

roads you can see the bramble, the purple flowering raspberry, with its rose-like flowers and large, broad leaves. In damp ditches or in ravines opening into the woods on the mountain-side, the tall, watery-stemmed jewel weed (touch-me-not) may still bear a few pendulous, fragile, yellow flowers, like dilated yellow saes with deep spurs. In a sunny clearing you will see the startling red berries of the poisonous nightshade, climbing, falling, over the fences and tree stumps. As late as August you may even see the clusters of star-like purple flowers, with yellow centres, so sinister that you would beware of them, even if you did not know their reputation.

If you get out to walk up the long hill, you will notice on the wooded banks, the low-growing, fragrant herb Robert, with its purple-veined pink flowers and much-cut leaves. In summer, though, there are more fruits than flowers on the plants—fruits, each with a long projection like the beak of a crane. From this characteristic the geranium family, of which herb Robert is a member, gets its name, for in Greek "geranium" is the word for crane.

You would be fortunate to find spreading dogbane along the road. It is more common in sunny, open places on sandy soil; but it is worth leaving the road to find. Spreading dogbane is shrubby, with milky juice; the simple leaves are arranged oppositely on the widely-forking branches, which bear, at their tips, clusters of small, dainty, pink, bell-shaped flowers.

Along level roads you will see the wild carrot, with its leaves cut like those of the garden carrot, with slender stems supporting the large umbrella-like disks made of groups of tiny white flowers. The central flower in each of the umbels is a dark, reddish-purple. An English name, "Queen Anne's Lace," gives some idea of the beauty of the flower cluster, and another, "Bird's Nest", de-

scribes the appearance of the head in seed.

Common in the Niagara district, but found elsewhere, too, is the teasel, tall, prickly, with its three-forked stem bearing rasping, conical flower-heads. On these, mauve florets appear, not flowering all at once, but in successive rings around the head. The teasel, too, is of European origin.

You will pass the slender harebells swaying their blue bells in the wind; the tall evening primrose, whose yellow flowers are not always true to their name; the small flax plants and the mints, almost unnoticed; till you come to the roads where, for miles, the white clover, as tall as a man, hums with bees. Then, too, you may see the aromatic sweet-briar which flowers later than the other wild roses.

If your road goes by ponds and quiet water, you will see the water-lilies, whose white beauty is opened to the sun by day and at sunset is withdrawn under the surface of the water. In the evolution of plant life, the water-lilies belong to a very ancient type, which, in the course of time, has been much modified. On the banks of ponds, too, you will often find the great willow herb, for moisture is required for the finest growth of its purple blossoms. With the bindweed, the wild morning glory as some call it, which also likes moisture, we return to the plants that are weeds.

Purposely I left to the last two composites, the golden-rod and the asters, whose yellow and purple glory is the mantle of the earth in autumn. While so many of our other wild flowers are immigrants, these are native American flowers, and in their beauty and strength have always seemed to me the typical flowers of our continent. Except the asters and the gentians, the most striking blue and purple flowers in America are of European origin.

Aster, star-wort, again from the