have only attempted to describe them, for when I started to tell about some of the visions I had in that cell I could see by the look and action of the listeners that they evidently thought I was still stark mad or soon would be again. So I will not give those experiences in this book, though they are just as vivid and as real to me as possible.

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## CHAPTER XV.

### I ENTER THE QUEEN STREET ASYLUM TORONTO.

After about three weeks or so of confinement, the Masons decided to send me back to Canada ; so back I came in charge of Deputy Sheriff Riordan, and I must here thank the Saginaw and Bay City gentlemen who were so good and kind to me, also all the jail officials—Sheriff Riordan especially treated me with great kindness, and often tears would spring to his eyes and roll down his cheeks when in my company in the condition I then was, in but I was “happy as a clam,” all the time ; nothing was worrying me, and I told Judge Goldsmith and the court I would just as soon put up at their jail as the best hotel in the city. The food supplied to the prisoners in the jail was if anything superior in quality and variety to what men get in the lumber shanties, and plenty of it.

My little escapade on that my last to Saginaw must have been a ‘bun’ for the newspapers reporters, for I have since seen accounts of it given at the time, in Saginaw, Detroit, Toronto and other newspapers. I hope they will give this book as long an advertisement as they then gave me. If they kindly do so it will not only do me but others much more good than the advertising they so freely gave me at that time.

Sheriff Riordan arrived with me in Toronto on Sunday December the 3rd, 1893. We travelled Pullman car from Saginaw, and on our arrival in Detroit the Sheriff had everything supplied me that he thought would strengthen and nourish me, as also he did on our arrival in Toronto, where we put up at the Rossin House, which is one of the finest hotels in the Dominion of Canada. All the bills were footed by the Sheriff for all the cash I had when I was arrested in Bay City was 7 cents. On the Monday following our arrival in Toronto the Sheriff and myself were invited out to lunch to the house of a medical acquaintance of mine, and about noon the Dr. called for us at the Rossin House, to drive us up, and as we were passing the Queen’s Street Asylum the Dr. drove in through the gates saying he had a call to make there, which would only take a

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ANDREW WHITE. (See page 31.)



few moments. We drove up to the front entrance of the building, and the three of us entered. I soon lost sight of my two companions, and after some time had elapsed I began to think that they must have driven away without me in fit of absent mindedness. I mentioned the matter to one of the officials ; he said they would probably soon turn up.

The doctor had told us as he drove up to the building that it was an hospital, and as I had never seen the building before I did not know any thing different. However, I strolled down one of the corridors and I thought the patients were a queer looking lot, and some of them appeared to be very lively in their movements, considering that they were hospital patients. So I stopped a great noble looking fellow, whom I thought was an official, and inquired what the nature of the place was. He said it was called an asylum for the insane, or the Ontario Provincial Asylum. " you, I presume," I said, " are one of the officials ? " " No," he replied ; " some people presumed I am a lunatic." We then discovered that we were brother masons, so we headed for the bathroom to have a brotherly chat and smoke. My new found brother remarked that some people must have presumed that I also must be a lunatic or I would not have been brought there. I replied that I did not think so, and assured him that my friends would soon turn up and take me out. My new acquaintance told me I had better get that mistaken idea out of my head and make up my mind to remain for at least a year or so. I laughed and said no one would dare detain me there against my will ; I had committed no crime, or even had I been accused of doing any person an injury, neither had I had any trial. My friend saw that I was getting angry, so he advised me to keep cool for he said if I tried to get out, or committed any act of violence the giant guards would soon overpower me the same as he had been overpowered when he was inveigled in there. Just then two powerful looking guards came up to me and said that I had been assigned to No. six Ward, and to come with them. I looked at my new friend ; he said I had better go with them, I went, but it was fortunate for those two guards that I did not have a pocket-gun with me, for if I had there would have been the most lively kind of a shooting match. They took me upstairs to No, six Ward, and I was turned lose among about seventy patients. These corridors are nearly one hundred yards long and about twenty feet wide. At the west end is a large verandah, the sitting, dining, bed, store, and bath rooms being on either side, and a very fine view as well as breeze could be had of Lake Ontario from the south windows. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when I was brought up into the ward, still I had seen no sign of my friends or any lunch either, so I wandered around the ward, wondering what I had best do and also taking stock of the patients. Finally six o'clock came and a bell rang. The guard came and told me to come to supper, and all the patients were marched into a large dining room and the door carefully locked behind us. Three large tables were in the dining

room to which we all took our seats. I was also shown at the centre table, next to the head, which was occupied by an old gentleman. As soon as we were seated the old gentleman asked me did I know that his Mary had a little lamb, and would they be saved. I told the old gent he would have to ask me something easier. He then asked me if I was his Willie ; just then one of the guards told him to eat his supper. He replied that he would not—that it was all poisoned. “No, grandpa,” the guard said, “it is not, and if you do not at once eat it I will put you on your back,” at the same time giving the old gentleman a little flip on the ear with the index finger of his right hand. Still the old gentleman would not eat the supper, which consisted that night of a slice of bread, cut an inch thick with butter on it so thin that it was almost invisible and some kind of a sweetened liquid to drink. The supper set before me and all the rest of the patients consisted of the same. Two guards then came up to the old gentleman—one held his hands behind the chair he was sitting in and held him firmly down in the chair, and the other guard closed the fingers of his left hand on the old gentleman's nose and held them there until he opened his mouth. The guard then stuck a gag or stick in his mouth, and proceeded to stuff it full with bread and butter and the old fellow had either to swallow it or choke. He made some desperate attempts to free himself, but they were of no avail. The guards never lit up until he had swallowed all his allowance. I also noticed several other performances of the variety order going on at the other tables of such a nature as one occasionally sees in a children's nursery. When the supper was finished and the door unlocked I made a run for the bath room and why my toe nails did not come up I do not know, I seemed to retch deep and strong enough to bring them up. A patient who was standing watching me asked me if I was sick, which I answered when I got a chance by asking did he think that I was doing this for fun. When eight o'clock came I with the others, were marched to bed, and was put in a room where there were ten other patients. We each had a separate cot and all the beds were scrupulously neat and clean. If I live a thousand years I will never forget that night, for of course my nerves by that time were strung away up, and no wonder : First I had been arrested and threw into jail in Saginaw as I thought without any just cause, then brought over to Toronto and without a word of warning, fired into a lunatic asylum, and I said to myself, “George, my boy, you are right in the whirl, and I wonder when you get out of this, where next you will end up?” and I began to study in my mind what other kind of place there were in this world that I yet had to visit so unceremoniously as I had these last two. I finally went to sleep as I was revolving the matter in my mind ; but only a short time did I dose, as I was awakened by one of the most blood curdling and unearthly yells I had ever heard. The screech the Southerners give when going into battle was music compared to it. For a moment or two I could not realize

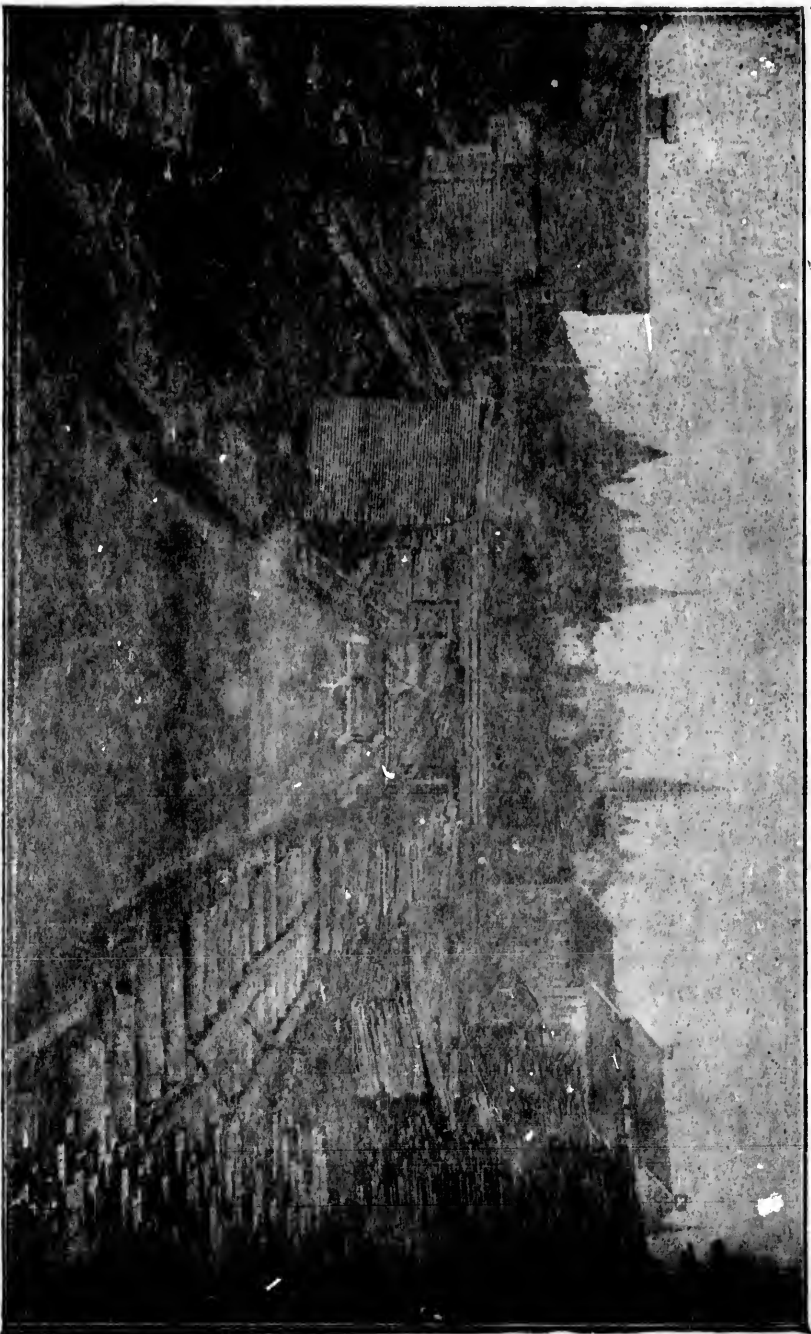


where I was. Talk about Bedlam let loose—I heard it that night. My God! how the big beads of cold perspiration stood out on my forehead as I sat up in that cot! The gaslights in the corridor lit up the room dimly, for the door was partly open. Soon I saw a patient darting past the foot of my bed, his long night robe spread away out behind, almost level with his neck, and the patient in the cot next to mine was roaring out the most horrible oaths. Still another was standing up in his bed singing and so on. My eyes fairly bulged out so that I was afraid they would burst. I am no coward, but the fright I got that night was worse than any received during the war or at any other time. I knew if I was not already insane I soon would be, and a raving maniac at that. I would sooner have the lash administered a thousand times over than put in that night over again. The Indian, with all his devilish ingenuity, could not have devised or thought of a mode of torture so cruel. What would I have given to be back again in Saginaw jail, and safely locked up in my steel cell, and the next day I begged and implored to be sent back there. How different had been my reception when put in that jail. The kind-hearted Deputy Sheriff and the Jailer, in taking me to my cell; they did in such a way that it was almost a pleasure to my feelings.

My reception at the asylum, a truthful account of which I have just given the reader, was so different. I ask the reader could it be worse, or could any plan be adopted more liable to make a nervous or highly sensitive person a maniac than was my reception into that asylum. Certainly I now know there was no danger of any of the patients doing me bodily harm, for there is always one guard in each ward on duty all night, and he is rarely absent from the ward more than a few minutes at a time; but I am trying to describe to the reader the effect it had on my nerves. Perhaps in my case some one blundered. I cannot say they did not, but dozens of the patients afterwards told me that their reception was similar to mine, and the shock to their nerves had an equally bad effect, and I do not hesitate the least to say that the shock given me came within an ace of causing my death, and it so effected my then weakened condition, both bodily and mentally, that a short time afterwards the Doctor who signed the paper to have me committed (the one who brought me to the asylum) wrote my wife and family that I would be dead in less than six months. The shock that news must have been to my wife, who was on the point of giving birth to a child, I will leave my reader to judge; for none could have left a happier home and family, or a more cheerful one than I had left in North Bay only a few short weeks previously, and my prospects never before in my life appeared brighter than when I with my little grip boarded the express that evening at North Bay when starting on that trip to Saginaw, fully expecting to return home in ten days' time at the furthest.

Whether my enemies had anything to do in first having me put into

jail and then in the asylum I know not ; but my suspicions, founded on very strong facts, led me to believe that they had, for one of them at least had some years previously, after getting control of many thousands of dollars of his wife's money which her father left her, had her placed in an asylum. She is alive and well to-day, and she has before been referred to in this book. She claims, as I do, that she was wrongfully deprived of her liberty in an asylum. The same man is one of those who, after I first became ill, the first summer, took possession of my property, and when my wife went to his office, after she received a letter from Dr. McAdory stating that I was at his home in a dying condition and she inquired of him how my affairs stood in the firm that we were both interested in, he told her that her husband was a thief and ordered her out of his office. Before she left however she told him if I ever recovered and returned to Canada those words I would choke down his throat, and I have since done so, but my property he still hangs on to. As law is still an expensive luxury I am powerless in that way to do anything to recover it ; he is in a position to fight me with my own money. So I think my reader will agree with me when I claim that I was wrongfully incarcerated in both the jail and the asylum ; but now no one is more pleased and thankful than I for the lessons I learned in those places done me great good, and were the best I ever learned. I have already given the reader a description of my reception into the asylum, and I will now proceed to describe the best way I can the treatment I received while there, which was about seven months. We were up at six o'clock every morning, Sunday included ; breakfast at seven o'clock, which meal consisted of a bowl of porridge and a very small quantity of milk, one slice of bread already buttered and as much sweetened beverage as you choose to drink. What it was I never learned ; the guards called it tea but I noticed it tasted very different to the tea they got at their own table. After breakfast two hours were taken in making up beds, sweeping and cleaning up all the rooms and corridors, and cleaning up the dishes, plates and cups used at breakfast, all the work being done by the patients, which was made compulsory on those able to do it. At ten a. m. the house doctor made an inspection of the ward ; the average time he spent daily in my ward was two minutes. Superintendent usually made inspection about noon each day, or some other time during the day. The two hours after the house doctor inspection I would spend reading the daily newspaper or marching up and down the ward. Dinner was served at twelve o'clock, and consisted of fairly good soup, about half a pound of boiled beef, two or three kinds of vegetables, half a slice of bread and a saucerful of either rice, sago or bread pudding. Some times there would be rasins in it but not many—an average of one to every patient. In serving the pudding which was after a part of my duties I would sometimes count the rasins. In the after-



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noons I would play cards or step off a few miles, walking up and down the corridor. Supper took place at six o'clock, a description of what that meal consisted of has already been given. In addition however every other night we would get a bun or slice of cake, also on those nights we would get either syrup, prunes or apple sauce, and occasionally a little of some kind of fruit preserve. The only day there was any variation was on Saturday—the beef would then be roasted and on Friday Catholics only were given fish, at eight o'clock p. m. came bed time. The meals never varied, with exceptions of about half a dozen times when we got pork for dinner and about the same number of times got cheese at supper. The winter months, from November until May, the patients are never taken out into the grounds, but are allowed to take all the exercise they wish marching up and down the corridor. There is a good library from which the patients can get books to read ; also newspapers are plentifully supplied. Playing cards are all the amusements in the ward outside of that provided by the patients themselves, which, however, there is usually plenty, for the antics cut up by the poor fellows are often very amusing. At other times it is sad and heartrending. On an average of once a week some of the good people of Toronto would come and give us a concert in the large hall attached to the building, which also was used for dances and church services on Sunday. We also had a dance in the same hall one night every other week and, that was the only time that male and female patients are allowed to mingle freely together ; the dance would only last about two hours. Sundays there was service held three times, the patients could attend all or none at their pleasure. I usually sttended the whole three, for I was glad to get out of the ward for a change, if it was only for a few minutes. That is life such as it is in winter in No. six ward, Queen Street. Asylum.

In the summer months, on fine days, we would be marched out into the corner of a field about an acre in extent, and allowed to walk round in it or play as we choose for about two hours, and as there were about three hundred patients all coralled up in that little space of ground, there was usually Cain going on in some part of it among some of patients—from a rough and tumble fight down, and at the end of two hours we would be marched back into the ward. That was all the out door exercise we got.

As regards the food it was always well cooked, most of the work was done by the patients, as was all the laundry work and in fact all the other work done in or about the establishment. Guards and attendants of course oversee it all, and keep their eyes on the patients. There are chiefs in each department who are paid officials, but the patients do all the rough work, even to polishing the guard's and attendant's boots. Most of the boots and shoes are made by the patients as well as all the blacksmithing, carpentering and painting needed in or about the establishment. The outside work—lawn, grounds, kitchen, garden, fields, barns and stables,

horses, cows and poultry—all the rough work—is done by the non-paying patients, and many of them do just as much work and often more than does a farm laborer. The patients who in any way are unable to wait on themselves, other patients are made to attend to their wants and keep them clean, and the disgusting sights I was often compelled to witness in the dining and bath rooms would often make me sick. All have to wash in or bathe in the bath room where the row of open water closets are in full view, and only a few feet distant. Five roller towels were all that was in the bath room for the seventy patients to wipe on, and on Friday mornings all were made to take a bath—often a dozen using the same water in the bath—and many of the patients were covered with sores. How would my gentle reader like the life? The department I was in was supposed to be the best of the main wards, and none but pay patients were supposed to be there, the charge being, I heard, was two dollars and fifty cents per week. The patients in my ward were from the ranks of all classes in life—ministers, doctors, bankers, lawyers, editors, professors, soldiers, sailors, and merchants, and the sturdy honest horny-handed son of the soil, the farmer, was well represented—in fact a more cosmopolitan lot it would be hard to find.

A large proportion of the patients were hopelessly incurable, and quite a number of them perfectly helpless in every way, and a few were horrible wrecks. The rowing, cursing and yelling made by some of them, night and day, often made sleep impossible. Very little medicine was given to any. All the treatment consists of what I have already described—and it is simplicity itself; nothing could be more so, for it merely consists of being locked up together, and permitted to roam through the corridors like wild beasts in a menagerie. Serious injuries are often sustained by unruly and violent patients attacking each other. There were seldom more than three guards on duty at one time in our ward, and they, of course, would not be all over the large ward at the same moment. The ultimate cures are left to Providence to accomplish, even to as great an extent as was the case with the men who became ill or got injured in the bush, and would have to take my prescriptions. The food supplied is plain and nourishing, and I grew fat and strong on it, but I often got exercise and extras that the other prisoners did not receive, for most of the time I waited on the guards' separate table in our dining room, and used to make toast, cook eggs, fry potatoes, &c., for them, and of course came in for tit bits that cook and waiters are always allowed. I used to hear many of the patients complain about the food, and often long for a few luxuries—fruits especially they used to long for. Very few pickles and no eggs were given to the patients in my ward, so the poultry yard did not do us much good. Where and how all the eggs and pickles are consumed of which the leader of His Majesty's Royal Opposition in the



House of Assembly, (Mr. Marter) complained about to the House, I never learned.

I was kindly used by nearly all. The guards in my ward vied with each other to do all they could for me, and I feel very grateful to them all from the chief guard of the ward, John McKay, down. The patience of the guards and attendants is often sorely tried ; seldom did I notice any unnecessary violence in my ward, though occasionally in the building as well as on the grounds I did observe a few cases were the guards lost their temper, but some of the patients are very provoking. The building was altogether overcrowded, and to my mind it does not come up to the requirements of this age of enlightenment and science, and surely no one would object if the cost of maintenance of the poor afflicted did cost a little more. A cheese paring policy should not be tolerated, and I claim that the United States should be given every credit for the way they maintain their insane ; even if it does average one hundred dollars per patient more than in Ontario the average cost in the most populous States is about \$240 and in Ontario \$140. I do not see how it costs even that much. My reader should take an interest in the matter, for no one knows whose turn it may be next to live in such a place ; and when once in it is too late, for no one will then pay any attention to what you say, and even if you are fortunate enough to ever get out few then care to perform what I am trying to do, and that is, take up the subject of the treatment of the insane from a patients, point of view ; and I here not only voice my own views but what hundreds of my poor brothers and sisters now in these institutions begged me to say for them. Many inmates of these institutions realize their position, and can appreciate anything just as well as any one, and in fact are as sensible as any person could be. I met hundreds of patients in there who were the most loveable people I ever mingled with in my life. I often used to wish I had brothers and sisters like other people, and my wish was granted, for now I have found hundreds, and of God's own chosen people at that, for who will dare to say those afflicted people are not God's own chosen people ? Go to their church services and watch them, ask the ministers who officiate, and they will tell you of the many tearful eyes and heaving breasts they notice among the poor patients as they repeat the prayers after the minister. Should such people be denied all the few luxuries of life, especially so when by being in there and kept under lock and key they have lost the greatest of all luxuries, and that is liberty ? The morrow to many of them brings no brightness, or will it ever do so in this world. Think of it, reader ! Your turn may be next, for insanity spares none ; young or old, rich or poor, good or wicked—all are liable to be stricken down by it.

There are societies formed for the aid of the poor, the heathen and all kinds of sinners—even the malefactor, but for those poor persons who are imprisoned in a living grave often through no fault of their own, one never

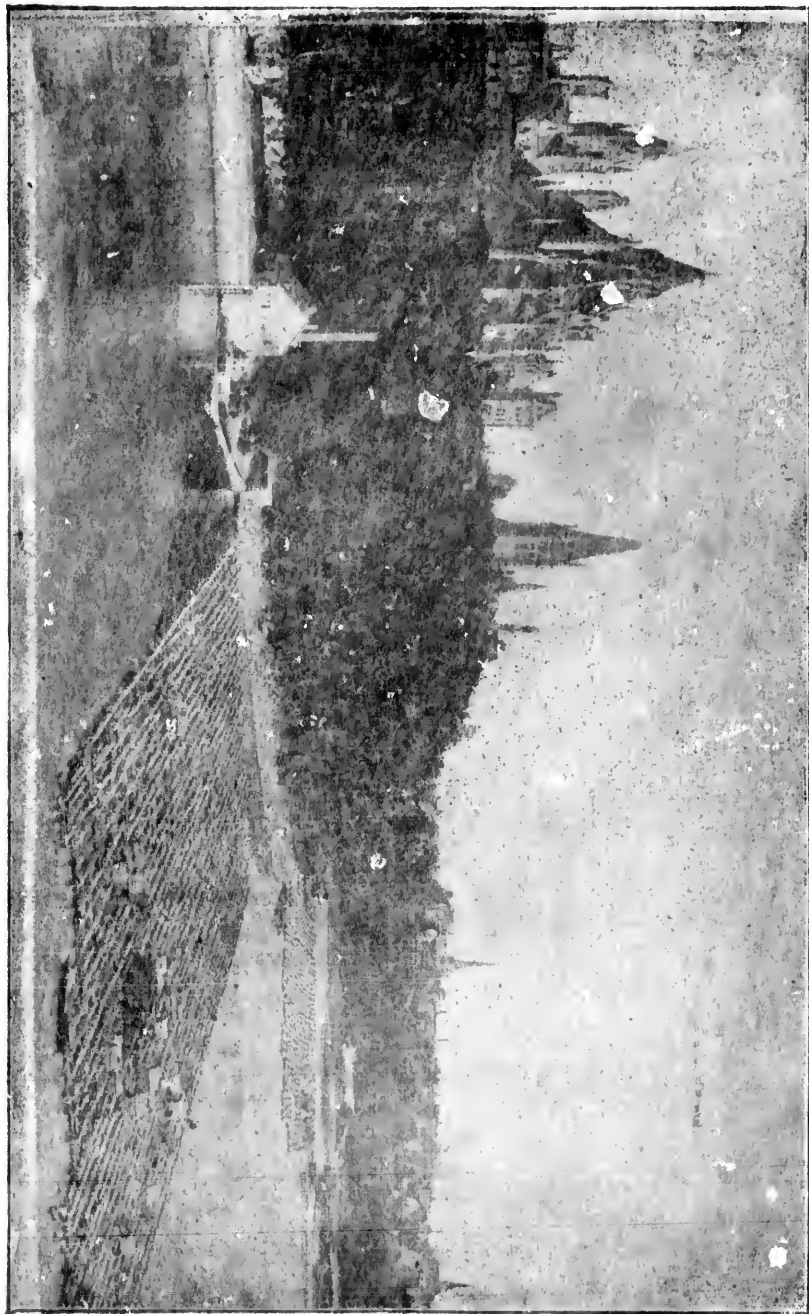
hears of any effort being made to better their condition. Neither did I ever hear of any one contributing any money to such institutions, in their will or in any other way. Very few appear to take any interest in them at all, and those few only to see how cheaply they can be maintained. That, I notice, is often made a subject and a boast by our law makers when talking to the people of the country or from their seat in the house of parliament. When reading those speeches I often have thought that it would do these parties good to get a few months in No. six ward of the Toronto Queen street Asylum.

Insanity is on the increase at such an alarming rate that something must be done more than there is at present, not only to cure it, but what is better, to prevent it, and the only way to do that is to educate the masses as to its causes. What the medical men and experts know about insanity is of comparatively little value if only applied to the cure of insanity. Get the people to take an interest in the subject and the causes which produce it and then, and only then will it decrease. If I had years ago only taken a little interest in the subject, what untold agony and suffering it would have saved me and my friends—and if I may be allowed I would certainly say that a different plan to the present of committing a person should be adopted—arresting people and giving them over to the care of jail officials is decidedly wrong, except in extreme cases where the sufferer is dangerous. No two doctors should have power to commit an individual, for it is often embarrassing to the asylum officials. The person so committed has often to be retained in the asylum many months before they will take the responsibility of declaring the patient sane, for the simple reason if they passed a hasty judgement and give the person so committed his liberty and anything should then occur to such a one, then of course the asylum officials would be blamed. Even supposing the person so committed was perfectly sane at the time of committal, how long would he remain so if made to run the gauntlet like I did? In my own case, no satisfaction would I get as to whether or not I would ever get out, or if I would end my days there and die the horrible death I saw many die in that institution. Reader, how long do you think you would keep sane if arrested and made undergo what I did? I had powerful enemies and did not know if I would ever get my freedom again. I well knew that money would do a lot in the hands of unscrupulous men. Such were my uneasy thoughts in that asylum, right or wrong, and my suspicions were more or less confirmed, as I thought, when I saw patients who, as far as I could discern, were perfectly sane; and when those people would tell me that they had been in there ten, twenty and even forty years I leave the reader to imagine my feelings. Often these poor unfortunates would tearfully explain that they were imprisoned wrongfully, and I do know if they had friends quite a number of them were never visited by a living soul, many being entirely deserted and left to their fate. And many

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RAFTS OF TIMBER BANDED TOGETHER AFTER RUNNING THE CHAUDIER SLIDE, OTTAWA, ALSO SHEWING  
LIBRARY AND PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS OF CANADA.





were being kept there, far as I could see, out of pure charity, on the part of the officials, who do not like—and properly so—to turn them out into the cold world. Others again, I thought, were being kept there merely because they were good workers. I do not claim either of these two last cases are very numerous, but there are quite a few nevertheless. Many of these poor creatures often pleaded with me to get them out of that living grave, as they termed it, if ever I got my liberty; and I will, if ever I can again procure wealth enough to make a home or retreat for them such as I know they would like, where they can spend the remaining years of their lives in comparative comfort and with more liberty than they now get. To such an object I intend to give any wealth that ever again I may be possessed of.

Why could not a reception asylum be established, say in Toronto which is now easy of access from all parts of the province, where sufferers could be examined and pronounced upon by a board of medical experts selected from the best doctors of that city and the Province? And then after a decision was reached send the person if found insane, to an asylum suitable to their case. There are a number of private asylums in Ontario to accommodate them, so that patients would not have to be all mixed up together indiscriminately, often to the detriment of many who, if given a better chance, would soon recover, and therefore better results would be obtained in every way. I would also suggest that when a patient was thought to be sufficiently recovered to warrant his discharge, that before being sent away a board of expert physicians examine and pronounce upon his case. Often—probably a few weeks' detention at such a receiving hospital or asylum—would be sufficient to effect a cure. By selecting doctors from different cities and towns to form the board of examiners, a wider and more practical knowledge would be gained. Besides the medical students at the colleges in Toronto would also have an opportunity of obtaining considerable knowledge about insanity, if such a plan were adopted—as this receiving asylum could be open to them all. A committee of the board could also visit at regular intervals, as well as examine every patient in all the asylums. There is very little expense or outlay necessary in what I have suggested, and I am sure if adopted it would not only be a blessing and a help to persons afflicted with nervous diseases, but in many cases would save the province thousands of dollars, for if relations and friends of patients knew that searching investigation of all the cases coming before the board would be made and they were made pay according to their means for the maintenance of the person; people would not get the chance to dump their afflicted relations on the public, or if not that, to fire them into an asylum in order to get them out of the way. I have had no experience of any other asylum but the Toronto institution, therefore am not in a position to make comparison between it and others. Neither do I wish to infer that it is not an Up to Date

asylum in every way. I have described the treatment I got there, without adding or taking anything from it, and have described it to the best of my ability ; but I do propose when opportunity offers, to visit similar institutions in the States and England, and perhaps among them may find one that will suit my fancy better, if I should ever find it necessary to again enter one.

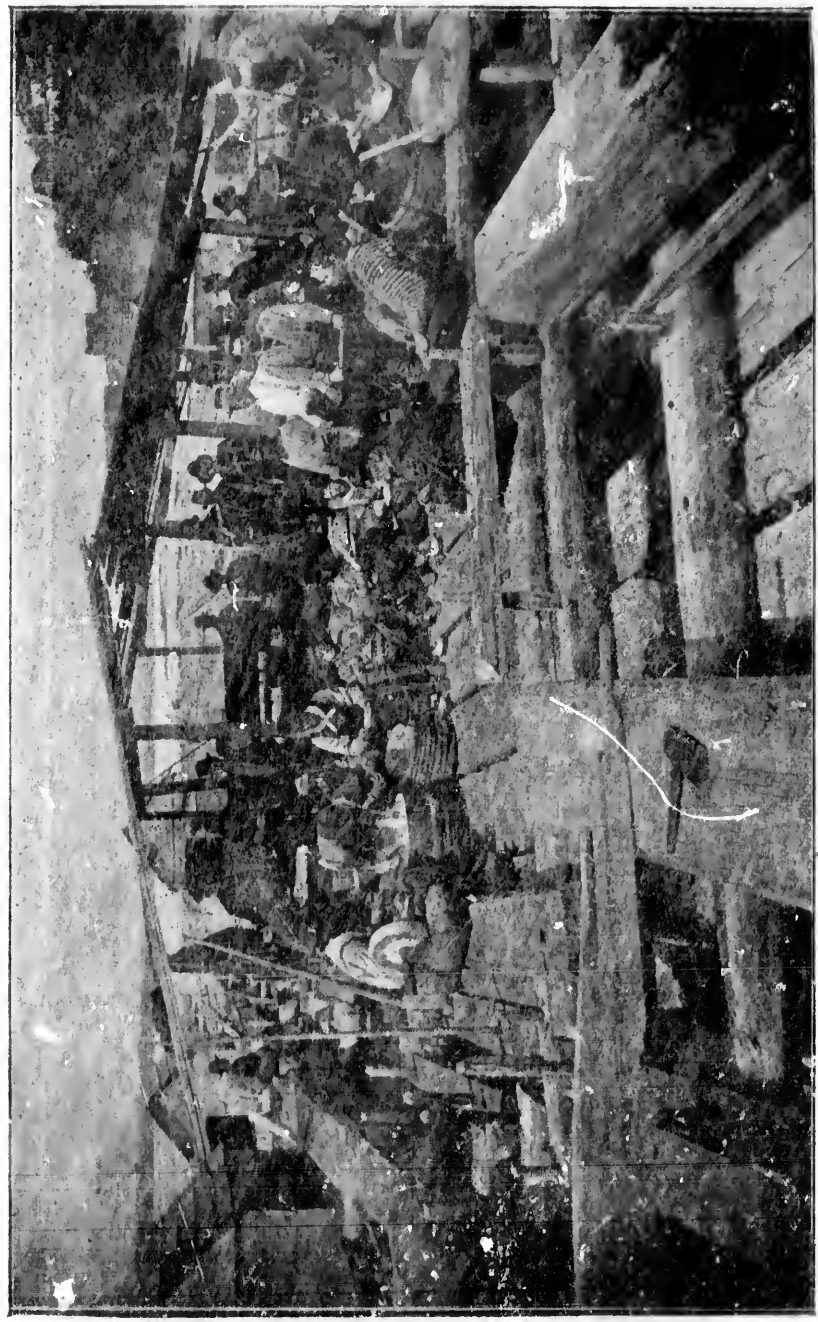
I cannot conclude this subject without mentioning the kind interest Dr. Daniel Clark, the Superintendent, took in me, and also the kindness he always showed me. I value his friendship very much. I am not aware of the extent of latitude allowed him in the management of the institution, but I have an idea that it should be greater than it is, for so able and experienced a man as he is should in no way be hampered with red tapes, either as regard the appointment of his assistants or as to food supplied. An asylum, above all institutions, should not be made a dumping ground where poor relations and others who are "in the way" may be disposed of. I did notice a tendency among a few of the officials, who appeared to think the patients were a secondary consideration, to their own comfort and ease, and the air of proprietorship adopted by some when the superintendent was not in sight, could be dropped with advantage to the patients, for many of these same patients are then superior in every way.

Personally I was well treated by all I came in contact with in the institution, and take this occasion of thanking them. The day I was discharged many of the guards—strong able fellows—were overjoyed, and sad at the same time to think I was leaving them, and so were many of the patients. Several of the guards and many of the patients shed tears of joy at my release, for they all declared I was the life of the ward. Never before, the superintendent as well as the guards told my friends, did they have such a jolly character or one so mischievous as I was, and all admitted I had greater influence with patients of all sorts and conditions than any man in the place, not even excepting the superintendent himself. I tried to be kind to them all, and my experience in handling men, as well as being a pretty fair judge of human nature, helped to wile the days away with advantage and benefit to myself and I hope to others. I never felt better or stronger than when I came out of it, and whoever had me placed there did me the best turn ever done me in my life, and whatever their motive was I fully forgive them. All the same, if any hugging or kissing is necessary in the forgiving part, I decline to be a party to it—and would sooner return and give and receive the kiss and embraces of dear brothers and sisters I left behind me in that asylum, for I know the welcome I received when I go to visit them is sincere, and I never miss calling there when in Toronto. Among the patients I met some of the kindest-hearted and most loveable people that I ever met in my life, and that very fact alone more than repays me thousands of times over



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RAFTSMEN AT DINNER ON RAFT SHOWN IN PRECEDING ILLUSTRATION.  
*The property of J. R. Booth, Ottawa, Ont.*

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

CHICAGO, ILL. U.S.A.

The day I was discharged was the first time I had seen our fine baby boy. He was just six months old that very day, and his mother brought him up to the asylum and up to the reception room of No. six ward. My brother patients were wild to see him, and to be allowed to fold him in their arms, and kiss him, so I took the little fellow out to them and down through the ward, and let them hug and kiss him as much as they choose. Many of them told me that they had not had a baby in their arms or kissed one in many years, and what is more, many of them never will again. The little fellow enjoyed it immensely, and crowed and laughed liked a good fellow. He appeared to be much more tickled and pleased with his first trip down that ward than was his father. Of course we named the baby William McAdory, after my greatest of all friends. Dr. and Mrs. McAdory had only one child—a little girl—and they so longed for a boy that we gave ours—in name—and I hope when he grows up he will do credit to it, and be as good a man as was the late Dr. Wm. McAdory. To give the reader a little idea how I feel towards those poor unfortunates, I will tell of an incident that occurred to me in Toronto a few days after I was set at liberty. The day I am referring to I had been invited to drive with a C. P. R., official, and promised to meet him at six p.m., at the corner of the Board of Trade building. As I was standing leaning against a post on the street corner smoking a cigar awaiting the arrival of my friend, a strapping young man, fairly well dressed, stepped up to me and asked me if I could give him the price of his supper. I glanced at the young man a moment and said I could, but I would not, for I said I was a beggar myself. He said, judging from my appearance, no one would ever think so. I said probably not; neither, I said, would many think he was as rich as I knew he was. The young fellow stared and replied that he did not understand me. I answered that few did, but probably he would understand me better when I informed him that I had just got my discharge from the lunatic asylum, where I had been confined for nearly twelve months; and I said I had left hundreds of poor persons behind me in that asylum any one of whom if standing right there now where he was possessing the health and mental faculties which he was supposed to possess, would think himself the richest man on earth, and any charity I had to spare would go to them. Before I had quite finished I noticed the young fellow was eyeing me closely, and looking away from me, and suddenly, without another word, he wheeled on his heel and started to walk briskly away, every few steps half turning his head to take a look at me. What his thoughts were I do not know; if I did I would only be too pleased to tell them to the reader. No doubt as I was speaking I became a little excited and probably the young fellow would see more of the white of my eyes, than I usually displayed. Anyhow, to see him so rapidly disappear set me laughing, and my young friend whom I was waiting for just then came out of the building, and he noticing my merriment, asked

the cause of it. I told him, and pointed to the young fellow who had not then passed from view. My friend then joined me in the laugh. I do not charge my reader anything extra for the new pointer I am giving as how to stand off a beggar.

The weather being extremely warm in the city about this time, which was in the month of July, 1894, I, along with my two youngest daughters, went up to visit our many friends in the Haliburton district, and when there I took a run up to Fort Oblong—the name of a lumber depot I had named the last year I worked for the Peterborough firm which I was so many years connected with. I had cleaned up a forty acre farm around the buildings at the time they were constructed, the depot was right on the very spot where many years before I had commenced my lumbering career. The lake on the shore of which the depot is built, is oblong in shape, and no doubt derived its name from that fact, and the buildings were also oblong in shape so that it now goes by the name of Fort Oblong—the style of the old forts built by the Hudson Bay Company. The fort is beautifully situated on a point, and is now a charming spot, and no doubt will at some future time become quite a village, or even a town, for the location is naturally a good one. I had this in my mind when selecting the site. I also thought it would serve to mark the spot where I had commenced and finished my lumbering career on the celebrated English Land Company's nine townships—a sandy flat of land some hundred acres in extent, lies to the west and north of the fort, and on that flat when I first saw it, was a magnificent forest of pine of a large and good quality. Fire had, however, got into it, after only square timber and a few sawlogs had been cut, about fifteen years previous to the time I selected it for the location to build a depot on. The first crop of pine was badly burned, and all killed, and to view the flat from a distance would remind one of the masts of many ships in some large harbour. When going over the land when putting up the buildings I noticed a second crop of pine, spruce, balsam and birch had sprung up, some of the young trees being ten to twenty feet in height, and I at once decided that they should not be destroyed in the process of clearing up the land ; so I personally looked after that part and had only the small useless brush cut out and any old fallen trees or dead standing ones carefully removed and burnt up in vacant places where the fire would not injure the young trees. Of course it took a little more time and labor, but it was well spent, for the young trees have thrived and done well, and instead of the flat being like most other sandy flats when cleared up—almost useless—it is now a fine piece of meadow or pasture land, the young trees shading it from the hot sun and thereby retaining its moisture, so it will give a double return, for eventually a fine crop of pine, if cared for, will be obtained.

I found, on this visit to Fort Oblong, that the young pine and other trees had thrived wonderfully, so after all Mr. Kirwin's dream may come

true in the distant future. Some of the young pine I found were nearly thirty feet in height and nearly ten inches through at the butt, and the grass growing in the fields was most luxuriant, and a fine crop of hay had that season been cut and the pasture was excellent though the summer had been extremely hot and dry. The western parts of Ontario was suffering from the great drought. So I claim many thousands of acres now useless, sandy flats in Haliburton, Muskoka, Nipissing, Parry Sound and other parts of the province of Ontario, as well as along the Upper Ottawa River, could be reclaimed and at a small expense and again be turned into a noble forest of pine.

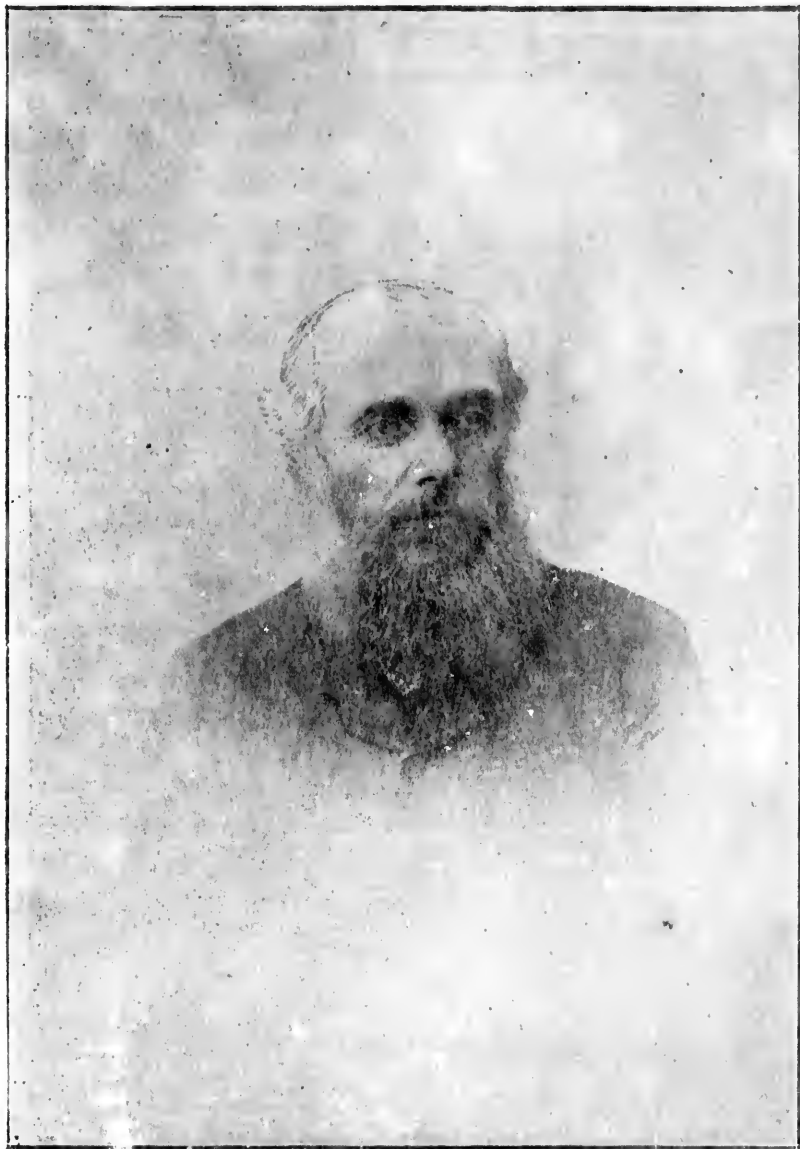
I recently heard that the Ontario Government proposed at an early date to send a commission to Europe to investigate the system of forestry in operation in Germany and other countries. If they do I hope they will make me secretary of the commission, for such a trip would no doubt do my health a lot of good, and strengthen me so that I could take a part in replanting the many forests I have assisted to deplete, for anyhow if my health again fails the province will have to keep me ; so the trip, from that point of view, may be after all a saving to the province. On the trip I no doubt could sell a few copies of "Up to Date," especially if I ran across any of those English Land Company's shareholders, or any of those "don't you know's" who once tried to farm the lands in Haliburton. I could also visit the asylums in our route, and perhaps select one and keep it in mind for future reference, and possibly in the trip I could get enough material to write another book and publish it for the benefit of those Canadians who were not on the commission.

The people in the Haliburton district appeared to be delighted to have me among them once again, and if I had been their father just come out from the old country they could not have been more pleased or given greater evidences of joy. They had heard so many reports that I was dead that my returning amongst them again was something like a man coming back from the grave. In Lindsay, Peterborough and every place I went strong men, from judges down, were overjoyed to see me again in the flesh. At times I was nearly overcome with nervousness, and so great was the strain that at one time I feared a total collapse, and thought that I might again be forced to go back to the asylum. In such an unfortunate event I would have gone willingly, and of my own accord, for well I knew that if I could only reach Toronto the good and lighthearted superintendent, Dr. Clark, would have me carefully and kindly taken care of, and the boys in No. Six Ward, from the overseer down, would see that Captain "Happy" as they used to call me, would get his share of the best of everything going. When in Peterborough I went down to the beautiful Little Lake Cemetery, to visit the grave of my father, the late Norman Barnhart, for he was a father to me for many years, and I may say the only one I knew. He died during the time I was down South. I had promised him many

times that I would be one of the chief pall bearers at his funeral, if he died first, but if I died first he was to act in the same capacity at my funeral ; but our plans were not to be, for I was many thousands of miles away when his death occurred. Before visiting his grave I purchased a beautiful pot of rock moss, like that which grows in the bush on the north side of trees, and my tears watered the moss as I laid it on his grave. My eldest son Mossom, who was with me, asked me whose grave it was, and I replied that it was my father's and therefore his grandfather's grave. A beautiful monument stands at the head of the grave, of similar design and material to the one marking the resting place of the late Mossom Boyd, whose grave is only a few feet distant. So there, side by side, as they were many years in life, lies what remains of two of the Trent River pioneers and greatest lumberman—the one a lumber king, the other his able general, and a more fitting place they could not have been laid in, for almost at their feet flows the noble Trent River, and shading their graves are lofty and noble pine trees, the wind in their leaves making a requiem prayer daily for their souls. May my bones find a resting place not far from these two graves.

A few days later I headed for Lake Nipissing, and on my arrival at North Bay at once sought the Rev. Father Blum, and implored him to take me back into my Mother Church, which he, after carefully questioning me, finally consented to do ; and as I had no knowledge of ever being baptized we both thought it best to have that most important rite performed. So the good and learned Father baptized me in the parish church of North Bay, my godmother being the noble wife of the highest judicial authority in the district, and in the unavoidable absence of His Honor, the good-hearted and genial Mr. John shields, of Pembroke, was my godfather, and I devoutly pray that the balance of my life will be spent in a way that will cheer the hearts of these three who alone witnessed my baptism, and I fervently hope the day is not far distant when I will be fully prepared to receive that greatest and most comforting of all the blessed sacraments of the church ; for so far in my life I never dared to approach—but a sweet angel has promised to kneel at my side and join me the first time I receive the blessed sacrament, and I hope that day is not far distant. I shortly afterwards went over to Nipissing to see how my timber operations had fared during my almost twelve months absence. The people there had received reports that I was dead, and everything had vanished, even to my private papers, diaries, notes and all the little souvenirs and mementos I had been collecting all my life ; and all the cash I had left in my pocket, or anywhere else, was less than a dollar. It was not a very large capital to start a lumbering operation on, and I found on enquiring that the depressed state of the timber market did not warrant me in even investigating that in the business. So I carefully thought the matter over and decided to retire. I could never expect to be in a better

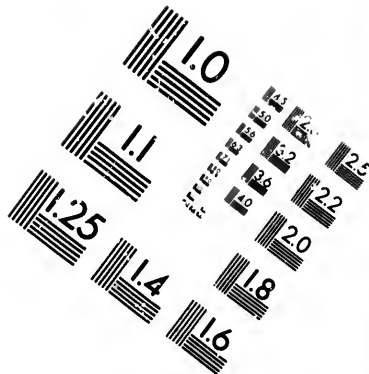
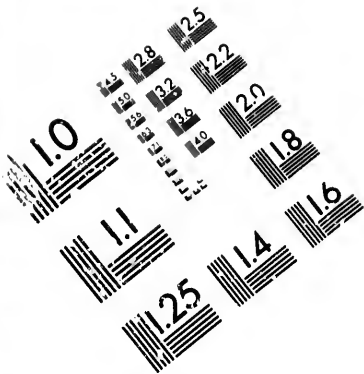




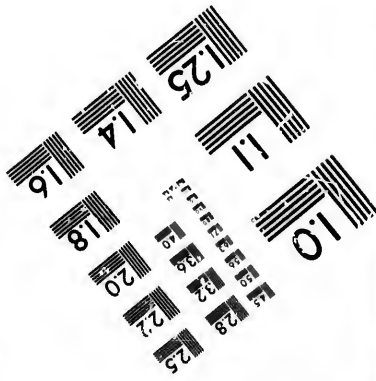
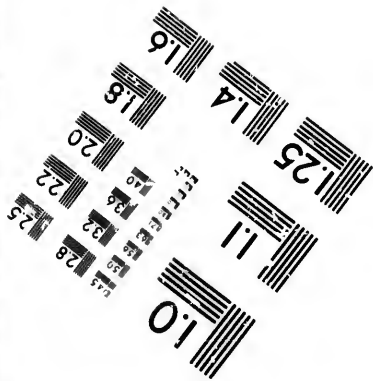
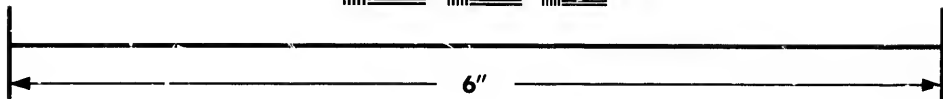
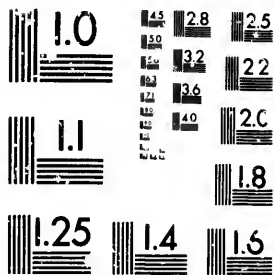
MONSIEUR NELSON J. VAUNIER, OF FENELON FALLS.

*The oldest and most experienced Bush Ranger in Canada and admitted to be one of the best judges and estimators of Standing Pine and Spruce Forests, and he thoroughly knows the forests and streams of Canada—from Alaska to Labrador. M. Nelson gave Capt. Thompson his first lessons in bush ranging and foresting.*





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shape to quit the business, for I was about even. The reader already knows I had nothing when I started, and at the end of over a quarter of a century I was just as well off as when I started.

So all my little smart business transactions had availed me nothing, and I came to the conclusion that the old saying "Honesty is the best Policy," was right after all, and that a God-fearing and Christian life was the only way to get true happiness and make a heaven on this earth, as God intended it should be.

One day, shortly after my arrival in Nipissing, I had my position brought home to me in a way I never shall forget. I had been inspecting some timber in the bush, and towards evening I made my way out to a colonization road, and as I stepped out of the bush into the road I noticed a number of children who were on their way from school. No doubt my rather sudden appearance startled them, for I came out of the bush only a few yards and I overhead a girl exclaim, "here comes that crazy man; let us all run!" and away they all scampered for dear life. I fell rather than sat down on a log on the side of the road, and in an instant my tears blinded me and I then wished I had a mother, for no one else on this earth could have given me the consolation I needed, for all through my life I have noticed no love is as true and unflinching as a mother's; she deserts her boy under no circumstances, even if he is a murderer; she often is the only one that will cling to him. To see those children afraid and running away, told me that people behind my back were talking about me—I did not blame the children; they knew no better; but their parents should have known better than to talk before them. No man living could love children more than I do, and if I can blame one thing more than another for my greed for gold, it was so that I could make my children rich and educate them and bring them up in comfort, so that they would not be kicked around the world and have to fight their way as I had to do ever since I was a mere child. Money, personally, I never cared a straw for. I knew if I ever did come to possess great wealth it would only be a burden to me for I would not know how to spend it or even to enjoy it.

After recovering from the shock which the children gave me, I realized my position more acutely than I had ever done before. I then knew why some business letters which I had written to some parties which I supposed to be gentlemen, had not been answered, and also discovered at the same time that it would be of no use of me applying for any position in which there was any responsibility; and I said to myself, George, my boy—you are no longer in it, and no one knows it better than George. So I then and there appointed myself a walking boss to tramp round and visit every lumber shanties and see how the boys all were, and get photos and notes for the book. I put in the winter doing so, and visited many shanties from Sault St. Marie to Parry Sound, and also some of the Ottawa.



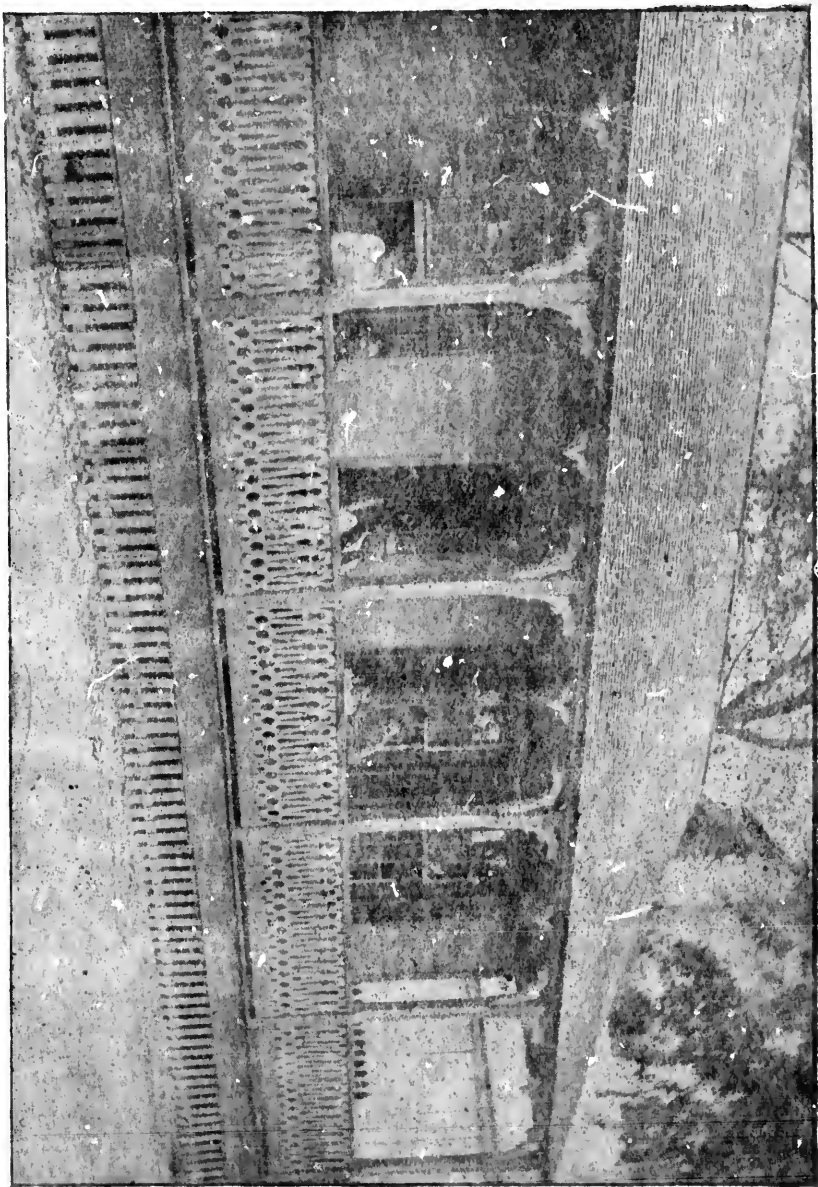
River shanties. Very rarely had I a dollar in my pocket. That did not trouble me the least bit—every where I went I received a hearty welcome. The boys were delighted to see me, for scarce a shanty would I visit but more or less of the crew had worked for me sometime or other. So I was treated like a prince and as soon as the crew of a shanty were told that I was writing the "Life of a Lumberman," they would crowd around in dozens to tell me that they wanted a book the minute it was printed and ready for sale.

I may say, in conclusion, that I commenced to write this book when I was in Saginaw County Jail, and also worked on it in Toronto Asylum, and have been working on it more or less ever since, and now this Easter Monday of 1895, I am writing the closing pages of "Up to Date."

I do not presume to preach to the reader, or draw any moral from my life; I leave that for the reader if he choses to do so. Neither do I claim the least literary talent, but have told my story in the best language and in the best way I know how. My life, from a boy up, has been spent among rough but brave and hardy men, and as the reader has learned, I was most of the time in the bush; so I ask him not to be too critical in passing judgment. I offer no apology for the life I have led; neither do I blame anyone. I grew up with the world as I found it, wherever I was, and my career in Canada shews that I made no mistake when my first trip up to Port Hope from Quebec told me it was a fine country. Any boy, man, or woman either, who is industrious, and leads a life that any man and woman should, they will prosper and be well respected and well used by a people who are second to none in intelligence.

I do not claim my life has been a credit either to myself or my country, neither do I for an instant wish to infer that it is a fair sample of that of the average Canadian, or do I claim that all Canadians are saints. What I do claim however, is that I never tried to rob a poor working man. I always paid them the highest current wages, and never would be a party to lower their pay. I never missed a chance to better the condition of the men in the shanties or on the drives when it was possible for me to do so.

No doubt my lack of education is mainly responsible for the many blunders and mistakes I made during my life, not even excepting the log returns and measurements I have occasionally made to the government and to the English Land Company. I never was much of an arithmetician, and as to kissing the Bible when making a statement, I had no more scruples about it than I had about kissing a pretty woman when I got a chance, and I was not to be depended upon when doing either, for in those days I did not believe a word in the Bible, or very little of what a pretty woman would tell me either; and if judges, lawyers or pretty women believed half what I told them they were bigger fools than I took them to be.



THE LATE DR. MCADORY AND FAMILY, AT THEIR HOME IN POLLARD, ALA.



So before the reader passes judgment on me I would ask him to remember that Our Saviour once refused to pass judgement on a certain woman that was brought before him, but told her to "go and sin no more," and no doubt the poor woman felt when she heard these words much the same way as I do now.

If I have not been a gentleman I always tried to be a man, and fought in a manly way, and never struck below the belt. If I did not like a man he soon knew it, and he also knew that I was after him ; but I always gave him a chance.

Writing of gentlemen reminds me of an incident that occurred one night at one of the dances we used to have in the asylum. The evening I have reference to there was several M.P.'s present, for the House of Assembly was then in session. Several of the number were brother Masons, and I had a chat with them ; they in turn introduced me to others of the party, and one of the visitors said he presumed I was one of the asylum doctors. I smiled and said that I was a patient, the same as nearly all the others in the hall. He looked amazed and said, "why you you are a perfect gentleman." (I guess he was a Patron) "Yes," I replied, "I lay claim to be such, for," I said, "I had been made gentle in Saginaw jail and that they had made a man of me since I came to the Asylum and so by putting the two together gave me the title of gentleman, for," I said, "when it took two great nations like the United States and Canada to make of me I did not think anyone would care to dispute my claim." A roar of laughter followed my remarks, and when it subsided the Patron member said there was not much wrong with me perhaps. Along with my being the son of a British army officer, and the adopted son of Norman Barrhart, the reader will say that I ought to have been a gentleman. The reader will more readily agree with me when I say that I know that I have often not been one, and acted and done what a gentleman should not have done, and of that I am now well aware.

If the reader wishes to learn anything further about my father's family, on receipt of one dollar, sent by mail to me addressed in care of my publishers, "The Times Printing Co., Peterboro, Ont.," I will have forwarded to them one of my "Up to Date" photos on the back of which there will be a *fac-simile* of my autograph and the coat of arms of my father's family, and then if my reader is learned in heraldry he or she can learn by it what family I am a descendant of, and he will also learn that it is one of the oldest families in England, for my ancestors can be traced without a break back to the War of the Roses and to the Crusaders.

The dollars so received will go into a fund to build a home or retreat for those dear brothers and sisters that I left behind in the asylum and others, perhaps among them the reader. That is what I have turned beggar for, and the main reason that caused me to publish this book, and why I pray it will meet with success, for the proceeds of it, out side of my

bare living and of my family's, will be spent on those who are so afflicted and left so they are unable to make a complaint, or even beg. So I intend to devote the remainder of my life to them. This book I may say, is all true in every respect, as can be proved by hundreds alive to-day. Of course in telling some yarns I have taken a lumberman's privilege of "stretching my conscience," and also the truth, but the reader can see there is no great harm in that and perhaps not much good. But as I have said before, I did not start out to write a Sunday school tract but have done my best to make *Up to Date* instructive as well as interesting.

Of course I have suppressed names and in others used fictitious ones, and told some of those little smart business transactions, in dreams and in other ways using metaphors, to suit the case ; and my reason for doing so will be obvious to the reader, but the main facts are perfectly true. I did not see any occasion to put much fiction into it, for to my way of thinking my life so far has been quite exciting and interesting enough to satisfy the author of "*Up to Date*."

*Easter Monday,*  
*14th April, 1895.*

GEORGE S. THOMPSON.

FINIS.

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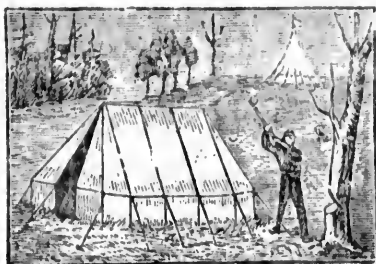
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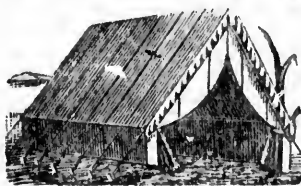
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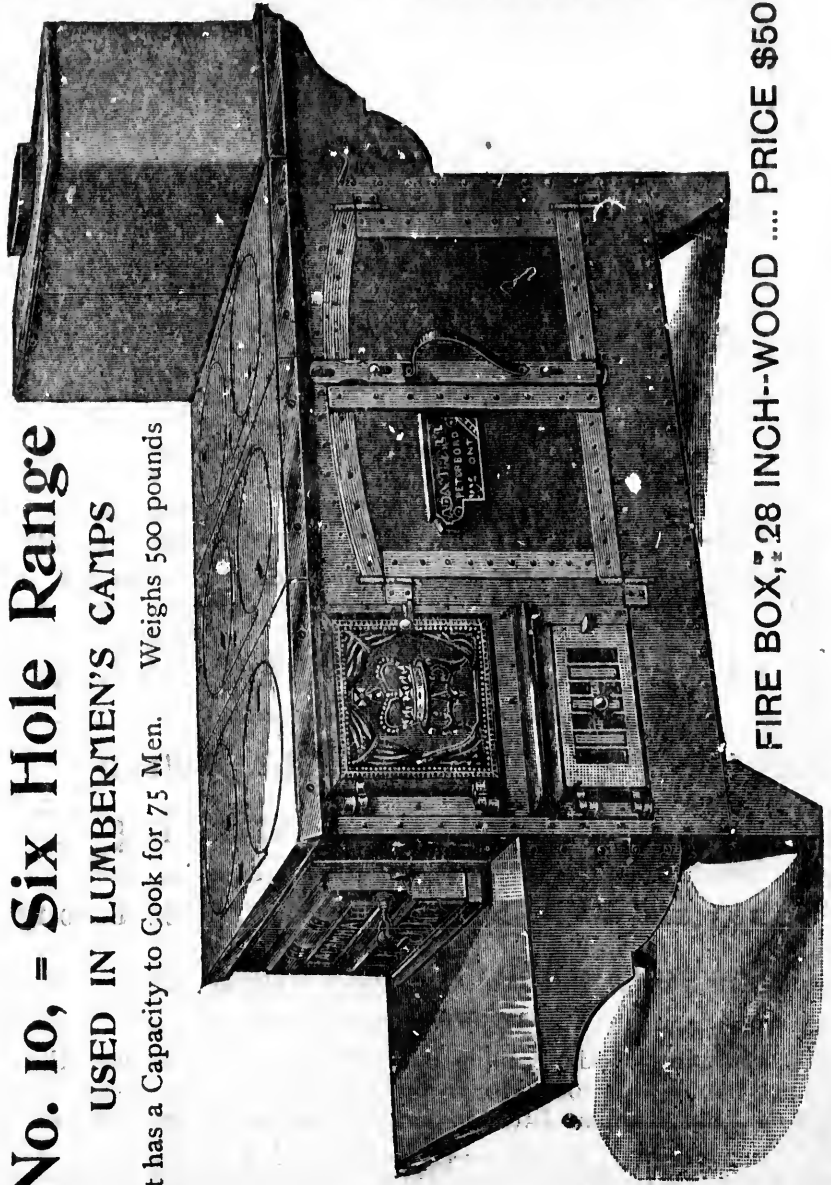


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