

Canadians Have Planted 50,000 Acres of Trees

By Dr. C. D. Howe, President, Canadian Forestry Association.

At the Ontario Forestry Station at St. Williams, about 500 acres are now under plantations and the nursery contains upwards of 15,000,000 young trees. There are about 5,000,000 more seedlings at the two subsidiary nurseries, one at Orono, Durham County, and the other at Midhurst, in Simcoe County, established last year. The mother nursery in Norfolk County since its establishment has distributed around 6,000,000 seedlings, chiefly to farmers, for the planting up of waste places, or at the rate of 350,000 seedlings a year.

At the present time it supplies a great deal of material for planting in the co-operative arrangements between the Counties and Municipalities as well as stock for fixing 700 acres of shifting sand in Prince Edward County; in all over a million seedlings and cuttings were distributed last year.

May Restock White Pine.

The production of 20,000,000 seedlings in the Ontario Provincial nurseries is preparatory to the Government's plan of reforesting 10,000 acres of waste land in Old Ontario, each year for at least 60 years. The Provincial Forester estimates that 600,000 planted acres, all within 100 miles of the principal markets, eventually would yield more sawlog material than is now gleaned from over eleven million acres of timber limits under license scattered from one end of the Province to the other.

A forest nursery was established in the Province of Quebec at Berthier-ville in 1908, and since that time about four million seedlings have been distributed for private planting and in addition more than 300 acres of shifting sand areas have been reclaimed. The latter is the beginning of the Forest Service program of reforesting as much as possible of the three million acres of waste land within the Province. Quebec has also under consideration the establishment of communal forests.

What the Companies Are Doing.

The planting of forests in Canada is not confined to Government organizations. It is a notable and significant fact that certain pulp and paper companies are carrying on reforestation programs, the leader in this work being the Laurentide Company at Grand Mere, Quebec. The forester of this company established a nursery in 1912. In the eleven years the nursery has grown from a few square rods to 20 acres in extent and it now contains 15,000,000 seedlings and transplants. The company has planted 2,500 acres. Practically all the work has been done on purchased lands, not on lands leased under timber limit regulations.

The Rlordon Company established a forest nursery and has reforested about 300 acres. The Abitibi Company and the Spanish River Company have forest nurseries and are initiating reforestation programs.

I can find no statements in the various official reports as to the extent of the area under forest plantations in Canada. If, however, we take the number of seedlings known to have been distributed by the Dominion and Provincial organizations, and the areas planted by private companies during the past 20 years, and suppose that they were planted at the rate of 1,200 per acre, and allow a 20 per cent. loss, we find that in the neighborhood of 50,000 acres have been planted to trees, or at the rate of 2,500 acres a year for the past twenty years. It is only fair to point out, however, that only a small portion of this area is what would be strictly called forest plantation. Much the greater portion consists of shelter belts and small patches of waste land on farms. So far as I am able to ascertain, there are about 6,000 acres of actual forest plantations, for the purpose of timber production alone, in Eastern Canada.

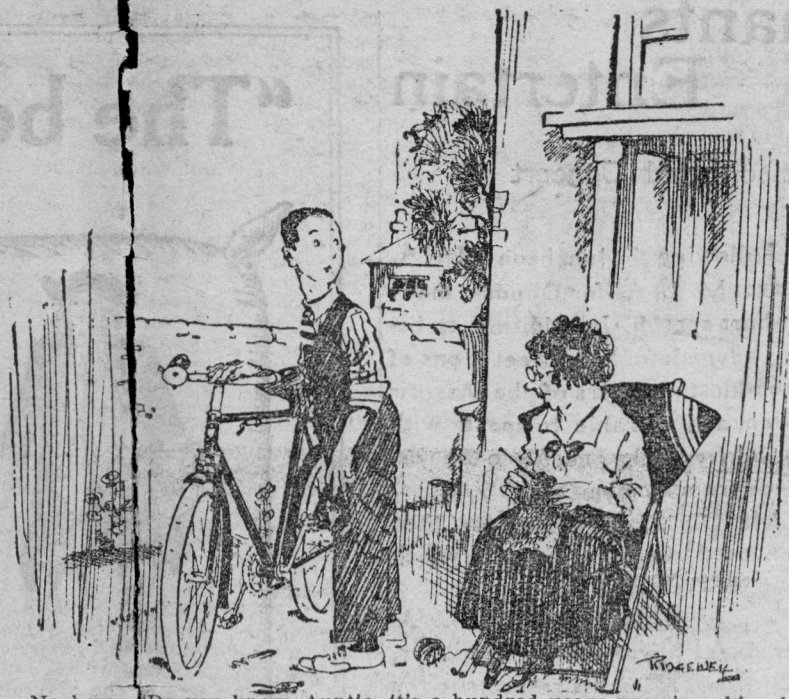
A Profitable Investment.

Forest planting for purposes of timber production will without doubt result in profitable investment in the older portions of the country where markets are near and adequate fire protection is assured, but neither of the two later conditions applies on much the greater portion of our forested area. Here in most cases artificial reforestation is not indicated. The function of forest planting is to supplement our main forestry effort, which is the guidance of Nature's creative and regenerative forces in the forest.



On the Road

Minister (sternly)—"I want to satisfy myself as to the contents of that bottle!"
Woozy Wat—"Jes' s' long as yer don't satisfy yerself with the contents of this bottle, parson, 's all right."



Nephew—"Do you know, Auntie, it's a hundred years ago since bicycles were invented."
Auntie Clara—"Just fancy! Isn't it wonderful how they wear!"

—From London Opinion.

Selling the Ocean.

A lady living far inland was advised by her physician to get salt-water bathing. With her husband she went to the seashore. In the evening, when it happened the tide was in, he went down to the beach with a pail. Seeing a man at work, he asked if he would sell him some water. The man, recovering himself, said he would. "How much?" "Fifty cents." The next morning the inlander came again, when the tide was out. After his purchase, he remarked with commercial zest, "By George, what a business you do!"

Just Borrowed It.

The doctor called on a man who was ill, and told the wife that she must put him into a recumbent position. "A what, doctor?" "A recumbent position," said the doctor.

As soon as he had gone, she went to a neighbor and said: "Mrs. Brown, could you lend me a recumbent position?" But Mrs. Brown was determined not to show her ignorance, and answered: "I'm very sorry, my dear, but I've just lent mine to Mr. Smith."

Killjoys.

Among the most practical and easy methods of making a page uninteresting with other persons is praise. Unimaginative persons don't praise their fellows because they can't find anything to praise. They are literalists, and they see all the errors. For them one error spoils an otherwise perfect page.

Mountain Aerials.

A large wireless station is being fitted up in Bavaria, which will have the distinction of being the only one of its kind in the world. Instead of having steel towers for aerials, this unique station will employ two high adjacent mountain peaks for the purpose. As the sides of the peaks are almost perpendicular they should prove ideal for broadcasting messages.

Owing to the great height and length of the aerial, its ends will be attached to heavy, wagon-like appliances on the ground, these serving to balance the effect of wind pressure.

Many long-distance records are expected to be broken when the station is complete and the mountain aerial gets into action.

Friendship.

Oh, the comfort—the inexpressible comfort — of feeling safe with a person, having neither to weigh thoughts nor measure words, but pouring them all right out, just as they are — chaff and grain together — certain that a faithful hand will sift them — keep what is worth keeping — and with the breath of kindness blow the rest away.

Smile.

Someone has said that no smile is so beautiful as the one that struggles through tears. If we only see our afflictions and troubles aright we can soften and enrich our natures by our sufferings, our disappointments, or we can turn them into instruments of torture.

The Weaver of Rugs.

The Weaver of Rugs has dreamed a dream
And brooded the summer through;
With tender love he's plotted his theme
And now His dream's come true.

He's spread His carpet over the hills,
Soft is its silken sheen
Of red and the color of daffodils,
Of rose and orange and green.

And a patch of blue reflecting there
The color of autumn skies;
The pattern vague, but beyond compare
Are these clear, mysterious dyes.

Its knotted warp in the ground below
Holds close its shimmering pile.
The Weaver of Rugs has dreamed it so,
And this is its Maker's smile.

The Weaver of Rugs has dreamed a dream
And brooded the summer through,
Over the forest, field and stream
And now His dream's come true!
—Beatrix Reynolds.

Outside.

A dog and gun and the open fields,
The tang of the autumn air;
The savage thrill as the setter steals
To the bob-white's grassy lair.

The open road, a motorcar,
The khaki clothes and all,
A camping kit, a journey far,
A primal gypsy call.

The campfire's glow, the open sky,
A bed beneath the trees,
The solitude when embers die,
The forest-scented breeze.

A wooded lake, a towering crag,
A hunter's kit and boat,
The drinking place of the lordly stag,
Wild geese and ducks afloat.

The deep dark woods, where woodfolk dwell,
Where rivers dash and foam—
The outdoors holds me in its spell,
And there I feel at home!
—Cecil D. Basham.



Poor Chick

Chick—"My, what a nice large red worm!"

The Egg Hunters Among the Kwakiutl Indians

Scenes of the Gulf of Georgia—By Bonnycastle Dale.

My little expedition was slowly working its way up along the wild Pacific coast, walking about all the deep intruding fjords and "canals," and putting forth to sea to examine the mating grounds of the sea fowl on the far-off reefs and uplifts. My assistant was a Kanaka from the South Sea Islands. Not only could he climb well, but he had prehensile toes, else he would have been hurled to his death from every precipitous cliff.

"Don't go through Seymour Narrows," the old man said, "but that is an island just below it full of cormorants and sea pigeons and oyster catchers and gulls."

We thanked him. I verbally, and my man with a grunt, and off we set to find a boat big enough to cross the Gulf of Georgia. I finally made an arrangement with a man one would not expect to find on that rude shore. He was a Trinity M.A., Dublin, with a golden beard and a face that reminded me strongly of the face in the photograph taken from the painting, done, it was said, while He was on earth, of the Master. (This was exhibited in the window of the Y.M.C.A. in New York, 1877-80. He had a house on the shore but he lived in the big flat-bottomed boat I was trying to hire.)

He bade me take the wheel after we had gone up the narrow waters, and headed out over the sandheads for the open gulf. The steamer was ninety feet long, flat below as the proverbial pancake, and as she failed to sink her twin screw when launched, the eccentric owner simply laid beds of cement on her inside bottom until the screws were covered.

There was a tall stool in the wheel house, and I was promptly thrown from that the moment we entered the great so-called swell that was running in the Gulf. Every time that awful craft slid down a trough she plumped her blunt bow deeply into the retreating sea, and threw reysers over the wheelhouse. I steered a drunken course up that unknown water. Once, on the way up, we met a gasoline boat from Alaska. She was painted

red below the waterline right down to the keel—I saw it all. After thirty miles of this hard struggle with her bluntships, we neared the Mittenatch, an uninhabited island six miles below Seymour Narrows, which were roaring like bulls at the full running tide. Directly ahead of us was "The meeting of the waters," where the two great tides that run up and down the Gulf meet—a line of mad, white, dancing waves cutting the sea in twain.

Down rattled the anchor in a beautiful bay, and I bade that strange M.A. farewell. He told me as he rang for steam—"Indians will visit you in a bit,—treat them well,—bad lot"—and off plunged Mrs. Flatbottom.

They had landed us in the small boat and promised to call in thirty days' time. The long wide island was an uplift that had broken from off the mainland in some convulsion of nature, and all its strata of rocks pointed skyward. A host of sea fowl and gulls rose screaming before us. "Kan" and I carried the duff up and put up the tent. Fully a hundred gulls were sitting on the nests right across from the tent door, and all the rocks covered with guillemot sea pigeons) or oyster catchers, or big black cormorants screaming and flapping wildly overhead. I estimated, before the sun set, that there were a thousand birds on the Mittenatch, a large proportion of which had eggs, the gulls four, the guillemots two, the oyster catchers three, the cormorants three or four. So that here were fully 2,500 eggs there for us to guard (as I had received a trust from the head of the government to try and preserve the eggs on all the breeding isles I visited).

There was a silvery moon that night with a mass of racing, lacy clouds between, and the nesting birds were late in sleeping. Until ten o'clock various whimpering notes came from the dark ledges where the nests lay, then all was still as though the island were deserted. Suddenly across the face of the moon flew a great owl—"Who-who-oo" and all the nesting

birds sprang aloft in a frenzy of rage and fear and circled high above the island. Again they settled on the still warm eggs, and again silence fell on the Mittenatch.

For just a week the Kanaka and I noted and counted and located and photographed the eggs of that nesting host. We found well over 2,000. One night I heard the regular splash, splash! of paddles and, craning my head out of the tent, I saw a great, long, high-powered canoe go silently by, a ghost of former Kwakiutl riders. We were up before daylight and Kan pointed to the high crest of the uplift. There stood a klootchman with child on back and egg basket on arm. We

ran about and found many of the nests with broken eggs in them or empty of all eggs, and we hastened and caught up with the oldest man of the raiders.

"Kla-how-ya!" I called. "Kla-how-ya!" he answered. "(How are you)" in Chinook. This is a dialect of the entire coast formed of English, French Spanish, Indian.

"Iktah mika mamook?" I cried. "(What do you do?)"

"Kahtah mika" he called. "What ails you?" I told him in broken Chinook and English that the eggs must not be taken. He told me his father and his father before him gathered eggs when the wild onion (garlic) was



THE CHAMPEEN OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD

up. I asked him how many: "Many times what they get now," he replied. Then I told him that if they did take these eggs every year the little ones among them would not have any eggs left to gather when they grew up, and then he said: "Yaka hyas solleko" ("we are very hungry") and off they went, filling their baskets and breaking the oldest eggs so that new ones would be laid. Of course we were powerless. My only weapon in any wild country is my tripod for my camera and there were twenty of them to two of us, so they despoiled the island.

Not only do they gather the eggs in late May, if any, and all of June and part of July, but they set fire to the dry vegetation on the top of the great uplift, "so that onions grow next year," they told me, and then any young in the nests unable to fly are burned to death. If they rob, as we saw them in June, the full clutch of four eggs of the Glaucus winged gulls then the next clutch would be but two and if that was taken the third but one. No wonder there are only a few hundred gulls and sea fowl on any of these far-off breeding grounds. The ones that lie off in the Pacific, where the tiderips howl and "overfalls" occur (boiling up of waters from the wild inrush of the tides into narrowing channels) are rarely visited by white men, but are regularly robbed by the Indians. The whites do eat the eggs of the gulls; the yolks are very red and the egg tastes strong.

I made my last visit there some years ago (1911) and the Indians gathered eggs and garlic still. I asked the old chief: "Have you seen Chief Chaco of the Naas?" I had been there lately and had the photograph of the old Indian with the devil fish he had taken to eat. I pulled the picture from my pocket and held it towards him.—"Kla-how ya-Kla-how-ya!" "(Goodday! Goodday!)" he muttered, retreating rapidly. His halfbreed son-in-law told me that he came home and said, "Tall man got Chief Chico in his pocket—AH!"