

whorl of three leaves. Near-by the tenderest flower of the woodland—the delicate white, purple-veined, lonely-flowered Wood-Sorrel. Here, too, are orchids, but of these we'll speak later. And here we may find the strange, ghastly Indian Pipe,⁹ that harmless, uncanny, single-flowered Heath, leafless and colorless, too lazy to don a green working suit, preferring to steal its sustenance ready-made from the soil. See how it hangs its head as though utterly ashamed of itself, a sickly blush sometimes suffusing its pallid flesh! Still it is a beautiful thing, waxy and dignified, but useless to try to make a companion of, for it darkens and withers at your very touch.

Time fails to tell of all the delights that attract and arrest us at every step. Above us the cool waving canopy of foliage, around us the stately columns of tree-trunks, mosses and leaves thick-strewn pave the pathway, fair forms of flowers enriching the carpet. Thus nature patterns her spacious cathedral with pillars and arches, groined roof and rich carving: the soft, balmy breezes breathe exquisite music and waft towards heaven the flowers' devotion—a subtile, sweet incense, grateful, refreshing.

⁹ *Monotropa uniflora*.

LAWRENCE W. WATSON.

Charlottetown's Attractions for Visitors.

THE summer visitors to the Maritime Provinces are each year finding their way in increasing numbers to Charlottetown, but what are we doing to encourage tourists who have means and leisure to spend with us?

Whilst it is true that we have many natural attractions, such as beautiful scenery, pretty drives through a well-tilled and prosperous country, salt-water bathing, fishing and shooting, and a people, who, for kind hospitality cannot be surpassed in any country, together with a climate during the summer months which is health-giving and invigorating to a degree; yet, Charlottetown seems to rest content that all is being done