

as has been said, to its habitat, and ranges as has also been said along the dry wooded hills of the Appalachians, never however reaching the summits of the higher mountains and preferring dry, southern-faced sandy slopes.

And having noticed well the little isolated home of our phlox, cut off by Lake Erie and by long land-stretches from its next known habitat one will not fail to ask secondly, how it came thither and when? Now this we cannot directly determine; still it is not surely a far-fetched fancy to suppose that in the distant past, wandering bison or skulking bear, leaving the mountain district, carried entangled in the fur of his shaggy hide many of the pods. Reaching Lake Erie's northern shore, mayhap driven from Pennsylvania by the mound-builders, mayhap seeking a new climate before their arrival, mayhap even before the modern Niagara had begun to thunder at Queenston Heights, reaching Lake Erie's northern shore on his way north, he shook off on the sand-drifts of Charlotteville, and the clays of Walsingham and Houghton alike, more of the dry fruits of our phlox. Of these some of course fell upon unfavourable ground, some on too rich soil, some on soil whose climate forbade growth, but some would fall on the pine barrens and there would find a suitable home. Nor is this hypothesis so far-fetched as it at first sight seems. To-day the traveller through Eastern Ontario sees field after field and roadside after roadside overrun with the blue weed or the viper's bugloss (*Echium vulgare*, *Linnaeus*). Yet hardly fifteen years have rolled by since a flock of harmless sheep, resting one night in a fallow field near the St. Lawrence, in Grenville County, left, shaken out from their wool, the harmless looking achenia, the dry so-called seeds of this plant. In their eastward journey—they had been driven from Western

Ontario—they had one night lain down among the stems of the blue weed, and had unconsciously carried the fruit many a score of miles. "Ill weeds grow apace," and from that lonely field in but few years has gone forth an enormous crop of this, one of the farmer's many plagues. Many other instances could be given did but time permit, as every naturalist knows, of the dispersion of seeds and fruit by means of the fur and of the hair of animals; and one needs only to remember the hooked fruits of burr, "cleaver" and burdock, and the barbed grain, to see how provision is expressly made for their transport.

But our little plant is one of a large genus, one of whose representatives with faintly-smelling lilac to blue corolla and opposite leaves, *Phlox divaricata*, *Linnaeus*, meets us in forest, field and swamp, while many others greet us from May till September in our gardens, a genus whose representatives meet us, and greet us principally in America, but not only there, for Eastern Europe and Asia have their species native and distinct. And the genus is one of the order *Polemoniaceæ*, one of whose representatives, *Diarynsia Lapponia*, *Linnaeus*, greets us on Mount Washington and its fellows on Mount Marcey and the surrounding Adirondacks, and on dreary, lonely Labrador, while others love the never-changing summer of the Sunny south, and unfold their petals among the cotton fields of Alabama or the orange groves of Florida. An unimportant family, perhaps, yet illustrating the very important—shall we call it theory?—that our modern flora is to a large extent of Arctic origin, and that our phlox with others of its family in what is known as the later Cenozoic or later Tertiary Age, moved steadily southward, radiating along certain finger-like lines of longitude to their present home, urged ever southward by ever-increasing