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Forestry.

To the Editor of THE SIGNAL.  
Toronto, Sept. 27th, 1889.  
Sir.—The following article from the New York Garden and Forest is of importance to Ontario, as we have made too many errors of a similar nature in clearing. Perhaps you would allow it appearing in your columns. It is from the pen of one of the best informed writers of the United States.

R. W. PHIPPS  
FORESTS AND CIVILIZATION  
We might have had some real forestry here in the State of New York if we had been sufficiently advanced in the art of living; if we had had the interest in the public welfare and the perception of our obligation to coming generations, which are necessary to the development and persistence of civilization. The entire Adirondack Wilderness should have been held permanently in the possession of the State. Then a real school of forestry could have been established somewhere in the woods, and young men could have been trained in the practice of this art, and they could have been employed in the care of the forests and woodlands of other portions of the country. The whole tract of 8000 square miles was originally heavily wooded. The timber could have been cut off as the trees matured, and, of course, should have been cut off. Nothing could be more absurd than the notion that trees should never be utilized or removed. Whenever a tree has come to its best, it should be cut down, and its wood applied to some useful purpose, so as to obtain its value, and in order to provide for a succession of generations of trees, and thus for the permanent life of the forest.

If the Adirondack forests had been thus intelligently managed and administered they would now have been for a long time yielding an increasing revenue to the people of the State. The whole population would have been greatly benefited by the retention of taxation. Every man and woman in the State would have been richer today—would have had more of the means of subsistence and of comfort and happiness than at present. Every child in the State would have been born to a better inheritance, and into more favorable conditions than now. The forests would have been better now than ever before, and they would have gone on increasing in value to the people of the State, with the increasing density of population, and on account of the exhaustion of the timber-supply in regions fit for agriculture.

The Adirondack region is not fit for agriculture. No part of it is suitable for any other than forest conditions, and these should have been maintained forever. It is indeed impossible to disturb these conditions very extensively, or to remove the forests permanently, without destroying the region itself and annihilating everything that makes it of any value. I doubt if any instance of more obvious and complete adaptation of a region to a special and particular use can be found in the whole world. Nature made this region for the permanent and everlasting growth of forests, and this sole and exclusive adaptation to a most important function should have been recognized.

As I said years ago, if the Adirondack forests could be saved by legislation, one of the best possible measures would be "An Act for the Discouragement of Agriculture in the North Woods." The lumber business is not by any means the only destructive agency at work here. Tens of thousands of acres, entirely unfit for any use but forest-growth, have been stripped of trees, and by cultivation and pasturage have been rendered incapable of reproducing the only crop for which the land ever had any adaptation. It is strange—if anything, with in human history—to see so many people persist in this effort to "farm" where the soil is so meagre, and the country so high and cold, that no profitable return for their labors is possible. The thin film of soil disappears after a few years, leaving only the bare, inert sand or gravel, and as most of the "farming land" here is rolling or hilly the slopes soon begin to break down and wash away. Great gullies are formed, which grow wider and deeper every year, till vast waterless tracts of shifting sand, or of clay and gravel, varied only by rock ledges and boulders, stretch before the unhappy traveler where once grew noble forests fed by perennial springs.

The region was meant to be left alone. It has no natural fitness for agriculture. It is pitiful to see the scanty growth of vegetation which the farmer's toil produces here cut off by frosts in both spring and autumn, and in many places, in the middle of summer, while in the Southern States of this country there are millions of acres of fertile soil lying untilled beneath most genial skies. The effort to farm these in hospitable lands has also been the source of a large proportion of the fires which have destroyed so much of the remaining forest. Land is cleared by being burned over, and in a dry time the fire extends from the fallow to the woods, despite the best efforts to keep it within bounds, and it is a common saying in the woods that such a conflagration is often a convenient accident for the farmer, as he plants corn the next spring in the burned woods without any clearing whatever, and raises a crop in the ashes. A great deal of the "farming land" here has been brought into cultivation in this way. It is all, from beginning to end, a most wasteful and suicidal process, and the inevitable end, the ruin and disappearance of the soil itself, is speedily reached. Man has no power to create a new world. He has not yet learned how to take care of the one which he inherits, but his ability to wreck and exhaust it is very great.

J. B. HARRISON.

St Speakwell  
St Speakwell was one of those spinners whose age we should never dare to guess, but who are so indispensable to every community, and who are regarded by everybody as young all their lives; for it is a singular fact we rarely regard any one as old whom we love and admire, however many years they may have lived in the world. St Speakwell was the life of the little hamlet in which she lived. Nothing could ever go on without her, she was so cheerful and good-natured, and had such a kind word for every one. Moreover she loved a joke as well as any one, and better than most people; and a good story, especially if it was new, she treasured up, as the famous after-dinner speakers are said to do. On one occasion a most savory bit of scandal came to her ears. It was such a good story, though to be sure it rather threw a blight upon the good name of one person in town; but that person was a sour, disagreeable creature, whose most people would agree didn't deserve a good name anyway. Moreover, St Speakwell was the only person who had heard the story, and she knew it would set the whole town buzzing. All she needed to do was to repeat a remark that Mr. Hebblethought told her husband's sister-in-law by his first wife, and all Cranberryville would be in a hubbub. But St Speakwell said to herself, "No; I will not tell that story. It may not be altogether true, and it certainly is not altogether kind. I will keep it to myself, and perhaps it will die out." And, sure enough, though it may seem strange and improbable, it did die away, and was never repeated. At the same time St Speakwell heard another story about this same sour, uncomfortable character, that was altogether different; a story of devotion and heroism, and this she repeated everywhere, until at length the reputation of this person, which had always been at a discount, began to rise until it stood nearly at par in the social gossip market. This change in the opinion of her neighbors so wrought upon the nature of the afore-mentioned Mrs. Grinley that during the latter part of her life she was well-to-do and softened and beloved by all. The sequel to this legend is that in after years, when St Speakwell's own twin brother got into trouble, and brought disgrace upon the family, but little was made of it, and the fault was more readily forgotten because every one remembered "He is St. Speakwell's twin brother; we must say something about it; for she never spoke ill of any one."—Golden Rule.

THE FASHIONS.  
A Variety of Jottings that Will Interest the Fair Sex.  
This is a time that tries the fashion writer's powers of endurance, also her soul. For there is literally no end to the beautiful things to see, and the conscientious worker will make a point of knowing to a nicety not only what the new goods are being received by the large importation houses but also what is being unloaded from the steamer.

NEAT FOOTWEAR  
A pair of bathing sandals recently made for Lady Colin Campbell have uppers of navy blue canvas, goffered and eyeleted. The lacing runs from the instep to tolerably high in the leg, but where do the sides meet when the sandals is worn. No covering at all is furnished for the toes, but the sole comes well to the front. Two loops of gut are inserted in the sole, one for the big toe and one for the small one. The uppers are edged with red, and in color and design match Lady Colin Campbell's bathing dress.

Proper Way to Dress.  
The real art of bearing the clothing is to divide it between the shoulders and the hips, and so divide it, not only that each shall bear part of the weight, but that during motion they shall supplement and relieve each other. The theoretical garment for such a purpose is some elastic material made on the shape of the vest worn by men, with enough stiffness to keep in shape, and with the clothing below the waist suspended therefrom.

The Tunc the Old Cow Died on.  
This expression, although so common, is rather mysterious, and probably few of those who use it know what it means, or what is its origin. In Scotland and the North of Ireland it is often used to characterize music of an especially mournful and melancholy character. The expression arose from an old song: "There was an old man and he had an old cow. And he had nothing to give her; So he took out his fiddle and played her a 'Consider, good cow, consider.' This is no time of the year for the grass to grow." "Consider, good cow, consider."

How to Lace Your Shoes.  
The other day the proprietor of a big downtown shoe store showed me something I can vouch for as a good thing. He taught me something that I had no idea I was not fully up in, but I am now very thankful for the lesson. Not one person in a thousand laces his shoes correctly. About the nearest anybody gets to it is to lace as tightly as possible. The correct way is to put your foot when you are about to lace your shoe as much as possible in the heel of your shoe. You can do this best by lacing your shoe resting in a chair standing in front of the one you are seated on. Over the instep the lacing should be drawn as tightly as possible. This will hold your foot back in the shoe, giving the toes freedom and preventing their being cramped. Lace about the ankle to suit your comfort.—New York Truth.

In Queen Victoria's writings there is said to be the following account of Kaiser William of Germany when he was twenty months old: "He is such a little love. He came walking in with his nurse in a little white dress, with black bows, and was so good. He is a fine fat child, with a beautiful white, soft skin, very fine shoulders and limbs, and a very dear face—like Vicky and Fritz and Louise of Baden. He has Fritz's eyes and Vicky's mouth, and very fine curly hair. We felt so happy to see him at last."

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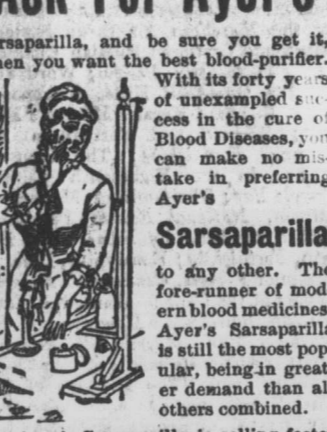
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