WINTER IN THE SILENT CANADIAN WOODS

How a Run-down Business Man Cured an Attack of "Nerves" by Spending a Week in the Forests of New Ontario.

(Rod and Gun in Canada.)

Thousands of Canadians will vouch for the fact that "the colder the weather the better the health." Indeed it is an axiom up here. I have wakened up in Northern New Ontario, Canada, to find the spirit themometer registering forty-eight degrees. A few chips in the stove or in the centre of the wigwam (if we happened to be camped in one of those excellent Indian lodges) made the temperature delightful. Upon the one particular occasion to which I refer, steady office work, with too many hours each day, together with a month, more or less, of bad air in the Sportsman's Shows, had given me a violent attack of feverish indigestion, combined with laryngitis. I was advised to stay in bed a week, but instead I telegraphed a Canadian Pacific Railway agent to get me a guide, packed up my outfit, consisting of a tent, small stove, snowshoes and toboggan, intentionally forgetting all about some unfinished business, and started north. Arriving at the station I took off my hard hat and tanned boots and ulster and put on my Mackinaw jacket, with high collar, tam o'shanter, moose skin moccasins, with three pairs of heavy woollen socks, and moose skin mittens with woollen mitts inside, flannel shirt with thin woollen undershirt, and a Canadian all wool suit.

I had fifty miles each way to snowshoe in the wilderness. It was in the middle of the coldest spell in winter. I did all the changing of clothes in a warm farm house where I left my city clothes. I gave my larynx one final spray, took my final celebrated pill (I carried them with me, however) and started. I carried a 50-pound pack, my guide a hundred pounds; the blankets, tent and stove we pulled on a toboggan.

I found that fifteen minutes' tramping warmed me up so that I had to leave my Mackinaw coat on the toboggan, push my tam o' shanter above my ears, and pull off my skin mittens and carry them in my hands. After the first half hour the feverishness had almost disappeared and the larynx was less painful.

We stopped for luncheon near some dry pine, where we made two fires and cooked the dinner in comfort, standing between the fires. I had two slices of bread, a cup of tea, and a rasher of bacon. For dessert I had a large frozen orange, of which I had brought two dozen. An apple or a potato is destroyed by freezing, an orange is improved.

At night I felt my larynx again, but less than the night before. I ate a moderate supper. I avoid eating too much the first day in the woods. The indigestion had gone. We had a large bell tent, through the apex of which passed the pipe of the stove. A few chips put in occasionally were sufficient to keep us very warm. It burned well with the door open, so that we had ventilation. We left an inch of the tent open opposite the door of the stove, which drew in the oxygen leaving us just enough to freshen the atmosphere without making us cold. We had four pairs of Crookshite (Thessalon, Ont.) ten pound blankets, which were very warm. A lined rubber blanket was spread on the boughs, then one pair of blankets under us, and three on top. It was just right when the fire went out. In the mornings the guide lighted the fire, and I confess I was willing that he should.

I did not like my tam o' shanter. My guide said, "If we meet a wolf I could make you a hat that you would like better; but they are very now by ring in the bounty." We had tracks for half the afternoon, and in the second day when we went in a rabbits and a partridge and hung them up for the night about four hundred yards from the camp on the other side of the river. In the morning there was a trench leading up path to the rabbits and the partridge had disappeared.