

Among Our Orchids.

BY LAWRENCE W. WATSON.

THE very mention of the name orchid seems to have a pronounced effect of some kind or other upon everyone except the entirely ignorant. The but slightly-educated know



that orchids are among the most wonderful and beautiful of flowers; the better-informed, at the mention of the name, see visions of wondrously-shaped, exquisitely-scented, fleshy floral beauties, adorning and filling with heavy, rich perfume, the conservatories of wealthy and refined lovers of flowers, or growing in natural luxuriance, with all the advantage of native environment, in the tangles and meadows of tropical lands.

But it is not uncommon to find even the fairly well-educated citizen surprised to learn that here in native haunt, in fair Prince Edward Island, orchids grow as sweetly fragrant as their

more gaily dressed sisters of the tropical Orient, and though often of modest mien, still bearing the stamp of the family royal, in development and structural beauty,—aye, and in fragrance as well,—not a whit inferior to many of the more conspicuous and better known favoured ones of this aristocratic tribe.

But to the botanist what delights are revived by the mention of the name! He sees in imagination the structural wonders which make this family of flowers pre-eminently great, sees the acme of development and adaptation associated with a sublimity of subtle and characteristic fragrance, and he recalls the delight of his first introduction to each individual of this noble race, whether in the cool, shadowed cloisters of some vast sylvan sanctuary, or the warm, sunny stretch, where, among hosts of denizens of fair flower-land, rank and advantage gave undisputed priority to the aristocratic, high-born scions of royalty.