



EVERGREENS.

ting and torturing these beautiful trees into odd and fantastic shapes. All trees are the better of a little trimming to keep them in good order, and a few cedars or spruces, specially adapted for the purpose, may with advantage be closely trimmed, or, as some say, sheared, as a contrast to the others. But to hack and carve them into fantastic shapes, especially when parts of the trunk are left bare and exposed, is most unnatural, ugly, and repulsive. The press often speak of the tree fiend. Surely it must be the man who ruins the natural, God-made beauty of his trees by such vulgar vandalism.

Next we come to the deciduous trees. They have their place, and an important one, too. Besides the elm, maple, chestnut and ash, with which all Canadians are familiar, few trees are more graceful on the lawn than the cut-leaved birches and maples,

the Camperdown weeping elms, and the white and scarlet thorns. What a brilliant dash of color the latter gives when in bloom; and not less pleasing to many are the soft, pale-green flowers of the Camperdown elm, the delicate, orchid-like blossoms of the catalpa, the pink and white of the double-flowering crab-apple — indeed, there are so many ornamental trees, and all so varied, and (in some cases) indescribably beautiful, that every taste may be gratified.

As a general rule, novelties pressed by the zealous and voracious drummer should be purchased with caution. They are frequently disappointing, and, as Gilbert so naively says in *Pinafore* :

“ Things are seldom what they seem.”

Very beautiful, however, are such rare trees as the tulip tree, and the