

## RAMBLING NOTES.—III.

## HEDGES.



SOME years ago a dense, neatly-trimmed Barberry hedge inclosed a pretty good sized plot, and was looked upon as one of the chief attractions of this neighborhood. Somehow or other—and I leave the solution to wiser heads than mine—the farmers living in this vicinity began to think that the said shrub was the cause of rust on their wheat. Personal argument and press editorials favoring the opposite opinion proved of no avail to dispel the impression. The feeling gradually became intense and widespread against it, and rather than let them remain in the belief that there was growing on the premises something detrimental to their interests, I allowed them to destroy it. A “bee” was speedily formed by some stalwart sons of the soil, and in a very short time every vestige of their supposed leaf spotted enemy, root stump and branch, was left in ashes ; and *still there is rust*. Immediately afterwards the ground, formerly occupied by the demolished hedge, was replanted with Japan Quince, and when reviving nature begins to assume her verdant mantle of green, it is almost needless to remark, how the eye loves to wander to and linger upon its rich and abundant bloom of lovely scarlet flowers. Dwarf Box makes a handsome edging for gravel walks if allowed the partial shade of overhanging branches, while its evergreen freshness gladdens the hearts of those born and nurtured on the “tight little island” beyond the seas. Buckthorn does well on an adjoining farm, and proves an impenetrable barrier to stock, and a safe retreat in summer months for the noisy, pugnacious sparrow. Roses, and particularly hybrid perpetuals, some twenty-five of the leading sorts, “in the rosy time o’ the year,” is a sight for lovers of the beautiful to halt and admire. As this theme however has been lovingly and professionally treated by enthusiasts, whose names are now household words in floricultural literature, it will be prudent on my part to make my bow and gracefully retire from the field, especially as our local rosarian’s poetic nature will soon be all aglow, when describing the queen of flowers in all her unapproachable loveliness. One word regarding another favorite. Taking for granted that your thousands of readers have a dearly prized solution of the many gems that sweetly deck our mother earth during the season of their florescence, let me simply suggest one (if it isn’t in their collection already), namely *Yucca filamentosa*, or, as it is commonly called, Adam’s needle. The plant is perfectly hardy and easily propagated by division of the roots. It throws up amidst its narrow pointed leaves an erect stem three or four feet high, bearing aloft for weeks in July a delightful profusion of creamy-white bell-shaped flowers. Once seen in bloom its place is secured amongst garden novelties.

Russeldale.

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