



The Sunny-Shaded Way

When I go forth to seek the dreams I love,
It shall be down a white, enchanted way
I went with you, one summer, now a dream
In tender keeping, of a blue-gold day.

You must remember, dear, how over-head
The great trees kissed and almost hid the sky—
Their cool leaf-shadows playing o'er your hair
Hushed me to silence, and you wondered why.

The violet-purple grass, that pleaded so
For tender touches of your fingers white—
Dearest, the sudden sight of violets now
Hurts my still heart, and blurs my weary sight.

Oh, come the way of summer long ago!
Oh, come with me and let me take your hand,
And thus, to song of birds, and breath of flowers,
Find the true way to summer's wonderland.

—AMY E. CAMPBELL.



The Showy Lady's Slipper--By A. B. Klugh

Of all our wild flowers we have none more strikingly handsome than the Showy Lady's Slipper (*Cypripedium hirsutum*). To see it in its native haunts one must venture into peat-bogs where the footing is none too solid and where mosquitoes are ever ready with a warm welcome. But it is well worth the inconveniences experienced, for not only is it a most beautiful plant, but an extremely interesting one to study. The main interest lies in its wonderful adaptation to cross-pollination by the aid of insects. If we examine the sac-like labellum we see that it has an opening with strongly incurved edges at the top and that there are two small openings at the back part of the labellum, one on each side of the central, flap-like column. On the under-side of this column are borne the stigma and the two anthers, the stigma being lower down than the anthers, and one of the anthers being directly over each of the openings. Insects enter the labellum by the large opening at the top and seek to leave it by the same route, but are prevented from so doing by the incurved edges. After some time spent in ineffectual efforts in this direction, they give it up as a bad job and make for one of the little exits at the back. As they squeeze through the opening some of the sticky pollen of the anther is rubbed off on their back. On visiting the next flower of this species, and on making their escape by the "back door" the pollen from the flower previously visited is scraped off on the stigma and a new load of pollen is acquired from the anthers of this flower.

It is well for this beautiful plant that its habitat is not more inviting to the wanderer as if its haunts were more easily accessible it would long ago have been exterminated in all settled regions by over-picking. As it is, nature seems to have given it an instinct for secrecy.

Canada but the county they were born in and the next. Older Canada was once inhabited by people whose fathers had come straight from England, Ireland, Scotland, France, or the part of America south of the Great Lakes that refused to secede from the British Crown. These people had neither money nor means of travel. Railways were almost unknown; even common roads were sometimes corduroy to be travelled by horseback or in ox-waggon. These pioneers, nevertheless, knew Canada. How vast it was they could only dream. They expected never to behold most of it. A whole week's travel on a transcontinental when it came was a great impossibility. Yet they were good Canadians and thorough Canadians, and nothing else but Canadians, because they knew the land by the work they were privileged to do in making it ready for those who in later years might be able to travel and read and enjoy civilization.

No man is a real Canadian who is not a worker. This country was put on the map of civilization by epochs of the hardest work known in any pioneer race. It began in old Canada, and in a measure repeated itself in the West. The shadows of those old workers to whom a day's work was a great opportunity are still round about us. In the light of these men's lives it may be stated as a national fact—

That Man is not a Canadian who:

Votes Grit because his grandfather hated the Tories.
Thinks being born here entitles him to any special regard.

Comes here to better his condition without caring about anybody else's.

Fetches ideas of an old civilization here and herds them into a colony.

Thinks because he started a line of business under government protection he should aim to keep out competitors who may have bigger ideas and better methods than his own.

Makes his money in Canada and spends most of it in other countries.

Believes in free raw materials and a duty on finished products—especially in his own line.

Gets his business ideas from the United States and his family manners from England—by imitation.

Living in Ontario thinks all French-Canadians are enemies of the State.

Living in Quebec thinks with Mr. Bourassa that the French-Canadian idea is the only good thing about Confederation.

Living anywhere in Canada has not enough imagination to get a vision broader than his own skyline.

Being a western farmer thinks that all eastern manufacturers are legalized robbers.

Being a manufacturer looks upon the farmer as an easy mark.

Being an employer of labour believes in indiscriminate immigration that he may reduce the price of labour.

Being a labour man acts as though capital had no vested rights or that brains do not entitle a man to eminence.

Spends most of his reading time outside of newspapers on United States publications that want nothing but his money and get what they want.

Buys what other Canadians make only when he has to.

Takes it for granted that all governments are bad and all oppositions are virtuous.

Kowtows to a man with a title, whom as plain Mr. he considered a very commonplace person.

Would sooner read a muckraking article than the story of how some fellow-Canadian helped to make the country bigger by his success.

Leans on the iron rail downtown and aims at the spit-line on the pavement when he ought to be aiming at a target on the ranges.

Thinks that man was made for the Sabbath.

Puts the L. O. L. at one side of the sheep and goat line-up, the Jean Baptiste Society at the other, and denies anybody to see anything in common between them.

In a time of war fails to regard himself as a soldier even if he doesn't wear khaki and carry a rifle.

Of course, none of these little descriptions apply to readers or producers of the Canadian Courier. We must be polite to ourselves. We have not learned to use the national looking-glass. If we do we are surprised that we so remarkably imitate England and the United States. All our representations of Jack Canuck are a compromise between a cowboy and the illustrator's earnest young man who defends the g from the ruffia. We have been so serious about getting away nationally from the bush-whacker stage into the million-dollar era that we have not learned to be humorous even by exaggeration. No caricature can possibly represent us. Uncle Sam, John Bull, Fritz, Hans, Giuseppe, are all caricatures. We have the burr of the Scot, the brogue of the Irish, the accent of the English, the twang of the Yankee, the gesture of the Frenchman—but we have never been able to combine them all in one

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