



WINTER ROSE TROUBLES.

IF ALL pests of the rose in the house or the greenhouse the red spider is certainly the most common and also one of the hardest to get rid of. The only practical cure or preventive for it is often overlooked by the young rosarian because of its simplicity; this cure is the "cold water" one. In commercial rose growing one of the essentials is a good water pressure for thoroughly spraying the foliage above and below on sunny days. In a conservatory it is, of course, an easy matter to apply the cold water cure with the hose or syringe, but with plants grown in the house they are difficulties enough. Rose plants cannot be effectively syringed in the window or on the plant stand; take them to the sink or bath and give the foliage as thorough a drenching as it would get in a driving rain storm. Do this every other day if the weather is bright; it must also be attended to on dull days during a continued spell of them.

The Scollay rubber sprinklers, of which several sizes are made, are a grand thing for sprinkling roses, in fact one is indispensable for the window garden. The red spider will be found on the under sides of the leaves, he often works away there, sapping

the life and substance from the foliage till the plant becomes unhealthy looking and receives a check that it will not recover from all winter. The minuteness of this insect is well illustrated by this amusing incident told by the late Peter Henderson in *Practical Floriculture*: "Many years ago I had in my employment a young Irishman, who, by showing more than ordinary energy, quickly passed through the different grades, until he was duly installed as foreman. At that time we had been firing a Camellia house, and by neglect of keeping a properly moist atmosphere, the red spider had made sad inroads. John was duly instructed to syringe the plants night and morning to destroy it, which he did, no doubt, with a double object in view, as the sequel will show. John was on all occasions rather demonstrative, but one morning he came rushing towards me, his face radiant with triumph, with his hat off, but clasped in his hands in a careful manner, evidently having something of no common value within it. Before I had time to inquire the cause of his excitement he yelled out: 'I've got him! bedad! I've got him at last.' 'What have you got?' I enquired, expecting to see something in the way of a rat or mouse. 'Arra the big