

**HOW HARTMAN
WON, A STORY OF
OLD ONTARIO**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649392834

How Hartman won, a story of old Ontario by Eric Bohn

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ERIC BOHN

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OLD ONTARIO**

John Hartman

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HOW HARTMAN WON.

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A STORY OF OLD ONTARIO

BY
ERIC BOHN

TORONTO:
GEORGE N. MORANG & COMPANY, LIMITED
1903

WITH MUCH TENDERNESS I INSCRIBE
THIS STORY TO MY DEAR WIFE.

THE AUTHOR.

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HOW HARTMAN WON.

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CHAPTER I.

THE LUMBERMAN'S DILEMMA.

ALL through the sixties, Linbrook was a bustling and thriving village, although it did not contain more than three or four hundred inhabitants. It was situated within the margin of a considerable belt of pine forest; and the energy of its two or three business men, who combined the double interests of merchants and lumbermen, turned its natural advantages to the best account.

The village itself was picturesquely situated on the banks of the Powan river, which wound in a semi-circular manner through the valley. On each side were hills, and except for the clearings, which here and there made a wide cut through the forest, they were still covered with tall pines.

As in many other parts of Upper Canada at that time, nearly all the settlers for many miles around devoted their winters to lumbering. These winters were usually long and steady; and when the mantle of snow dropped on mother earth in December, it often remained without a break, notwithstanding the

February thaw, until the snow-birds took their flight to make way for April blossoms.

Good sleighing was an all-important thing in those early days ; and the settlers around Linbrook counted on its coming and staying, with even more confidence than they did upon the crop of fall wheat from amongst the stumps of their scattered clearings.

What was more, this sleighing was their life. True, the lumbermen gave but small prices for their saw-logs, and even that was in trade ; but these little gains, by their gradual accumulation through the winter, enabled them to secure comforts as well as necessaries, which the clearings themselves could not produce. The people were satisfied ; and, after all, is not satisfaction the half of living ?

The Powan river, slow and narrow in the summer-time, fed only by the springs and marshes of the upper flats, and presenting during the winter a uniformly frozen surface, had a widely different aspect when the annual flood came. Then the little river became a mighty torrent, swollen wide and deep by the melting of the snows of winter ; and it bore onward to the lake the innumerable piles of saw-logs which had accumulated upon its banks during the months of the sleighing season.

Our story opens in January, 186—. The morning is bright with a clear frosty air, and a temperature not much above zero. The sun shines down on the dazzling snow with keen brilliancy, the white sheeting extending everywhere, over housetops and hill and valley, hiding even the ice on the river from view.

Strings of teams, both oxen and horses, are descending from the uplands to the different rollways along