

Acid Gas, as food for the plant, and give out Oxygen. The food brought in by the roots is taken through the stem to the leaves, and is transformed into live vegetable matter, by aid of the green juice of the leaf, which is called Chlorophyl. It is passed down to the inner bark of the tree. Leaves are, therefore, the lungs and stomach of the plant.

As the plants grow older they store this food away in the leaves and stems, as well as in the roots, and this makes the plant grow larger.

#### THE FLOWERS

are made of leaves, and consist of Sepals, Petals, Stamens, and Pistils. All the Petals taken together we call the Corolla. All the Sepals, we call the Calyx. The Sepals are the outside leaves of the flower, and the protectors of the Petals. They are generally green.

The Petals are the coloured leaves of the flower, and are either separate or joined together in a tube. The Stamens are the little yellow things in the middle of the flower, and consist of the Filament, the little stem that holds up the little cup, which is called the Anther, and holds the Pollen. The Pistil consists of the Ovary, Style, and Stigma. The Ovary is the seed vessel, and is right in the centre of the flower. The Style is the little straight tube that comes off the Ovary, and is sometimes parted at the top. The Stigma is the little top on the Style that always has sticky gum on it to catch the Pollen, and this Pollen goes down into the Ovary and gives life to the seeds, so that the next year the plants grow from these.

There are many different kinds of flowers. Those that grow from the axils of the leaves are called Axillary flowers, such as those of the Mallow. Those that grow on the end of the stem are called Terminal flowers, such as the Trillium. The upper part of the stem, that raises the flowers, is called a Peduncle, and the smaller stems, that go off from the Peduncle to hold the flowers, are called Pedicles.

The first flowers that we find here are the Hepatica, the Anemone, and the Blood-root. The Hepatica is a small, blue, white, or pink flower, with six to nine coloured Sepals, which look like Petals, but they are *not*. So be careful *not* to call them Petals. The Anemone is a small, greenish-white flower, with *no* Petals, and five or six Sepals. It stands from four to six inches high. The Blood-root is a pure white flower, having six or seven Petals, but not Sepals, and one big, ugly, irregular leaf. There is something funny about the root. If you cut it or break it, a red juice like blood will ooze out. It tastes very bitter, and this juice is what the plant gets its name from.

The form and number of the parts of flowers vary much in different plants, and it is by these that plants are distinguished from one another. Monocotyledonous flowers generally have their parts in *three*, and never in *five*. They have parallel-veined leaves. The Dicotyledonous have their parts in *fours* or *fives*, and have net-veined leaves.

Let our young readers send us their flowers, and we will help them to name them. If they have difficulty in finding what they want, we will be happy to forward a fresh-picked specimen to guide them.

"Don't you think you have a good mamma, to spread such nice large slices of bread and jam for you?" said an old lady to a little boy who was enjoying his tea. "Yes," was the reply: "but she would be still better if she'd let me spread on the jam myself."

#### A PRETTY LEGEND OF THE BLOOD-ROOT.

ONE lovely morning, in a quiet wood, a thrush was singing to his mate near by on her little nest. He was pouring out his whole heart in rapture, for his mate had whispered that one of their little darlings had chipped his shell, and was cuddling now under her wing. She was so happy. He lifted up his beautiful brown breast and yellow eyes and sang his gleeful, happy song, that sounded far away through the woods, down the little sunlit valley, and away up into the bright blue heavens. Silently a hunter crept towards him and cruelly pierced his little breast with an arrow in the middle of his happy song. A few drops of blood spattered the leaves where he fell dead, and there came up this Blood-root with its pure, waxy-white flower, yellow eye, and bleeding root. The children call it the blood of the poor little happy wood thrush.



WAVERLEY, N.S.

DEAR POST BAG,—Having just read your delightful article on Photography, I recall a very funny thing I read in Scotland the last time I paid a visit to the old land, and thinking your other readers would like to enjoy it I have translated it for you.

I say "translated," because the story is in Scotch, and very few might thoroughly enter into the enjoyment of it in that dialect. Although, like most things, it loses a good deal in the translation. It is about a worthy old couple, and tells its own tale:

You may think it strange, young Canadians, but you know Burns, or Shakespeare, or somebody else, says

"Truth is stranger than fiction,"

and it's true. Betty and me had never got our portraits taken, and as we were getting well up now, and life is uncertain, for in this town you're not sure of your life for a moment between Tramway Cars and Orange Processions and such like, we determined the other night to get a dozen of cards taken to send to our friends.

Last Wednesday, therefore, I got on my half-dress suit—shepherd's tartan trousers, bird's-eye necktie, etc., and Betty dressed herself in a gown and her bonnet, and taking the cars we landed in So-and-So Street, where there's any number of photographers. We studied the show-cases a little, and at length fixed on one, and up we went.

The young lady said we were just to take a look around till the operator was disengaged, so we sat down. After a while I thought I might as well be giving myself a little touch up, so I went opposite a large mirror, and taking off my hat, I brushed my hair, and gave it a graceful curl at each side, and smoothed my whiskers away to let my tie and white shirt be seen, and pulled down my waistcoat and my shirtsleeves.

Now, I'm not vain, as doubtless you may have dis-