

town and village in Canada should have its tree planting association, one town or village meeting the other at half way, and so by united and well directed effort adding to the general welfare of the commonwealth. These lines of foliage would serve for occasional retreat to the wayfarer plodding along sun-baked and dust-capped highways, and afford him in their season desirable refreshment whilst he reclines "*sub tegmine patuli fagi*," or, preferably, *sub tegmine patuli rosaceæ*.

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*A propos*, it occurs to us, that probably no individual on this continent—or at least within this portion of it—has done more really substantial good, or set so noble an example, as our principal of the C.B.J.,—Mr. D. A. Jones. Some five or six years ago he spent some portions of planting time every year in setting out trees wherever it was possible to find places for them. All that remain upon that portion of our streets which represent our boulevards, as well as those that don't remain and those that are trying to, were planted by Mr. Jones, and attended to by him until they were quite able to take care of themselves. He not only planted them, but kept them well watered, and looked after them as a sort of parental duty. To day they form an appreciable element in the natural attractiveness of Beeton,—that is, if Beeton has any attractiveness at all,—a proposition which might be open to discussion if Mr. Jones' handiwork were accidentally or otherwise destroyed.

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*At last* (as Friend Wilkins will probably exclaim when his "*Olla Podrida*" catches his eye) we have cleared away the wreck, got rid of much of the deck-hammer, have the pumps properly going, the ship under easy canvas, and the weather

a little more propitious. Just about the time his last "*Olla Podrida*" came aboard, we suddenly shipped a whole sea of Convention Reports with a pile of other matter that fairly put us on our beam ends and carried away our deck load. We are all right again now, and expect to reach port safely and in good time, and break cargo without necessity for noting a protest. The plain English of all which is that we have recently been so overloaded with matter of immediate interest that we have had to withhold his ever welcome "hash" until "the hustle" was over. Mr. Wilkins is a first-class cabin passenger, for he has stood the hurly-burly well, and never so much as complained or used the most innocent "cuss" word wherewith to punctuate his opinion of the general disaster.

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A correspondent at Norfolk, Va., writes us under date Feb. 11, 1893: "We are having Canada weather here, and if you insist upon sending such weather down here we will kick most vigorously against annexation, and quarantine the weather." That's right! We don't want to send you any weather; haven't any to spare, and it's too glorious to throw away. If we get any bad weather at all it comes from across the border. Your southern temperature would suit us better perhaps than the chilly and unkindly blasts that occasionally reach us from just "over the way." As for annexation, we will never coerce you, but we'll throw open our arms, and welcome you back to the old homestead which you never ought to have deserted or run away from. This invitation is cordially extended to you, though, on condition that you'll be real good boys in future, that you won't bring all the fellows you've "adopted" along with you, that you'll throw away your absurd jokes