

TORONTO GETS A TREE NURSERY.

Parks Commissioner Chambers of Toronto has received authority from the Committee on Parks to negotiate for the purchase of a nursery farm of some thirty acres in the vicinity of the city for the propagation of seedling trees and shrubs to be used in local parks.

Land in the counties of Halton and Peel, the commissioner reported, was most suitable for the purpose, and could be purchased at from \$650 to \$1,300 per acre. He estimated that the establishment of a nursery farm would involve an expenditure of approximately \$35,000 and would yield the city a profit by the end of four years.

STEEL CARS SHORT-LIVED.

The Railway Review editorially says:

"When the steel car was introduced the idea became current that the life of a car so constructed would prove to be a pretty definite quantity, much exceeding the life of wooden equipment. For years it was professed that the life of the steel car was unknown from the fact that no such cars had actually passed out of existence through legitimate wear and tear and, naturally, it was something of a shock to have the committee above referred to come in with a report that the life of steel cars was but 13.1 years and that their scrap value was but 12 per cent of the original cost."

The committee in question made its report at an annual convention last June as a result of a canvass which showed that 953 steel cars had been scrapped after the average service stated. The Railway Review lays the blame upon the fact that iron is not as pure as it used to be.

Wood is, however, the same old reliable material as of yore and the above figures appear to indicate that there apparently is still some hope for the continued renaissance of the wooden car, following its resurrection during the war period as an emergency measure.

—*American Lumberman.*

ASH WOOD IN ITALIAN AVIATION.

In making the frames and wings of aeroplanes and airships in Italy, preference is given to ash wood because its fibres are fine, compact, strong and with few knots. Ash grows well in the south and centre of Italy, in loose, slightly moist, or even dry soils. Its trunk is straight and exceeds 65 feet in height.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

By Douglas Malloch, the Lumberman Poet.

I guess it is all in the point of view—

That a joy's a joy or a pain a pain,
That a thing is easy or hard to do,

That the heart will sing or the heart complain,
According to how it appeals to you.

There's a little house by the P. R. R.—

I bet you have passed it lots of times
As you sat alone in your parlor car—
Perhaps you noticed the ivy climbs
To westward side where the roses are.

Yes, I know you have. That's an ivy vine

That you seldom see in a land so young,
I planted it back in '59,

And for sixty years like a friend it's clung
To this little old wooden house of mine.

And the roses, too, you must have seen—

Two perfect ones by the open door
As pink as the cheeks of a fairy queen.

On the southward side there are seven more,
White, yellow, and all the shades between.

And here I water and tend and prune

And watch and gather and fool along
And know about all there is of tune

And hear about all there is in song—
And that's a heap in the month of June.

I figure you see me, riding by,

You busy man with your big affairs,
And think what a life to live, to die

Of all of the wide world unawares.
But it's all in the point of view, say I.

You may pity me. It's a funny thing,

But I never pity myself at all:

I stir the ground when the robins sing,

And then it's summer, and then it's fall,
Along comes winter—and then it's spring.

I guess it's all in the way you see,

I guess it's all in the view you take;
And you needn't sorrow or sob for me

When you think of the millions that others make,
For I'm not as poor as I seem to be.