

STANDARD BANK

are paying interest four times a year, viz., 31st May, 31st August, 30th November and 28th February.

CORNER YORK AND KENT-STS.
(Next Simpson House)
F. F. LOOSEMORE - Manager

SURVEYING IN THE UNKNOWN NORTH

(Written for The Evening Post.)
To the person who has no experience in the wilds, or who has never felt the touch of nature, this will hardly be understood, but to the one—living and travelling through the wilds—who has felt the great silence, heard the hundred voices of nature, and fought the continual battle against all of nature's allied forces, a little relaxation of which inevitably brings defeat, and possibly death to that one, the few experiences that I passed through will be understood.

Leaving Toronto Saturday, March 2nd, and traveling two days and a night, I reached Jackfish, a small C.P.R. station on Lake Superior. The morning of the 6th three Indians, a half-breed, another fellow and myself, shouldered our pack-sacks containing blankets and clothes and started down a trail over a mile long to the mail carrier's shack where we were supplied with snow-shoes and toboggans a little over a foot wide, on which to load our pack-sack. The snow, by the way, was four or five feet deep on the level, and the weather about zero—quite a surprise, as it was raining in Toronto on Saturday, and there had been practically no snow all winter. After dinner, supplied by the two mail men who carried the mail to the survey party, we walked ten miles over a very rough and hilly trail to a log shack, where we spent the night.

THE LOG SHACKS.
Three in number were used by teamsters who were drawing in supplies to the head of Long Lake, to be distributed to the various caches by dog team. These caches are small dog shacks stationed every 20 miles on the proposed route, and filled with supplies for the survey party. They are always in charge of two men who look after the supplies and distribute them to the parties.

The next day we were on the trail by 7 a.m. and the weather was much colder. At noon our lunch consisted of frozen bread, pork and tea, eaten beside a fire. A snapshot that afternoon would have shown six blurred faces covered with snow, as we pulled a toboggan and another sledging behind with a pole, sending forward against the storm, while nature disputed every step in the direction of safety. The Indians were in the lead, and it was well that we had them with us, because they were completely hidden by the snow, but the Indians never were in doubt and kept the same long, free swinging stride until we had reached the second camp, a distance of twenty miles. Thursday we stayed at the camp all day, having been told to wait there for the mail carrier, whose approach, about five in the afternoon, was heralded by the noise of the dogs of the next morning. The mail men had our three toboggans behind their backs, and "a mare" to the seven "hunks" (dogs) we started on a good trail up Long Lake, stopping for dinner at an Indian wigwam. We arrived at Camp No. 3 at 2:30 p.m., covering the distance between the two camps in six hours, including an hour for dinner. It was at this camp that I first heard the

HOWLING OF WOLVES.
Saturday turned very cold—25 or 30 degrees below; so cold that the breath could not be seen. That is hardly credible, but nevertheless it is so. In two hours of the morning we covered 12 miles. Then came dinner, which took two hours to prepare. First, we required water. This was obtained by cutting through blocks of four feet of ice. We cut through the ice and cut for a bed around the fire and two dead trees for fuel. Two stakes were driven into the snow to support a pole on which the pails of water were hung; the fire was built. Tea was boiled and then followed a feast of pork and bread washed down by tea. We then started for the Long Lake Hudson Bay post, 18 miles ahead, which we reached about five o'clock as the shadows were darkening on the pine.

This post is a large, whitewashed building of squared timber, with the Union Jack and the H. B. coat-of-arms flanking above the door. It is in charge of a typical H. B. Factor named Godchere. The house consisted of four rooms, a parlor, dining room, kitchen, and an upstairs sleeping room. In the parlor was a modern gramophone and an upright piano. This piano had been brought in over miles of portage and river, and was a curiosity in these wilds. About twenty feet away

stood the store, which was filled with blankets, clothing, pork, etc. to be bartered with the Indians for furs. Clustered around the post were several families of Indians living in huts. The Sunday dinner would rival that of the "King Edward" —

WABOOSE BOUILLON.

moose meat, home-made bread and delicious pancakes.

Next day we left the last traces of civilization behind us, amid the shouts of young Indians and half-breeds and the howling of dogs. With a temperature of 35 degrees below we made 19 miles in the morning and five miles in the afternoon. At 3 o'clock we prepared our first camp in the open. With our snowshoes for shovels we dug out a space about fourteen feet long, six feet wide and three feet deep. In the middle of this three deep, we placed logs for our fire and covered the rest of the floor with moss-boughs. After our usual supper we rolled ourselves in our blankets and turned in for the night. Outside, with our feet to the fire. Aside, with our feet to the fire. Outside, with our feet to the fire. Outside, with our feet to the fire.

EACH MAN HAS TO PULL HIS SHARE. Varying from 150 to 200 lbs. Often a second trip is necessary.

Then comes the actual work of the survey. At 5:30 a.m. the cry of the stillness of the night. "Roll out!" breaks the stillness of the night. One fellow comes to the party taking a week's turn of lighting the fire. After a while the rest roll out, wash themselves, and go to breakfast. Then after a shower and the thawing out and adjusting of snowshoes, the party breaks camp. The party takes up the trail for miles, fastening on our snowshoes, we strike off into the bush to take up the work we left off the day before. One party takes topography, and the rest work together, picking up the trail with their instruments, and lining in the picket held chainmen, the axemen out on the line. Thus the work goes on from day to day. The party always have their camp in the woods and have to return to the camp late at night.

THE MONTHLY MAIL. is the chief feature of the camp. It reminds the men that although they are in the wilderness they are still in touch with civilization. The hour of arrival is uncertain, and this makes the event all the more interesting. The mail carriers—Holiday and "Easer"—hand over the bag to the Chief, who is surrounded by an eager and expectant throng. Each fellow gets about a dozen letters, and hesitates to know which one to read first. Then follows a good deal of chaffing, especially if one fellow gets too many in a feminine hand. After hurried reading, equally hurried answers have to be written, as the mail men wait but a few hours for the men from the front—necessaries like tobacco, clothing, etc. It is somewhat amusing when the supply of tobacco fails. Tea, kumie-kumie, or coffee, has to take its place, and the men are naturally out of humor.

I remember the date of the latter part of April, about the break-up, when travelling was almost impossible, we were reduced to "pay-break" food until to eat, but plenty of tea. Often when moving a camp a fellow would go hungry from morning till night. One camp move I will never forget. It was on April 19th, when I found a pouring rain which delayed us till 7. Then we started back a mile to the cache for supplies. The trail was so soft that it took us two hours to walk the two miles with only fifty pounds each suspended by our tump-line. The snow was with only two feet deep, with a slight crust that would not support one. Every step we would sink to our thighs in wet snow, and the tump-line would be a

DISLOCATE OUR NECK

in the floundering about. Then we started out from the old camp for the new one, six miles away, each with his own blankets and dunnage carried by the tump-line, as it was now impossible to use toboggans to any advantage. The ice was covered with about six inches of water and slush; then across a small stream and over a mile of hills, where the soft snow was about three feet deep, to a swamp about three miles long covered with water in some places over three feet; then across two bends of the same creek, more swamp, then over a small pond where two of the party were nearly drowned, over more hills and another creek, till the new camp was reached. This short six miles took only eight hours for the party to cover. Some little idea of the hardships of the life of a surveyor can be gathered from this one day.

PICK LOGS FROM RIVER BED

Lumbermen on the Mississippi Engaged in Saving Money.

The following despatch from Minneapolis recalls the frequently recurring story about the raft of oak timber said to have sunk to the bottom many years ago in Pleasant Point Bay, Sturgeon Lake, or vicinity. Various parties have claimed discovery from time to time, but no large quantity of oak has been placed on the market. What there can be no doubt about is that the bottom of the Sturgeon river from Lindsay to the lake must resemble a corduroy causeway, as a result of the constant sinking of water-soaked logs during the forty odd years that tows have been brought up against the current to Lindsay, and the lifting of these would not only make navigation safer, but should prove a profitable enterprise for some enterprising party for some energetic contractor. The Minneapolis despatch says:

The scarcity of pine timber in the West has impelled lumber mills to engage in a novel undertaking by which they hope to save millions of dollars' worth of logs which now lie at the bottom of the Mississippi and other rivers extending from the northern part of Minnesota, where the Mississippi has its source, to LaCrosse, in all about 1,000 miles of river-bed. For fifty years logging has been carried on by rafting pine logs down the river to the various mills, guided by the river boatsmen and the old logging men and mill owners believe that the new undertaking will result in fortunes for those engaged in the work. It is believed that the river bottom, literally packed with pine logs even as far south as Dubuque, Iowa, it has been demonstrated that logs may be raised with great profit. The plan is to lift these logs with a hook and chain, or a crane, and place the logs on the river bank and have a government scaler inspect them and record the marks found thereon. When the original owner can be found he will be compensated at the rate of \$8 per thousand feet. This represents just so much clear gain to the owner and still leaves a margin of profit to the hoisters, who can find a ready market for the reclaimed logs at from \$12 to \$14 a thousand feet.

The logs that become "deadheads" or "sunkers" are chiefly of the small variety, known to lumbermen as "pig iron" logs. They seldom set over more than eight to twelve inches through at the butt and are heavy and soggy. River men say a great many of these sink before leaving the landing, a few of them and have a tendency to rot in a way, one end logging in the water until thoroughly water soaked, they sink to the bottom.

Sound pine logs do not deteriorate when submerged in water, no matter how long they are submerged. Logs which have lain under water half a century have been found in perfect condition, and lately some of the best lumber produced has been that from some gigantic pine logs that were felled forty-five years ago and became drawn down in one of the neighboring lakes by the water logging of hardwood timber with which the raft was bound. The entire raft, chain bound, was lifted and half a million feet of perfect timber was recovered.

Other streams in Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan, where logs have been rafted for years, will be explored by the company now formed to begin operations on the Mississippi river.

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20 YEARS HENCE

From The Post of March, 1927.
(By the Optimist.)

At the annual meeting of the Water Commissioners yesterday, Manager Ray had a bang-up report to present for their consideration. It will hardly be credited that 20 years ago we drank the stuff that passes by our doors. The Commissioners had tried several times to get money to filter it, but the people would never give it up to them. In desperation they took hold of the idea of tapping an underground lake that was known to be there, and as a result we have the nectar of the gods, pure and unadulterated, in each household. It is ten years now since all wells were ordered to be filled up and services put into every house. There is no excuse now for anyone not having all the water they want. There is a flat rate of \$5 per year, and even at that low figure Manager Ray is able to show a handsome surplus, which by law goes towards beautifying our parks and gardens.

The Conservatory of Music is doing exceedingly well in these piping times of peace. As our readers are aware, it is the most unique of its kind in the world. Every other Conservatory makes the piano and the voice their principal features, but the Lindsay Conservatory does not attempt to teach the piano at all, and only the voice, as they fit in with the chorus concerts, that are given four times a year. The main feature here is orchestral training, including violin, viola, violin, harps, reed instruments of all kinds, Professor Hamilton is now busy preparing Gounod's "Redemption," which is to be presented at the end of 1,900 voices and an orchestra of 300 pieces, mostly string and reed.

We are pleased to see that our Council has fallen into line with other cities and passed what is properly known as the Bachelor's Tax bill. It is a limited number of all kinds, and our advice been taken then, some of the sweetest young men of that time would have been compelled to splice—or more so—on a wayward spinster, or more so, to the best looking men of the town should be allowed to remain single. The country suffers immeasurably by it. Ever to-day, although in an autumnal yellow there are few handsomeness in our midst than Tim Burke, Sam Britton or Billy Dunoon. It is fortunate for them that they are past the age limit of the by-law, because it would not surprise me at this late date if they would not find it a little difficult to get anybody to hitch on to.

We have just received an outline programme of the celebration to take place at the North Pole on the 1st of July. As we noted before, Bob Chambers has the contract for getting the place ready, and leaves here about the 1st June with his outfit to carry it out. He is to put up an immense stam, with the Pole as the centre. There is to be space made for 1000 rinks, all branching out from the Pole. Some people are afraid they may slip off down into Russia or Greenland, or some other outlandish place, but we are assured that though these places can be seen from the Pole, yet there is no danger of slipping off, as well as hockey and other sports, but the main feature will be curling. We understand that the 'spiel' will be opened by Lieut.-Governor Stewart, of Franklin, who will come up from the capital for the occasion. He will also preside at the banquet to be held, and the guest of honor, Skip Flavell, of Lindsay, who is acknowledged to be the doyen of the game the world over. After that, there will be a ball on skates, which will be given by the Governor and his good lady, Gov. Stewart is an old Lindsay boy, born and brought up here, who has made his mark in the world. He was the first Chief Justice of what were then known as the Arctic Territories, and when Franklin was arrested in a Province was appointed its first Governor.

ADVERTISE IN THE POST.

Some Remarks on Things in General

By "THE STROLLER."

(Continued from last week.)
Before starting next morning we took a walk around the market, and were very much interested in the little fishing boats, with their brown sails, and smelling of breakfast, for which we were waiting and well prepared. When we got started we were soon out of the town, and on one of the smoothest roads we ever saw. It was a "route-tout-terrain," and our chauffeur informed us that they were the best roads in the world. The car bounded along as if it were on a billiard table. This was life, more enough. We skimmed through a delicious green country, given up to enormous orchards. We were sailing along at a 40-mile-gait, slowing up when necessary and drinking in the health-involving air with the greatest pleasure imaginable.

We intended to go to Paris via Dieppe, taking our lunch at Dieppe, which is another port of call for the steamers from England. We had some great experiences as we went along our journey. We had a machine of which we were justly proud. So far it had given us no trouble at all and from the why passers-by looked at us we could see it was a thing of joy to them. The same, however, could not be said of most of the other machines we met. Occasionally we ran past a stranded car, with the occupants sitting dejectedly on the roadside whilst their 'man' was on his back under the monster fixing something that was the matter. Sometimes it was the car that was the matter, and a chain got out of true, but whatever it was it was always "something". It is always proper to stop and ask if you can do anything to help when you see a

COMRADE IN DISTRESS. for it may be your turn next, but sometimes your advances are, in a measure, coolly received, especially by those who have been led into hiring cheap machines, and who, as a rule, have lots of trouble with them. They are so put out with themselves that they are almost unable to have to acknowledge it to others.

There was one incident that occurred on the road to Paris. We were bowling along at a fair speed when we saw ahead of us a peculiar looking man standing at a small blacksmith shop, apparently awaiting repairs. We noticed two ladies—American writ large in all about them—sitting upon an extraordinary high back seat, both looking the picture of grief and despair. They were evidently mother and daughter, or aunt and niece, but whichever it was, the younger one was boss. We passed, and noticing trouble, came back and offered whatever assistance was at our disposal, only to be rather stiffly told that we could do nothing. It appeared to us to be a case where the girl was so ashamed of her out-of-control that rather than give her father the credit of having fixed the machine she would just go on and up this hill to the next village when, turning around of the brow, we saw three men pushing the apparatus along, evidently intending to shove it into the village. We were fortunate to have seen the girl again under happier auspices, and got better acquainted, and it was just as we thought. The young lady informed us that she had had so many mishaps with her machine that when she saw us sailing by so easily she was taking the hill so nicely, it seemed like the last straw, and with hatred, malice and all the uncharitableness she could muster, she was

SHAKING HER FIST

at us when we stopped and came back to offer assistance. We passed through Dieppe, Neuchatel, Bray, Forges les Chaux, and other beautiful little French towns and villages, and arrived at the barriers of Paris in the neighborhood of six of the clock. We mounted up the Avenue de la Grande Armee to the Arc de Triomphe, and from thence to the Elysee Palace hotel. After preparing ourselves for some gathering party of sort in an automobile, we found the traffic a veritable river of cars, and it had been the first meal of the day instead of the fourth. There is enough to see in Paris to stop a week, a month, or a year, but no matter how much one has seen of Paris, it has not, and can never have, a title of the interest to a Canadian that London has. As a consequence the majority of those from America who visit here, and all who cross the ocean desire to see Paris—simply take a "skifter" over the city, see some of the big places, and are satisfied. A good time to see Paris is on the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille. At that time many platforms are erected all over the city, and the best of music is supplied. On this occasion the men have the right to kiss any and everyone of the opposite sex they choose. They can also claim a dance with anyone who is on the platforms.

The Parisians evidently get out of doors. As you go along the boulevards there seems to be an endless lot of people.

EATING AND DRINKING at little tables on the street. You will see them there at all hours of both day and night, and you wonder when they ever sleep. Many of the theatres begin at 10, 11 and 12 o'clock, so that you can yet amuse yourself right up to the brink, if that is what you wish. The impresario in what you see was that there was a great deal of froth in everything pertaining to it, from the National Theatre to the Boulevard des Capucines. The Frenchman, whilst very polite, is also very excitable, and very little sends him "off his nut", as the boys would put it. As a nation they have very little religion, the way in which the Roman Catholic church has been ousted proving that. There is no

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