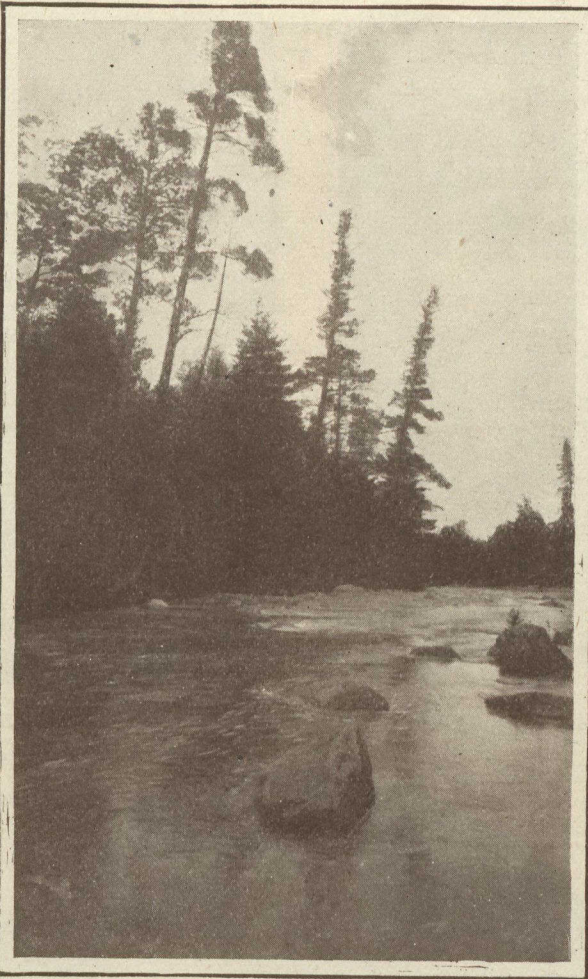


production of future wood crops. A crop of wood should be as certain as a crop of grain. Under a proper system of protection and management, the wood crop matures in from 60 to 90 years and can be anticipated with the same certainty and the same regularity as the grain crop. Just as the agriculturist is engaged in the production of food crops, so the forester is engaged in the production of wood crops. Both carry on their business for the practical purpose of producing a revenue; both must protect the crop from insect ravages, fungous diseases and fire; both must guard against the impoverishment of the soil, and constantly aim to increase its value. In each case the land is the principal capital, and any part of it either wholly non-productive or turned to a less profitable use than it might be represents so much wasted capital. Thus it will be seen that the whole question of forest management is a tremendously important one. At the same time it is an extremely difficult and complicated one, and calls pre-eminently for the exercise of the providential functions of the state to counteract the destructive tendencies of private exploitation.

The experience of centuries goes to show that while the individual makes the best farmer, the state makes the best forester. The long time required to grow a wood crop practically limits the undertaking to corporations, municipalities, or the state itself. This being the case it seems to be the plain duty of our legislators to make adequate provision for the proper protection and management of our magnificent forest areas. Under rational management their producing capacity can be increased many fold, and a continuous revenue derived from them. The immediate revenue will not be as great as under the present destructive methods, but the yield will be sustained. No other economic problem confronting the Canadian people is equal in importance to that offered by the present condition and future fate of our forests. Scientific management means not only sustained yield but also an improvement in the quality of the timber grown. This means the cutting of timber in such a way as to secure a strong and abundant reproduction of the most useful kinds of trees; providing the proper amount of growing space for each tree; and protecting the crop from fire, timber-thieves, over-grazing, insect enemies, fungous diseases, etc.

A far-sighted, comprehensive, aggressive, and business-like public policy in relation to our forests is one of the great needs of the time. Our leading statesmen and public economists recognise this fact and an ever increasing number of thoughtful people is urging the federal and provincial governments to introduce a sweeping forestry policy. Unquestionably there are difficulties in the way, but none

that may not be settled upon a fair and equitable basis. When it is remembered that in each of the provinces and in the unorganised territories, the leased timber lands all revert to the Crown, it will be seen what an advantageous position we are in



White Pine along the French River; up in the rock-bound regions of Northern Ontario.

for the practical working out of a sane, practical and far-reaching forest policy.

So far a very encouraging start has been made in the direction of protecting our forest resources. On the lands controlled by the Dominion Government, some 5,392 square miles have been placed in permanent forest reserves, with a view to placing

them under management as soon as it is possible to do so. In the railway belt of British Columbia there are eight of these reserves with an area of 890 square miles; in Alberta three with an area of 187 square miles; in Saskatchewan four with an area of 740 square miles; and in Manitoba six with an area of 3,575 square miles. These figures may not be interesting to some of my readers but I can assure them that they are of intense interest to the people in these western provinces. The great prairie region is soon destined to become "The Heart of Canada," and plentiful supplies of wood will be of the utmost importance to that part of the country.

In Ontario there are two national parks and six reserves comprising an area of 18,041 square miles. In Quebec there are two national parks and eighteen reserves with the enormous area of 174,064 square miles. Neither Ontario nor Quebec have as yet outlined a definite forest policy for the scientific management of their woodlands. Nova Scotia is having a forest survey made of the province. New Brunswick has a forestry school at Fredericton, and signs are not wanting which indicate the early adoption of a definite policy for the scientific management of her forests.

Another encouraging feature of the situation is the public interest that is gradually being aroused in the matter of forest conservation. In fact the question has broadened out so as to include the conservation of agricultural and mineral resources as well, not to mention the protection of public health and of game and fisheries. This has resulted in the establishment of the Commission of Conservation, an advisory body consisting of three ministers of the Dominion Government, the ministers charged with the control of the public lands in each of the nine provinces, ten representatives from the various universities, five members of parliament, four prominent lumbermen and a newspaper representative—thirty-two in all.

The Canadian people are to be congratulated upon the appointment of such an able commission, whose duty it will be to gather reliable information regarding our various natural resources and to suggest the best means of handling them in the public interest. When their words of advice and warning are sounded it is almost certain that the Canadian people will be quick to support their recommendations for the prevention of waste and the perpetuation not only of our forest but also of our other resources. The evils which have overtaken other lands, as the result of the disappearance of their forest resources, can only be averted by the adoption of a far-sighted, aggressive and business-like policy based upon an adequate, scientific and practical grasp of the whole situation in all its aspects.

THE POET AND THE PLOUGH

Well-known Canadian Writer Suspected of Inaccuracy

ARTHUR STRINGER, the novelist, lives in a glass house—and he throws big stones. He created quite a sensation some time ago, with "The Canada Fakers" in the *Canada Monthly*, which attacked nearly every Canadian writer in sight for some serious or simple blunder in depiction. Mr. Stringer's latest Western Canadian story, though it honestly attempts to do justice to the great crops that grow in the prairie provinces, is about as full of grotesque inaccuracies as such a piece of work, in a reputable magazine, could be.

The "White Paw Hold-Up" is a three-page account, in the *Popular Magazine*, of the experience of three New Mexican immigrants with three hundred acres of land alongside the railway at Little Dip, Alberta. They hired a ploughing and seeding gang, which broke up the three hundred acres and put it in with No. 1 Manitoba Hard; and then they bought "half a dozen teams" and lay around waiting for the crop. Only when the wheat began to shell did they wake up to the fact that they would need help to harvest it.

Now, they had only three hundred acres—they had put every acre in to wheat; and apparently had forgotten that their half-dozen teams would need oats—but they "decide it's about time to git a couple o' dozen men into that grain, with self-binders."

In the name of western progress, who ever heard of "a couple of dozen men, with self-binders," to say nothing of the two bosses, to take off three hundred acres of wheat? Why, the three hundred acres of land could not have been broken up, disked and seeded so speedily that the crops would ripen simultaneously, and would need two dozen men

with self-binders to harvest it. Twelve horses, three binders and five shockers will take off six hundred acres of wheat in the best sections of the best West.

Then the veracious Stringer makes one of the farmers who are short of labour, ride thirty-five miles west to a telegraph station to compel the operator to wire back to his own station to hold a harvesters' excursion train from which he expects to obtain help. We are supposed to believe that after a ride of thirty-five miles, ending at four o'clock in the morning, the wicked New Mexican knows that "section three" of the harvesters' excursion is due at Little Dip "in about forty minutes."

The operator does as he is bid, at the end of a six-shooter; and the train is held up at Little Dip—eleven coaches of it; as if any harvesters' excursion ever got as far as Alberta in three sections, with the third section consisting of eleven coaches after passing through Manitoba and Saskatchewan, which grow twenty times as much wheat as Alberta does. The "four or five hundred" men went into the "three hundred acres o' open wheat land just achin' to be reaped"—as though the land could be reaped. In Alberta they reap the crop. "They swept that wheat farm up as clean as a whistle" (observe, again, they swept the farm up, not the crop) "put her through a high bagger, and set fire to the straw stack, just to see it burn."

They were eating barbecued steer when the train crew got the order to go on; and the whole business occupied six hours.

Now, these harvesters whose train was stalled at four-forty in the morning had been, we are told, five days and nights in day coaches; and yet they

were so skittish as to get out and reap three hundred acres of wheat, because of the sheer exuberance of their spirits. The threshing outfit—where did they get it? For three hundred acres isn't sufficient to support a high-bagger—must have been ready for use—an extraordinary piece of preparation for farmers who had taken no steps to cut the shelling grain. Anyway, the wheat was cut, threshed and burned, and a steer barbecued, all in six hours.

Wonderful! Wonderful! Was there ever such a Canada faking? Or such a glass house?

A Yarn of the Woods

HOW would you like to lose something worth fifty thousand dollars, find it after a time, and discover that its value meanwhile had crept up to twice that amount? An anomaly of that nature occurred at Port Colborne, Ont., a week or so ago. It has provided a nice bit of fireside gossip for the chaps in the lumber business in that town whirling away their time waiting for the logs to run. Old timers who jacked in the woods thirty-five years ago, remember the loss of a valuable timber raft owned by the late D'Alton McCarthy. One night, a tug was chugging its way down from the upper lakes with this immense raft trying to make Port Colborne, when one of those squalls for which Lake Erie is so famous, kicked up and split the raft. Part drifted to shore and was later hauled up safely. The whereabouts of the other half—well, the waves have kept the secret till just the other day. Many a bunch of tree choppers have set out, with the ardour of seekers after buried treasure, bent upon solving the mystery of the oak. The successful party were working near Gull Island and found the vagrant raft caught fast in the ice.