



THIS YEAR CANADA CALLS YOU!

VACATION LAND OF IDEAL SUMMER CLIMATE

Hay fever is unknown in this clear, pine-and-balsam scented air. Unlimited territory to choose from; wide valleys of woods and streams and wild flowers; turquoise lakes with sandy beaches; the restful relaxation of camp life or the luxury of the finest hotels. In Canada your Ideal Vacation is realized; Algonquin Park—Muskoka Lakes—Georgian Bay—Lake-of-Bays—Kawartha Lakes and Temagami. Fishing, boating, bathing, golf. A summer playground in the great out-of-doors.

For full information and illustrated literature, write

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The Forest's Service in the Betterment of Canada

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branches; a beauty made up of all the mysterious life which is developed therein, of all its babbling streams, of all the bright or pale tints which adorn, in the Spring, its many flowers, a beauty made up, in the Fall, of mottled gold, of yellow and scarlet which its leaves reflect before they die, a beauty made up, in Winter, of the ermine which clothes its boughs and covers its summits and which causes it to stand out more magnificently against the infinite opal of the sky, and the orange tint of the horizon behind it.

Ever beautiful throughout its many variations, it constitutes in itself the attractive features of a country or, if we prefer, it forms the harmonious features of the landscape which God, in the words of Thelie de Poncheville, "has sketched for our happiness."

Whether as tracts of wooded land, whether as little groves, whether it springs from the meadow or near the ploughed fields, whether it stands at the confines of the green prairies, whether it climbs the hills following the pastures, whether it creeps on the mountain tops, undulating against the horizon, it ever constitutes the most attractive features of the land. It adds to the beauty of the earth as the stars and clouds fringed with gold beautify the skies.

Unceasingly rejuvenating itself, it throws a gay note into the land-

scape, a glimpse of hope, as does the oasis in the dreary immensity of the desert. What would be our Laurentian Mountains with their dome-shaped crests, our Alleghany with their summits curved as gothic arches, if the forests did not embellish them? Would Gaspé Plateau, with its long irregular shores, be a land of poetry, if it had not its forests? And would this beautiful valley of the Chaudière, with its peaceful surroundings and fertile fields, be as charming, if it did not intermingle the dark green of its lofty trees with the pale green of its open fields and the yellow of its golden harvests?

Maria Chapdelaine's Attitude

And this fertile and prosperous Richelieu plain, divided into fields stretching between parallel cedar fences to the distant horizon! Can we imagine that it would be as pleasing to the eye if the St. Hilaire Mount, with its imposing figure, did not suddenly emerge from it, bedecked with a mantle of green trees?

If, to Maria Chapdelaine, the forest appears to be a shadowy clump, "impenetrable, hostile, alive with sinister secrets, fastening itself unto life as with a overwhelming embrace from which one must gradually disengage himself." it remains nevertheless for us all, especially in the maple sugar and blueberry seasons, a most attractive spot, one of those things inanimate that clings to the soul compelling it to love.

The forest is not only a magician.

It was, we all know, for the peoples of old,—Greeks, Romans or Celts,—a temple with countless columns and rustling arches opening on the heavens. It has given birth to the Gods who have populated pagan Mythology; it was the abode of Goddesses, they having lived "under the thick barks." Beneath its high trees, oracles have spoken. The poet, saluting the forest, could say:

Première cathédrale où les orgues mugirent!

Piliers que vivifiait une robuste moelle!

Rosaces où la lune et l'astre s'inscrivent!

Chandeliers où l'on vit se poser les étoiles!

Vitraux, profondes nefs, fiers arceaux déliés,

Panthéon, qu'ébranlait le pas pesant des dieux!

Temple idéal par l'homme un jour pétrifié,

Quand il osa prier sans regarder les cieux! (L. Souguenet).

(The first cathedral in which organs pealed,

High pillars thriving on a robust sap,

A rosette in which the moon and sun are set,

Candlesticks to which the stars are hung,

Windows, nave majestic, slender arches,

A Pantheon which shook under the resounding steps of Gods,

Fitting shrine for him who was, one day, petrified,

Because he dared to pray without his eyes toward the sky!)

After the sacred woods have been depopulated, the forest, because of its smooth or streaked stems, its twigs gracefully or boldly bent, has chosen to serve as models for the smooth or channeled pillar, for the arched or ogive ceilings of our temples. Prayers and cults have changed, but the form of the arched vault has not varied. Indeed, it thus has a moral influence, but there is more than that about it. It seems as though man, in the silent seclusion of the forest, far from the worries of life, can lift his mind above all that burdens it, in the midst of the busy mass of humanity. The forest can impart to all those who wish to abide by it, salutary lessons of moral philosophy.

The Symbol of Human Life

Unlike human generations, the forests, in their continual reproduction, when left to themselves, and by living through their dead, as it were, symbolize a continuity of life upon earth. They prove to us that