

advise planting as soon as flowering is finished. This is a hint that will prevent failures, therefore, plant or transplant now, breaking apart large roots and giving all—large or small—the soil and positions that have been described before as the most appropriate.

Flower Tonics.

A USEFUL note appeared lately in a London daily paper on the importance of some tonic help for plants. It is as follows:

"If your household plants are drooping and looking jaded, it may be that—like human beings with nerves—they are craving for a tonic. A man takes a tonic to give him an appetite, and plants also have their favourite pick-me-up and must have it if they are to grow and to flourish and to produce flowers. Potash is a good plant stimulant, and so is nitrate of soda, which must, however, be used very carefully and sparingly if it is not to do more harm than good; it is quite sufficient to sprinkle a little of it over the soil. If it is light, sulphate of potash may be beneficially used, and phosphate of potash will produce fine blooms on such plants as roses and carnations."

The Wild Garden.

MANY will exclaim, "What is a wild garden?"

It sounds as if it were a garden gone mad, but it really means a place in which as far as possible the hand of man is not revealed. It is vividly explained by a great writer on garden planning in England. "I was led to consider," he says, "the 'wild garden' as a home for numbers of beautiful hardy plants from other countries which might be naturalized with very little trouble in our gardens, fields, and woods—a world of delightful plant beauty that we might make happy around us, in places bare or useless. I saw that we could grow thus not only flowers more lovely than those commonly seen in what is called the flower garden, but also many which, by any other plan, we should have little chance of seeing."

"The term 'wild garden' is applied to the placing of perfectly hardy exotic plants in places where they will take care of themselves. It does not necessarily mean the picturesque garden, for a garden may be picturesque and yet in every part the result of ceaseless care. What it does mean is best explained by the Winter Aconite flowering under a grove of naked trees in February; by the Snowflake abundant in meadows by the Thames; and by the Apennine Anemone staining an English grove blue."

"Multiply these instances by adding many different plants and hardy climbers from countries as cold as our own, or colder, and one may get some idea of the wild garden. Some have thought of it as a garden allowed to run wild, or with annuals sown promiscuously, whereas it does not meddle with the flower garden proper at all."

I was with one of the most prominent of Canadian public men—going over his grounds with the intention of laying them out in the best ways—and

IN AN ONTARIO BUSH



The Canadian Lady Slipper in a bush. This is one of the most beautiful of native flowers.

he said, "Here is a place for a wild garden," and so it was, and the garden will go there this fall. It is approached from the proposed places for borders, roses, and so forth, by a winding path leading to the ravine below. The site will be cleared of dead and decaying wood, the little rivulet freed from noxious weeds and the wild flowers of the Dominion, with those, too, from other lands, will find a home—Cypripedium spectabile, or Moccasin—the loveliest flower of Canada—the snow-white Trillium, May Apple, and the rarer ferns innumerable. It will be a paradise of beautiful plants in masses and a flower retreat on summer days.

September is the month to begin preparations by removing obstacles and clearing up with strict care the place where the future wild garden is to be, to procrastinate is to invite failure. Everything should not be left to winter and spring.

Two interesting photographs are before me, both of superb groups, growing wild, of the Cypripedium spectabile in a moist ravine not many miles from Toronto. Its precise locality is not divulged for the good reason that wanton mischief may in time

destroy this sequestered spot of a beautiful Canadian flower.

The Planting of Evergreens.

WITH one's thoughts full of planting and a wholesome desire to avoid failures, a note upon Evergreens, which include Pines and Firs, may not be out of place.

Everyone who has had anything to do with this grand race of trees will have recognized two things—the utter futility of planting in the fall and the extraordinary care that is essential in coaxing them to become established. The season to plant and transplant is May, after growth has started. August is sometimes recommended, but obstacles, in the way of heat and drought, may be encountered.

It is absolutely useless to plant carelessly. A Maple or a Tatarian Honeysuckle may struggle with adversity, but an evergreen, never. When planting, expose the roots as little as possible and lift with a good ball of earth. Use no manure, and after the operation is over give water liberally when a dry season follows. The leader, that is, the centre stem or shoot, must not be injured, otherwise the plant suffers in symmetry and general well-being.

Wild Flowers in the Garden.

MOST of our wild flowers are seldom seen by those who may have gardens that are not sufficiently in the country to enable excursions to take place at frequent intervals, the demands of business preventing much leisure when the sun is high in the heavens. Then it is not a sin to bring the country flower to the town when vandalism is set down with a heavy foot.

Although the cities of the Dominion are large, means of access to the haunts of our flora and fauna are increasing, and the time will come when protection will be a necessity. But there is no reason whatever why a few wildings should not be lifted and transplanted and given as similar conditions as possible to those in their wild state. It is a pleasure also to mark exceptionally fine varieties and, when the flowers have flown, lift the plant for the garden. The lovely Aster or Michaelmas daisy, the flower dedicated to St. Michael the Archangel, is a weed in many districts, and therefore not regarded with affection, though with its companion the Golden Rod—exquisite shades of blue and rich, glowing yellow—a picture is presented for us to imitate.

Where the Aster gathers there will be seen diversity of form in the flower as well as in colour—here an intense purple, there a softer tone, each beautiful in itself and to be marked. Several conspicuous departures from the type will be lifted soon and taken to the humble plot that surrounds the house. Whether the Aster is a weed or not it may be made to play a beautiful part in the garden, especially near large centres of industry.

The fall of the year is the season of colour on mountain and in valley. Let us enjoy it, having in remembrance that the great work of the year is approaching, and—with regard to planting bulbs—already begun.

The Great Rose Show in England

By ELLA BAINES

THE Queen of Flowers held her great reception recently and the constant and loyal affection of her subjects was proved by the crowds drawn from all classes in England that hastened to pay her homage. Perhaps one of the most charming features of this great rose show in England is the friendly commingling of all grades of society from the Queen Mother to the humblest in the land, united in a common love for the emblem flower of England.

The minute description of the Roses in their classes is a task beyond my power. The crowds moved too quickly through the great tents to allow of careful note-taking by an amateur, and one did not feel inclined to lose one moment of the beauty of the whole scene.

Passing on from tent to tent one became more and more possessed of wonder that so brilliant and varied a massing of colour and of form could be seen.

I will try to give two or three points that particularly struck me.

First, the variety of colour. Hybrid Teas and Perpetuals seemed to vie with one another as they blazed from their backgrounds of green leaf moss. Scarlet and nearly black, crimson, all shades of coral, carmine and madder shading to palest yellow, deep saffron, delicate blush, clear and silver pink and purest white, all combined to produce an indescribable effect. This Rose feast was more brilliant than any oriental feast of lanterns.

Second, the form and the texture. The marvellous grace attainable by the most double of roses, the perfect bud-like centre, the spreading, delicately curved outer petals, and the textures as of soft velvet and of satin with its lights and shadows—all these things were noticeable, not in one or two exceptions, but in the whole mass.

A few remarks now upon some particular roses. The Ramblers, Wichuraianas, and Briars were present in a variety of bewildering beauty, and the various groups of roses, it must be remembered, are hardy, adaptable, and easy of cultivation. They can be grown in the humblest cottage garden and will fill a countryside with beauty.

Messrs. Paul and Son, the famous rosarians at Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire, took the gold medal and first prize for the arrangement of their exhibit of these classes, and no wonder. There they were, not pressed into specimen glasses, but in great branches, forming a fairy bower. Among them, of course, were Hiawatha, Lady Gay, and Dorothy Perkins. A beautiful Briar called Juliet has tints of old gold and scarlet.

Mention must then be made of a white Rambler named Jersey Beauty, exhibited by Messrs. Burnett, of Southsea. The Teas and Hybrid Teas surpassed description, and the apparently equal merit possessed by hundreds of them made one pity the judges. The Irish single Hybrid Teas, Irish Elegance, Orange

Apricot, Irish Glory, silver pink, flamed with crimson, and Irish Modesty, delicate coral pink, were so exquisite in the loose grace of their growth and the tender colour and texture of their great single petals that one heartily agreed with our garden artist, Miss Jekyll, in her special pleading for these single roses.

The Lyon Rose, coral red fading into yellow at the base, Lady Hillingdon, deep orange and yellow, and George C. Ward, orange and vermilion, are Hybrid Teas which seem to have opened first at the sunset hour and to have absorbed the tints of the clouds.

A word must be added as to the arrangement of the show. The Hybrid Teas, Teas, and Hybrid Perpetuals were all placed in boxes filled with leaf moss. The setting of soft green impressed one, as usual, with the desirability of this manner of exhibiting. The Ramblers, Wichuraianas, and Briars, were of course shown, as I have mentioned, in great branches that hung or climbed so as to show their habit of growth. Roses on lanky stems in straight vases on painted tables were not in evidence at the National Rose Show. Perhaps some day we in Canada, when we have learnt the necessity of education in flower showing, shall realize that the beauty of a flower does not consist in several inches of stem, that tables should, in a show, be completely out of sight and that a box placed at a proper angle and filled with moss cannot be surpassed as a setting for exhibited roses.