

planted love can be offered than the fact that it is almost impossible to persuade the average man to part with a single one of his trees, even when the destruction of one means the betterment of the others.

Occasionally, however, one sees a tree, even in London, that has had unlimited chance to develop, and the owners of these grand trees declare them to be without price; but these beautiful examples are all too few. The other extreme is everywhere, and perhaps the most flagrant case in London is in front of the Collegiate Institute. There stand three or four rows of trees, not one of which is now, or has any prospect of ever being anything but an eyesore, and yet those trees are old enough and have used enough nourishment from the soil and light from above to have made trees as handsome as any in the city had they been given proper opportunity. They are now so far gone that it would be almost impossible to make a really fine tree out of a single one of them; and what has occurred here is in process of occurring all over where from two to ten trees are planted in the space which one large, well-grown tree will need in twenty-five years.

At irregular intervals a man, called by courtesy a "tree-pruner," more or less authorized by those who rule over us to butcher every inanimate object, travels through our streets and makes a bad matter still worse.

A gentleman living near my house had last summer a very handsome cut-leaved birch and a good many maples growing on his front lawn. Noticing that the birch was beginning to suffer from being overcrowded, I one day complimented him on the beauty of his tree, and suggested that it needed more room in order to retain its beauty. He replied that it was a very nice tree, but it needed pruning, and he was getting a man who understood such things to come and see to it. The beauty of this species of birch lies in the long, slender, drooping branchlets, and in the handsome pyramidal shape of the tree; but this "pruner" sawed off the trunk of this tree at about eight feet from the top, sawed one-third off the larger limbs, and left the tree shorn of all its beauty and with the work of years destroyed. All the tree needed was to receive plenty of light and to be left alone. Such examples are abundant.

I notice lately that the tree pruner is getting in his deadly work at Springbank also. Within the past year or two the birches, poplars, maples, etc., near the pump-house have had from two to five feet taken off most of their branches, and from the trunk also. The object of this treatment is undiscoverable. The spruces, too, in other parts of the grounds, are receiving similar attention, and of all trees the spruce needs pruning least, and bears it worst. A pruned spruce is no longer a spruce, but an abortion, unlike anything in nature and is fit only for the brush pile, for it will never be itself again.

When trees are too many, cut some of them down. A tree which is too large for its environment can never be made handsome by any system of pruning, and not only that, it will spoil others which might be ornamental if its space were vacant.

Now, a word as to the planting of shade trees. In London we suffer from a superfluity of silver maple (*Acer dasycarpum*). This is a quick growing tree of handsome form, but there are others that are as quick growing and many that, though slow growers, are more desirable and very handsome. Our streets should not all be planted with one kind of tree. Monotony should be avoided. Besides, when a blighting disease or a devastating insect, affecting possibly only one species of tree, reaches a city planted with that tree only, that place is liable to have very few good trees left. Some twenty-five years ago the streets of London had many locust trees, whose foliage and flowers are both beautiful, but the locust borer came among them and now they are gone. The maple is a grand tree, hardy and nobly beautiful, but we have many other fine trees also, and doubtless it was never intended that we should confine ourselves to the use of one species only. The birches, three or four species of beautiful trees, immortalized in poetry and characteristic of the north; the lofty elm, whose fame as a street tree in New England has spread over the entire continent; the fragrant basswood, the evergreen spruces and cedar, the hemlock, which I sometimes think is the handsomest of all our trees, and the nut trees, chestnut, butternut, walnut, beech and the hickories—all these and many more have beauties of their own, and should be largely used, particularly the nut class, which render the parks attractive to the squirrels and the birds and the children, and is it not for the children, particularly those of the poorer people, for whose use the parks should mainly exist? I have no patience with the park regulations which say to the children, "Keep off the Grass." Rather

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