

you shoot the people, shed the blood of the people, and transfix the people's breasts with bayonets? Remember that you are the children of the Russian people.

"Soldiers and sailors, we, the legally-elected representatives of the peasants and workingmen, declare to you that without Parliament the Government is illegal. Orders which it may now issue have no legal force. We call on you to cease to obey the illegal Government and actively to oppose it in conjunction with us and the whole of the poor population. You have taken an oath to defend the fatherland. Stand beside us for land and liberty.

"Any man who shoots at the people is a criminal, a traitor, and the enemy of the people. We inform all such, in the name of their fatherland, that over their names will hang the eternal curse of the people.

"Soldiers and sailors, your sacred duty is to free the Russian people from the treacherous Government and defend Parliament. . . . In this struggle your elected representatives will be with you. Be brave for the fatherland, for the people, and for land and liberty against the criminal Government."

It would appear that Russia is on the verge of a great civil war, and that above the head of the Czar hangs a sword that must mean ruin. And yet, in great Southern Russia famine is working hard against the people, and to-day not even the most far-seeing can hazard a conjecture, positively, as to what the end of it all will be. The greatest danger of uprising evidently lies in the North, and at time of going to press one of the foremost of the revolutionists is reported to have said, "Now watch Reval, Riga and Libau." Movements in these places may, however, be put down, as at Sveaborg, provided the troops do not turn in a body to the side of the people.

**Plant Trees Along the Roadside.**

We recommend a careful reading of the succeeding article, contributed by Mr. John S. Pearce, Parks Superintendent, of London, Ont., to every readers of "The Farmer's Advocate." The fact that Mr. Pearce has written chiefly in regard to tree-planting in the city, detracts nothing from the value of the article in its significance to the rural population. His arguments hold as good for the country road as for the city street.

The beauty of tree-lined roads is everywhere admitted, except, possibly, by those crassly prosaic mortals who can see no further than the dollar, and so miss the best of life; but the comfort of them has not, perhaps, been persistently enough represented. We who live in the City of London can sing the praises of the tree with clear conscience. In almost any of its residential districts we can walk, even on the sunniest noon-tide, in a most grateful shade, the ladies seldom feeling under constraint even to put up a parasol, while it is no uncommon thing to meet men carrying their hats in their hands. When one considers the sweltering weariness of walking a mile or two at such a time over a succession of blazing, unshaded cement sidewalks, such as are seen in most towns and villages, the advantage of such "coolth" (as Kipling has it) must be apparent. If one imagines what a continuation of it, out and out over concessions, and side-lines and by-paths, spreading like a network through counties and Provinces, might mean, one must feel as though entertaining a dream of Paradise, a dream, too, not so utterly impossible of realization. We heard it remarked not long ago that, if the men belonging to a certain treeless village and its vicinity would devote as much enthusiasm each year to the planting of trees as they do to the construction of flimsy evergreen arches for the Twelfth of July, not an unshaded walk need be left in

the village, nor along the approaches to it. Surely an equal enthusiasm might be universally stirred up were the object of it to be a permanent benefit and a lasting pleasure, rather than the mere "painting a town red" for a single day.

By the way, anent cement sidewalks, why is it that some coloring matter has never yet been introduced into the composition to produce a tint less trying to the eyes? Even in the Forest City, with its shade, the dead whiteness is sometimes objectionable. In places where there are no trees along the streets, the

freshed with green at every point. Compare for ore moment the well-planted street, with its green lawns and boulevards, with the street without a tree or greensward. Who would care to live on the latter, could he find an abode on the former?

There is one point here I want to emphasize, and that is this: If you want a tree, you must plant it, and do it at once. Time, only, will give you trees. Money will build a house or barn; but money will not put down fine trees in front of your house or along your farm. Time, only,

of the hills surrounding the city, or, better, from the roof of some of the highest buildings, will give one the impression they are overlooking an immense forest, with a few tall buildings and chimneys among the tree-tops.

About thirty-five years ago an interest and impetus was given to tree-planting by a number of the enterprising citizens, the city newspapers lending their aid, and the city council agreeing to supply gratis the tree-guards. There was a by-law, also, offering a bonus of 25 cents per tree for trees planted on the streets, but this was seldom, if ever, claimed.

There are many objections to the soft maple which space will not allow me to explain, but any close observer cannot but notice the superiority of the Norway and the sugar maple over the soft. Then, we have the American elm, a noble, stately tree, and well adapted for street planting. The above-named three varieties are, in my opinion, the best trees for the city, town or country planting. A very important matter, when planting, is uniformity on the same street, or along the same roadway. Mixed tree planting in such places never will produce the landscape effect, nor give the impression that uniformity will lend. Hence the importance of having some one who can and has the authority to supervise and direct this work. Even when clothed with this authority, he will sometimes find it difficult to get the citizens to fall into line.

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Typical Street in London, Ont., the Home of The Farmer's Advocate.

annoyance is increased manifold—everywhere the same monotonous, half-blinding glare, and everywhere, too, a scowl of greater or lesser "ferocity" upon the faces of the people. If a change is not speedily brought about, the great majority of our citizens will have become wrinkled as Bedouins, to say nothing of the injury to the eyesight. A soft grey or restful greenish shade would surely be much preferable from the standpoint of comfort, and not to be denounced from that of the artistic. We throw out the suggestion with the firm conviction that it is an opportune one, and in the hope that it may be productive of good results in places where cement sidewalks are still under construction.

will do this, after they are well planted. But the best result can only be gained by a regular and systematic planting. Then the effects are most marked; and the increased value of the property adjoining the street avenue or country roadway will be greatly enhanced, and will repay the outlay.

**TREE-PLANTING IN LONDON.**

The City of London has been most fortunate in tree-planting, as far as quantity is concerned, but very unfortunate as to quality and variety of trees planted. Soft maple predominates on the streets of London to such an extent that there are not 500 trees of any other variety in the whole city. Another unfortu-

**Some Echoes of a Great Calamity.**

A few days only before the disastrous happenings at the Golden Gate, a well-known artist, Vernon Howe Bailey, sent to Everybody's Magazine a series of pencilled sketches of the streets, magnificent hotels and private residences, the public parks and buildings of San Francisco as it then appeared, the gayest city of the continent, the gateway to wealth and adventure, a very monument of human skill and artistic realization. We are told that everything his pencil found to draw was, with two almost insignificant exceptions, and within those few days, wiped out from the face of the earth, either by earthquake or by fire.

In the same magazine, and closely following upon the pages devoted to the sketches of the San Francisco which then smiled blithely back upon the artist as he limned his pictures, we find what has been described as "a vivid, heart-racking narrative," from the graphic pen of James Hopper, the well-known descriptive writer.

**THE EARTHQUAKE.**

Of the earthquake he writes: "And then I awoke to a city's destruction. It started with a directness, a savage determination that left no doubt of its purpose. It pounced upon the earth as some sidereal bulldog, with a rattle of hungry eagerness. The earth was a rat, shaken in grinding teeth, shaken, shaken, shaken, with periods of slight weariness, followed by new bursts of vicious rage. . . . Then I heard the roar of bricks coming down in cataracts, and the groaning of twisted girders. . . . I saw the mass pass across my vision, swift as a shadow. It struck the little wooden houses in the alley below. I saw them crash in like emptied eggs, and the bricks pass through the roof as through tissue paper. After the vibrations followed a great silence; not a cry, not a sound, not a sob, not a whisper, until, from the alley below, some one began to groan—a woman's groan, soft and low."

The earthquake has elsewhere been called "but the prologue to the fire," which completed the desolation of the doomed city. It is thus that Mr. Hopper, after giving in vivid language the story of the earthquake, introduces that of the even



Country Road Bordered with Trees.

A weekly walk to the store or post office along such a road as this would be a pleasure rather than a drudgery.

**Value of Street Trees.**

**CITY TREE-PLANTING.**

The value, as well as the good that may be effected by planting streets and avenues, not omitting the country roadside, with trees, cannot be estimated. The important part that trees play in the health and comfort of the people is only partially understood. What can be more restful and refreshing to the tired limbs and weary eyes than when re-

nate thing was that they were planted twice too thick. This was all right while the trees were small; and had they been thinned out after, say, fifteen years, they would have been all right. A thinning out has been going on for three years, under the direction of the Park Superintendent, and over 3,000 trees have been taken out, but the work is not more than half done. London is well named the Forest City. A view from some