

proper use of these extensive peat bogs is one that should early occupy the attention both of the Forestry Branch and the Agricultural Department, for there is hidden in them a great resource that it has so far not been given to us to fully realize.

Fallen Timber Problem.

In the Rocky Mountain Reserves fires have killed large areas of mature growth, and as a result there are thousands of acres of windfalls covering the ground with a labyrinthian maze of down trees, which make the areas almost inaccessible and unmanageable for cropping. What can be done with this unfortunate condition? After some time this material rots, disintegrates and becomes a part of the soil, but in the alpine climate this process takes a long time.

Meanwhile, these areas form also dangerous fire traps.

Here again, the Forest Products Laboratories may be able to work out a solution, devising means of utilizing such material.

Altogether, the problem of finding use for minor wood materials is one that would often make it economically possible to solve the silvicultural problems.

There are, then, a host of problems which it takes time to solve. Their solution should be attempted at an early date. This is possible by experiment on a small scale before the necessity of solving them on a large scale arrives. But it should be realized that the answers to these inquiries by experiment come as slow almost as the crop itself for which they are made.

Therefore, the time to inaugurate them is now. Fortunately, the experiments outside of requiring careful and judicious planning can be made with very small expense, and considerations of economy, due to the exigencies of the war, need, perhaps, not delay them.

"HARM ME NOT!"

Following is an interesting placard which, says the British Journal of Forestry, is a copy of that affixed to the trees in Spanish forests most frequented by the people. The translation is as follows:

"To the Wayfarer,—

Ye who pass by and would raise your hands against me, hearken ere you harm me.

I am the heat of your hearth on cold winter nights, the friendly shade screening you from the mid-summer sun, and my fruits are refreshing draughts quenching your thirst as you journey on.

I am the beam that holds your house, the board of your table, the bed in which you lie, and the timber that builds your boat.

I am the handle of your hoe, the door of your homestead, the wood of your cradle, and the shell of your coffin.

I am the bread of kindness and the flower of beauty.

Ye who pass by, hear my prayer: harm me not."

Tree on Tree

A singular tree in Cuba is called the yaguey-tree. It begins to grow at the top of another tree. The seed is carried by a bird, or wafted by the wind, and, falling into some moist, branching part, takes root and speedily begins to grow. It sends a kind of thin, stringlike root down the body of the tree, which is soon followed by others. In course of time these rootings strike the ground, and growth immediately commences upwards. New rootings continue to be formed and get strength until the one tree grows as a net round the other. The outside one surrounds and presses the inner, strangling its life and augmenting its own power. At length the tree within is killed, and the parasite that has taken possession becomes itself the tree.