



NEW ROSES.

BY F. MITCHELL, INSEKAP.

AS I have received inquiries concerning the newer additions to our already large list of roses, it would perhaps not be out of place to reply as far as I can to these inquiries through the columns of our journal. I may preface the very few guarded remarks that I shall make by saying, that with added years, I am developing a wonderful amount of good Scotch caution, and do not now care to positively laud or condemn either a rose or a fellow-being, without a considerable term of close acquaintance.

THE PURITAN came out last summer. My own experience with it does not amount to much, but I have corresponded with those who are better informed on it than I am myself, and having summed up the information received, I think what follows will prove reliable. It is a hybrid tea, white, and when perfect, very beautiful. Some very fine blooms have been produced under glass, but as yet it has not succeeded in the open air. I do not think, on the whole, it will prove so valuable as "The Bride," which came out some months before.

MRS. JOHN LAING, a hybrid perpetual, is perhaps the latest rose out, of which anything is really known. From all I can learn of this rose, I predict it has come to stay. In color it is pink, and it has many qualities to commend it. It is claimed to be a seedling of that fine old variety Frances Michelon. I will write more of this rose so soon as I know more about it. I can now recommend THE BRIDE more strongly than I did last spring. It is a first-class rose for the amateur. Souvenir de Victor Hugo has also exceeded my expectations, but its resemblance to older varieties detracts from its value as a novelty.

HER MAJESTY takes a long time to fully prove itself. I got my first plant two years ago, and my eyes have not yet been gladdened by the sight of one bloom. I would advise those impatient persons who desire a full show of bloom in a few weeks after planting, not to plant largely of this variety. Of other roses introduced in the last few years, I have nothing to say which I have not said before.

JUNE FLOWERS; OR A RAMBLE IN THE WOODS.

BY MRS. A. GILCHRIST, GURLEIGH, ONT.

JUNE, the month of flowers, finds our woods and river banks fairly aglow with floral beauty. The true value of flowers is in their form, color, and fragrance. There is no language

to describe the exquisite pencilings and shadings of many of our native flowers, rivalling in beauty and sweetness some of their more pretentious exotic relatives, which can only be brought to