

cost of reforestation upon condition that the work is done according to its plans, and within the time specified by the government.

In Russia, until lately, liberty to cut, burn, destroy, and devastate was unrestricted; but in 1888 a comprehensive and well considered law cut off, so far as this can be done on paper, the liberty of vandalism. For autocratic Russia this law is rather timid, and is in the nature of a compromise between communal and private interests, in which much, if not all, depends on the good will of the private owner.

A federal law was adopted in Switzerland in 1876 which gives the federation control over the forests of the mountain region embracing eight entire cantons and parts of seven others, or over 1,000,000 acres of forest. The federation itself does not own any forest land, and the can-

tons hardly 100,000 acres, somewhat over four per cent. of the forest area, two-thirds of which is held in communal ownership, and the rest by private owners. The federal authorities have supervision over all cantonal, communal, and private forests so far as they are "protective forests"; but the execution of the law rests with the cantonal authorities, under the inspection of federal officers.

In France not only does the state manage its own forest property (one-ninth of the forest area) in approved manner, and supervise the management of forests belonging to communities and other public institutions (double the area of state forests) in a manner similar to the regulation of forests in Germany, but it extends its control over the large area of private forests by forbidding any clearing except with the consent of the forest administration.

LITTLE TOMMY'S MONDAY MORNING.

All was well Sunday morning,
All was quiet Sunday evening;
But behold, quite early Monday,
Came a queer, surprising weakness—
Weakness seizing little Tommy!
It came shortly after breakfast—
Breakfast with wheatcakes and honey
Eagerly devoured by Tommy,
Who till then was well as could be.
Then without a moment's warning,
Like a sneeze, that awful Aw-choo!
Came this Weakness on poor Tommy.
"Mother dear," he whined, "dear
mother,"

I am feeling rather strangely—
Don't know what's the matter with
me—
My right leg is out of kilter,
While my ear, my left ear itches.

Don't you know that queerish feeling?"

"Not exactly" said his mother.

"Does your head ache, Tommy
dearest?"

Little Thomas, always truthful,
Would not say his head was aching,
For, you know, it really wasn't.

"No, it doesn't *ache*," he answered
(Thinking of that noble story
Of the Cherry-tree and Hatchet);
"But I'm tired, and I'm sleepy,
And my shoulder's rather achy.
Don't you think perhaps I'd better
Stay at home with you, dear mother?"

Thoughtfully his mother questioned,
"How about your school, dear
Tommy?"