

of various kinds, besides very fair sheep and remarkably good pigs. Mr. Downes' pigeons attracted much attention, also the Pekin ducks and other superior fowls. The roots and vegetables were very good, but not so abundant as at the Provincial Exhibition last year. The fruit collections from New Annan showed that King's and Annapolis Counties are fast losing their pomological monopoly. Manufactures were not shown to an extent commensurate with the reputation which Truro had gained during the last few years as a rising centre of mechanical industry. Several manufacturers, however, did their best to maintain its position. Mr. Killer, Truro, gained first prizes for boots and shoes over both Halifax and other Truro factories, whilst the leather prizes were taken by Mr. Archibald of Truro, and Mr. Fraser of Shubenacadie. Shubenacadie bricks were to the fore. Mr. Craig, Truro, was strong in agricultural implements, Linton & Black in carriages, Smith in stoves, Goss in buckets, Jameson in tinware, and Snook & Lawrence in harness.

I PURCHASED two dozen roses, of the hybrid perpetual persuasion, in the month of May. I was told they were good strong plants—a year or two year old stocks, or some such technical term, was applied to them. I was told to dig deep and put in plenty of manure, with rich mould on top, if I could get it, and then, as the roses were budded upon wild roots, to plant them slanting, so that the bud shoots might send out fresh radicles. All this was done most carefully for me by an experienced gardener, except the slanting, which I forgot to tell him of, and which he probably considered unnecessary. Out of the twenty-four roses planted in May, twenty-one are now (August) healthy, leafy, and, most of them, blooming bushes; one is entirely dead, another has its only sign of life in shoots from the root with seven leaflets, showing apparently that they come from the wild stock, and a third has a few weak shoots that may or may not be genuine. I am pleased with the result. Shall I describe the blooms of the different varieties?

The first to bloom was *Abbe Brameral*, a very flat rose, shape of one of Moir's wine crackers, with numerous crowded petals, closely packed in the rag-mat style, so as to present a flat uneven surface. The petals are velvety, and of a very rich and very dark claret colour, changing in shade from day to day. I will always try to recollect the good Abbe's rose by its claret colour and cracker shape.

*Antoine Ducher* came next into bloom. I learnt from the Rose Supplement of

the *Gardener's Chronicle*, that M. Ducher was one of the distinguished rose growers of France, and, as this rose bore his own name—he had as it were staked his rose-reputation upon it—I expected great things. Nor was I disappointed. It made a fine cluster of uniform blooms, slightly flattened balls of most perfect form, consisting of purplish rose, imbricated, conchoidal petals, very regular in shape, and closely fitting each other. From first to last it is a beautiful rose.

*Victor Verdier* is perhaps better known than any of the others, being a standard sort that never fails to give satisfaction. Although my young plants of other varieties have given half a dozen blooms each, more or less, my *Victor Verdier* has given only one as yet, but that measured fully four inches across, and was truly magnificent. The petals are large, of the crimson purple characteristic of hybrid perpetuals, and the foliage is fine, of the flat leathery style which distinguishes high bred roses of this class. Since blooming it has made strong shoots.

*Baroness Rothschild* is a good match for *Victor Verdier*. Her bloom is quite as large, and nearly the same shape and style; but the colour is quite a contrast, a pale bright pink; the surface texture of the petals is waxy and as delicate as that of the finest tea rose. The *Baroness* is in every way as good as the *Victor* on a near view, but far more effective at a distance, owing to her light, bright, blooming, blushing colour. Although the petals are so delicate they stand a bright summer sun better than the dark velvety roses. After nearly a whole week's exposure to the sun this delicate looking rose is as bright and as fresh as when it first opened.

*Comtesse de Jaucourt* is a bright rosy-pink rose, of inferior size, but the individual petals are rather large, conchoidal, and do not decrease much in size towards the centre.

*Baronne Prevost*, flat, crowded petals, rosy or bright pink colour, a hard hearted sort, but a fine showy rose.

*Leopold the 1st*, considerably darker and richer in colour, and of a more decided hollyhock or pæony shape, the guard petals being erect, not curved back as in *Prevost*. This is the brightest crimson of any rose I have seen this season. (Later blooms were not so bright.)

*Anna Alexieff* is of a most delicate blush, almost white; shaded with the fairest skin colour. As it opens it forms a pretty ball, rather under size. But *Anna's* complexion is so very delicate that, as they fully expand, the petals rapidly show a few traces of brown freckles, and the whole flower acquires, besides, a rather tawdry appearance. When the blush tinge disappears, it is seen that the petals are not really white;

—they have an unbleached appearance. The proper term, when applied to the complexion, is, we believe, "washed out."

*Cardinal Patrizzi* is a simple little globular button rose, like the conventional rose-bud knobs that one sees on old oak carvings in ecclesiastical edifices, and, although neat in form, and rich and of medium depth in colour, seems to have nothing more to recommend it than its suitability as a button-hole rose for gentlemen who prefer a quiet decoration.

*Cheshunt Hybrid* is the strongest-growing of all our roses; it has the growthy succulent wood, and slightly shiny and leathery foliage of a china tea rose. The flower opens out into a flat mat of very rich crumpled petals of the Berlin-wool sort, of a rich deep mottled rose-colour. The stalk is weak and the flowers heavy and completely drooping when at its full. This rose would make an admirable pattern for a pen-wiper to be sold at a Church bazaar at a fabulous price. The young shoots and young foliage are of a rusty purplish-red colour, becoming green and glossy as they mature.

*Auguste Mie* is a most brilliant rose, of a very rich colour that can only be described as deep carmine. The petals are very large and not numerous; the bud opens out into a nest with a large egg-like ball in the centre of unfolded petals, which, however, soon spread open like the others; even the centre petals are finally large, and all have revolute margins. To a neighbour, who is quite an experienced, and withal a learned, Rosarian, I pointed out these beauties of *Auguste Mie*, to which he replied, to my chagrin: "Isn't *Auguste Mie* a white rose? It may be so. It may be that somebody has blundered; but even under any other name my rose will smell as sweet and bloom as bright: as for its name, ah! me."

Before concluding, it may be well to refer to another disappointment—just one like the last mentioned; such tend to increase ones zest in floriculture, to check ones exuberance of enthusiasm, to beget a due modicum of modesty, and, above all, to increase the knowledge of the inexperienced.—As the summer passed on I noticed that some of my roses did not bloom, but made good strong growths of long weakish shoots, with leaves marked rather by multiplicity than size of leaflets. This led me to the discovery that some of my roses were merely wild stocks.

As a rule the leaves of Hybrid Perpetual roses consist of five leaflets, but the wild rose stock upon which they are usually budded has leaves of seven leaflets. A knowledge of this circumstance enables the experienced grower to pull out any shoots that the wild stock may send up. It appears, however, that some of the Hybrid Perpetuals have seven leaf-