

Who Hath Eyes To See

By ELIZABETH CRUICKSHANK, Regina

Meadows down East, in memory, were always "daisied fields." In mid-June by Regina Avenue flashed those enchanting scenes before my eyes. Here was not the fulfillment of R. L. Stevenson's wish for all of "Flowers in the garden, a living river by the door, a nightingale in the sycamore" but beauty to enjoy. The snow was not daisies but Yarrow, its beautiful lacey patterns shading from milk white to mauve, providing violet shadow on this sunlit land. The azure blue of flax lent charming contrast.

Livening the scene, where houses now are crowding in on all sides, the three-flowered Avens swung their rose-madder bells or waved their long smoke red feathery styles on their fruiting heads that gave them the name of "torch flower." Beside them colonies of Pussy paws, leaves spread like mats of velvet grey, some groups producing grey furry flower clusters, others greenish white.

Blue-eyed grass, the baby of the Iris family, with its blossoms, globular seed capsules, narrow leaves, formed striking little compositions in line and form nearby.

Cinqfoil, Northern Bedstraw, Daisy Fleabane were background for the

stately Alum root, its flowers in narrow panicles stretching tall to display bronzy purple petals not quite enclosing the stamens, their anthers glowing with their burden of vermilion pollen.

Young Gaillardia were present in grey green stems and leaves, some with new green disks but more and more developing fuzzy dark red heads with the golden yellow notched ray florets not yet completely spread.

A few narrow leaved blue Pentstemon kept aloof from the crowd of early varieties.

Silver Groundsel, Chickweed, Androsace, a few Coneflowers, Alexanders, Showy Oxytrope, pink lavender many flowered Broom Rape, Silver leaved Psoralea, Yellow Evening Primrose, Oreocarya, the white forget-me-not of the prairie, and low sweet Roses were in happy association.

Three year old Nancy stooped to kiss her first wild rose and to delight her grandmother's heart "It kissed me too," she whispered.

Did someone say no wild flowers grew near Regina?

Who hath eyes to see

Flowers in Profusion

By MAYLE QUIGLEY, Belville, Ontario

May we tell you how much we enjoyed "A wealth of prairie flowers" in a recent "Leader-Post." It has gone into our scrap book to be used as a reference lest we forget some of our well-beloved prairie flowers. Many thanks.

To a pair of old-timers the statement in a recent copy of the paper that it was not possible to gather a bunch of wild flowers within twenty miles of Regina was somewhat of a shock. We recall that when we were teaching in the Indian Industrial School four miles west of Regina in 1904 we had a visiting professor from Queens University. He took a walk one morning and collected one hundred and fourteen varieties of wild flowers, to his surprise and delight. In 1903 Georgina Binnie-Clark of Fort Qu'Appelle wrote a delightful book, "My summer on the Canadian prairie," long since out of print. In

it she tells of a homesteader who said he could be reconciled to the prairie if there was a single wild flower on it. This while standing knee deep in flowers. So he went home and got a job in a brewery "Eyes have they, but see not."

And we remember places where the lovely red lily could always be found, west of Carlyle, north of Punnichy, east of Whitewood, etc. Hope it is unmolested as the true Saskatchewan emblem.

The "Blue Jay" is a feast and we pass it on to members of the little Nature Club here where we have found kindred spirits.

We hope to attend the Jubilee celebration in 1955. We were present at the inauguration of the province in 1905 and listened to the speeches in Victoria park, then a smallish hay field enclosed by a strand of barb wire.