

memory back to as a child, you and free. It at Greenwich Park, bundance on the observatory, Greenwich meridian e banks of Rock fine samples of ably Solomon's, and the repre- nted Cup family, t painted. New- that the wild mon's Seal, but and the former they both belong ey family. The s easily to four nd Rock Lake, fully over the underwood. The bells quite small long the main origin of the ater change to With regard to te Mrs. Double- ny-jointed root- ul curved stem withers after a round scar, ted to the fanci- the genus the king. Thus one d a root by its at of a tree by ink." Like the mon's Seal may in the garden if spots and leaf nt is also called islike calling a is misleading. the pea family, -stemmed little box used for d throws a pur- of heather at a n aromatic but s for the paint- ivate along the Lake from the uck by the odd- ly yellow-green gt the grasses eight inches in flowers suggest heir shape and d a single stem, different order . Now, if you dge of the lake, rinks and shady med shrub with nd pretty pink not merely a nty of it; this curious fact is the method by e this flower. oper insects for ne quote Mrs. Alighting, the rills his long where the five o, for five nec- and in a ring e pistil. Now, slender tongue shaped cavities traps, he may if he escapes imposed than t. This pollen rub off against t flower enter- ly calls upon lossom? His guided into one es after he has edged between the poor little er there until vation in the u see the dog- butterfly to be no other in- trespassers on es.

ower scattered rairies called ver, but well- gardens as the vs and browns and we often with the cone sunflower with a high, black real flowers, with the deli- flower, whose

rays are pale lemon yellow and whose center is raised up high, more like a green column than any cone, reminding one of the old-fashioned steeple-hat worn by Welsh women. The column flower lives on dry rather sandy banks, where the sun strikes hot. There is another flower which I call the purple cone flower, but my wife, to whose more painstaking re- search my perception of varieties and names of our wild flowers is greatly in debt, declares that that is not its name. Doubtless, she is right, but the name must stand till we can get a better. You surely know the flower? It has purple rays and a brown, thorny composite center, very sweetly scented, but very prickly to an unwary nose. I always compare it to a ballet-dancer with one leg and no head, just a body, skirt, and one long leg. When freshly blooming, the light purple rays are very pretty, but they soon look rather cheap and faded. Commoner than all these are the gay sunflowers which grow over our Western prairies in sheets, or line the trails with avenues of bloom four or five feet high. Sometimes near sloughs you may see a lovely effect produced by the mingling of sunflowers, but especially the yellow cone flowers with red-top grass; this is one of Nature's most generous con- trasts. How beautiful are the early July grasses whether you drive by slough or meadow! Like an army bravely accoutred in the old-world style with the timothy grass for the halberd men shouldering their weapons high, the red-top with its banners aloft, and the taller grasses waving plumes like those of a regi- ment of dragons. And all along the trails in late June and early July the wild barley, or fox-tail grass as some call it, shimmers in the light of the setting sun with silver gleams through its purple tresses so soon to become white and hoary under the intensity of the mid- summer sun. To see all these beau- tiful effects spread before us by Na- ture with an appreciative eye is the reward which comes to those who love to observe and muse on the many beauties of our prairie. You cannot fail to be delighted with a fine effect of purple set in recumbent sil- ver leaves when you first catch a sight of the crimson purple spikes of a pea-like flower, one of the milk vetches. Of silvery-leaved plants, the Lupins are common on the prairie, though the earlier one is the least common and is a taller, stouter plant than the later one. Both have a deep blue, pea-like flower with very slight individual odour. The later Lupin, which sometimes makes the prairie grey in patches, has a mouse- like scent proceeding from its num- erous flowers. Of this pea family, the vetches are both numerous in kind and abundant in bloom, and to anyone with any idea of flowers the vetches are easily recognized. Much less easily recognized is a narrow- leaved, small, but abundant plant which grows in dry places and throws a peculiar flower; this is the prairie clover. Yet you would not think it was a clover at all but rather that it looked like that plantain, which is known as a "bent" in the Old Country. Rub its leaves and you will be treated to a pure aroma quite peculiar to this plant. On its bent-like head a ring of beautiful rose-purple tiny florets rise from base to tip; but there is also a white variety of the same. I think I am right in saying that the prairie clover is peculiar to our North-west- ern prairies. The evening primroses, whose sweet pale yellow is common throughout North America as a wild flower, is usually seen in two sizes. The tall variety rises to four feet when growing in shelter from the wind, but the dwarf evening primrose scarcely rises a foot as it frequents the open prairie and specially likes sandy edges of trails, where also you may see the lovely bloom of the tiny gaura. This little gaura is a great favorite of mine, because it is not only very lovely, but is sweetly scented. The flowers are rose-pink in color, but the habit of the plant is low-lying, so that the gaura requires

looking for even though it is fairly common. Nor must we forget that common July flower with deep crim- son flowers and knobby buds known as the blazing star, standing about eight or ten inches in height, rather taller than its relative, the shooting- star, both quite common and easily identified by their bright crimson purples. Let us, in conclusion, leave the dry spots to seek moist, damp woods and fields or marshy places. Rising like a queen amongst flowers Wherever parts of the bush have been burned, or in moist, shady places the spires of the purple willow herb are as common here as in the Old Land. Sometimes a field of oats is glorified

by the presence of these lovely tall spikes of bloom three feet or more in height. Another bright pink-purple is that of the persicary, which, with the arrow head's white flower, grows at the edge of wet places along the trails in rank masses of fleshy leaves, rather like those of the dock. But if you want to see a real beauty in early July, go to a bog where the pink-lipped lady's slipper grows and sweetly scents the air. Old Country folk will hardly believe that the wild and woolly West can raise three kinds of lady's slipper, the orchid so much worn by men at evening parties.



## The Western Wigwam

### A CUTE BROWN HARE

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—We celebrated Empire Day at our school. All the rooms formed the Union Jack in the school grounds, and we sang patri- otic songs. The Hon. Mr. Finlay, and others addressed the school and visitors, and then we saluted the flag and gave three cheers for the king. I planted some wonderberries from Lewis Child's floral park, and they are about two inches high now. I hope to have success with them. I like gardening, and have planted sev- eral kinds of flower seeds, and my pot plants are all in bloom. What has become of Fizzle Top? We have a brown hare and he is awfully cute. He knows how to open the door of his hut, and when Mamma is milking he comes and puts his paws on her knee and sniffs at the milk pail. On the 24th of May he was out on the lawn and when he heard the firecrack- ers he sat up on his hind legs and sniffed at the air.

I will close with best wishes for the Western Wigwam.

Alta (a)

Ignoramus

### JUST SEVEN

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I am a little girl seven years old, and enjoy the Western Wigwam very much. I have a sister four years old, named Katherine. We live on a farm, and I help look after the chickens and turkeys. We spent this winter in Oregon, our old home.

Alta. (a)

Violet G.

### NEVER IN WISCONSIN

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my first letter to your lovely corner, the Western Wigwam. Papa has taken the "Farmer's Advocate" since New Years. I would like a pen name Cousin Dorothy. How would "Red- winged Blackbird" do? We came from the States in August to fix up the farm. It is quite a change from the city. The state we came from is Wisconsin. Have you ever been there Cousin Dorothy? My birthday is the twenty-second of the month. I will be twelve years old. I am in grade five at school. I have to walk a mile and a half to school. I suppose I will be riding or driving to school soon, because papa brought me a pony. He was down to the States lately for some horses and things.

Man. (a) Red Winged Blackbird.

### LAST FIRST OF JULY

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I received the pretty button and am glad to have it. I saw my letter in the West- ern Wigwam, so I thought I would try again. We had a celebration in town last year on the first of July. I am now going to describe it.

The First of July was a bright sun- ny day. We all started for town in the democrat and buggy, about ten o'clock in the morning. We reached town about eleven o'clock, after hav- ing a pleasant ride. The town had got up a parade. The storekeepers and business men had wagons fixed up to show their trades. The town band was in the parade also, and they played some nice tunes. We watch- ed the parade till it was time to have dinner. We took our lunch- baskets and ate our dinner in a cool grove near by. We rested for a while and then we went up to the fair- grounds. Here there were some good games of base ball and foot ball. We started for home about five o'clock. It was a cool evening and we reached home about six o'clock, after having an enjoyable day.

Would it not be nice to have a prize for the best story we could contri- bute? What do the other Papooses think? Wishing the Wigwam every success, I now sign myself,

Man. (a)

Anemone.

### A GOOD SPELLER

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I have never written to your club before, but now you have a new name, I will write. I have one-half mile to go to school. We have fifteen horses, ten cows and three hundred and twenty acres of land. I wrote a letter to another paper and received my button. I see in last week's Advocate that you are going to give buttons, and I think that is helping me, but I was going to write any way. I like having pen names and also the name of your club. I am eleven years old. I would like to send a drawing if I could draw well. I like spelling matches and staved up longest in the last.

Sask. (a)

Kitty.

### A BEREAVED CAT

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—Hear I come once again! I would like very much to get a button.

I am going to try to tell a story about our cat.

One day when my sister and I went down to the stable, we found four little kittens. Two were grey and white, and the other two were grey. Our hired man drowned two of them. When my sister went to bed, she found one poor little grey kitten in her bed. It was very wet so she picked it up and found it was one of the dead ones. The cat thought that the warm air would bring it to life. We rolled it up in paper so that the cat wouldn't find it, and had just got it out of the way when we looked around, and there was the cat with the other dead kitten. She had been hunting for the other one and was

nearly crazy.

However we got it away from her and put her out side. In the middle of the night my sister heard a great noise just out side her window, she looked out and there was the cat with the live kitten. It was terrible to hear her cries. She stayed on the window for a long time, then she got down.

The next morning we found the other one lying near the window — dead. Then the cat went away.

Sask. (a)

Prairie Flower.

### A DOZEN CHICKENS

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—As I saw my other letter in print, I thought I would write a longer one this time. I go to school and am in the part II. class. My teacher's name is Miss M. We have about fifty little chickens out now, and twelve of them are mine. There are a lot of coyotes around our place, and they take our chickens sometimes. It is getting spring now and the squirrels are com- ing out of their holes, and I catch some of them with a trap. Well I guess this is all for this time so I will close with a riddle, What has eyes and cannot see? Ans. A potato.

Alta. (a)

Bunny.

### LIKES TO GO TO SCHOOL

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my first letter to the Western Wigwam. I enjoy reading the letters very much, so I thought I would write. I go to school every day, and I am in the third reader. We have twenty-one cows, three horses and one colt. We have a dog named Carlo. I have eleven brothers and three sisters. I would like to get a button.

I will close this time, wishing you every success.

Fannie Callins, (13).

### AN ENGLISH LETTER

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—My father is in Canada and has sent us the "Farm- er's Advocate" for a number of years and we are very much interested in it. I live in a pretty little village called Shiwenham, it is a mile from the station. The well-kept box hedges are a striking feature of the little village. There is an avenue of trees, which were planted in the Coronation year. There is a fine old church here named St. Andrews. I have a bicy- cle and enjoy many rides on it. All being well I shall go to Burnley and Bolton for my summer holidays. I went there about two years ago, and enjoyed myself immensely. I have asked my friend to write a letter to the Advocate. I fear my letter is getting rather long so must close, wishing your paper every success.

Eng. (a)

Queenie Butler.

### A JUNE GIRL

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—My father takes the "Farmer's Advocate" and likes it very much. I like to read the Western Wigwam when it comes home. I have three brothers and one sister. My sister is thirteen years old and my youngest brother is ten months old. I am in the third class, my studies are reading, arithmetic, gram- mar composition, history, spelling, writing, drawing and nature study. We live three and a half miles west of Carstairs. I have one and a half miles to go to school. There are twenty seven scholars going to school just now. I am eleven years old, but am going to be twelve in June. It was quite wet weather these last few weeks, I hope it will soon clear up. We have two ponies. My pony's name is Billy. I rode to school last year, but I cannot ride this year be- cause papa is working them on the land.

Alta. (a)

June Rose.

### GARDENING

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—Please ex- cuse me for writing so soon again. It is getting warm weather now and every one is busy putting in their gardens. I planted some pansy, sweet pea and other seeds, and I am ex- pecting them up soon. My brothers are busy planting potatoes to-day. They are going to put in cabbage and tomato plants too. We have a little