

mouthed decks, high-towering over seas remote and blue.

Vancouver Island, last of the Last Great Wests, holds more merchantable timber of larger size than any spot on earth. More and better timber; sounder and more easily handled trees. It is just in the awakening of its vast advantages in this direction, and to a large extent it holds the centre of the stage in this development at the present time. Both by natural and artificial channels it is peculiarly adapted to handling this magnificent crop. Sea ways and fresh water ways, lakes, rivers, salt water arms, abound, and the rails are coming in from all directions to supplement the aids of Nature.

And yet with all this embarrassment of riches in the way of forest growth it is not too soon nor too hysterical to sound the

note of alarm. These forest Titans seem to disappear for ever once they are cut down; reforestation does not seem to bring back former conditions. "There were giants in those days." Strange, is it not, that these monarchs do not appear to leave their inheritance to their descendants! The Provincial Government has done wisely and well in late years in the way of forest reserves and precautionary measures against fire. No Government can afford to do less. To paraphrase Goldsmith:

"Cities and towns may flourish and may fade;

A breath can make them, as a breath has made.

But a tall forestry, its country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied."

Ernest McLaughlin



WHERE THE CANADIAN HIGHWAY IS CARVED THROUGH SOLID ROCK