

A Canadian Rose Garden

Thousands of Flowers From Early Spring Till Winter---Good Culture Essential to Success

By E. T. COOK

THE Rose, the sweetest flower that grows, is loved with no ordinary love in one garden in the Dominion, the garden of Mr. J. T. Moore, of Moore Park, Avoca Vale, Toronto, where on a sunny hilltop surrounded with trees and breathed over by the winds that blow from all quarters, a collection of the most valuable and interesting of the old and new developments in the Rose family is there grown by a Scotch cultivator, Mr. Bryson, who won many triumphs in the old country before coming to Canada to pursue his beautiful work.

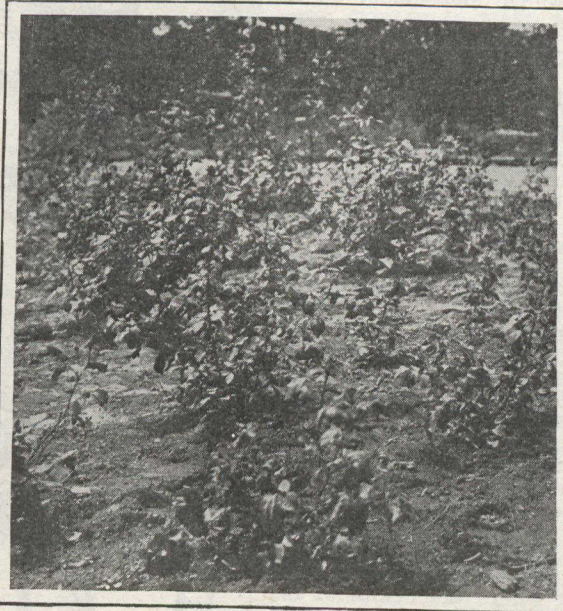
It is a case of master and man working in complete harmony and filled with the same enthusiasm. The writer is delighted on every occasion he visits this hilltop Rose garden, because it is a living example of the great part horticulture is going to play in Canada. Not only is the brilliant Crimson Rambler there, but the latest of novelties, and it is needless for the rosarian to travel outside Toronto to satisfy his yearning soul for a favourite flower, for here they are in his midst in bewildering variety and grown in a way that takes one's breath away in contemplation—rude, luxuriant growths and bowers of blossom, with a perfectness that represents not only great cultural skill, but the satisfying fact that if the Rose is the emblem of England, it may just as well be so of the Dominion.

When a flower is a wild flower of a country it may be taken for granted that the family in one or other of its many variations will flourish in that country. The writer was rambling recently over a farm and garden in the making a few miles from Toronto and came across, in a rough hedgerow, a mass of the species or wilding called *Rosa lucida*, which is the most interesting of the wild Roses of Canada. It had blossomed and increased there for many years, probably unheeded, but there it was, a soft, shimmering of pink in summer days and then a lurid red from a thousand hedges or fruits set amongst dark-tinted leaves as fall merged into winter. One felt sure, seeing this, that in the garden proper Roses will grow abundantly.

The Moore Collection

numbers over 10,000 plants. Of each kind the average is fifteen, and to make these notes practical, and, therefore, it is to be hoped, useful to each reader, a selection of some of the best is given in each division and approved of by Mr. Bryson. Hundreds of rose gardens are in the country and the environs of large cities, but none more complete than this, and those who have a real regard for the progress of rose-growing here are welcome to see it. The three great Rose divisions comprise the Hybrid Perpetual or "H.P.," Tea or "T.," and Hybrid Tea or "H.T.," and the first to consider is the Hybrid Perpetual, and the choice is as follows from a long chain of varieties: Margaret Dickson, the lightest of pink tints; Hugh Dickson, full crimson; A. K. Williams, one of the most perfectly formed of all roses, deep crimson; Charles Lefebvre and Hugh Watson, also with crimson shades; the famous white, but, alas, scentless, Frau Karl Druschki; Duke of Edinburgh, vermilion; Marie Baumann, a delightful carmine red; Mrs. R. J. Sharman Crawford, rosy pink; Earl of Dufferin,

velvety crimson, and the two newer acquisitions, both beautiful in colouring, Rev. Alan Charles and Ellen Drew. Commendable traits in the h. p. class



Roses in Flower Now From Cuttings Rooted Last January. Planted Out April 15.



Hugh Dickson Rose—Showing Growth This Year. Note Its Height.

are strength of growth, richness of colouring and sweet perfume.

There is a tendency now-a-days to raise roses over the seas and in America—we hope the time is not far distant when we shall have a bevy of Canadian-raised roses—without fragrance. A Rose without scent does not seem a real Rose—it is a flower apart, something soulless, something destitute of its sweetest attribute and should never receive the hallmark of commendation. Frequently we have stooped down to smell a flower that has drawn one to it by sumptuous colouring or perfect form, and found it *scentless*. It is bereft of the chief virtue nature has endowed the flower with, and a scentless rose should never be held up as something perfect, no matter however faultless in other ways.

The Tea Rose is the most winsome of all, and

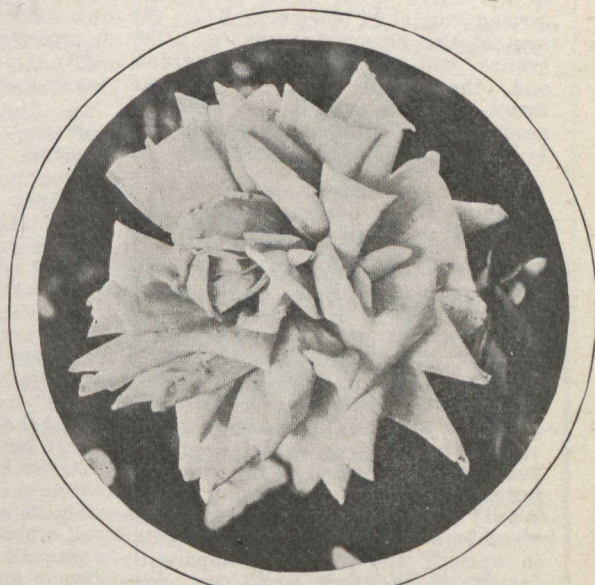
is queen of its race. Subtle tints of palest rose and pink are painted on petals that a gentle breeze stirs into trembling life, and a scent as of fresh tea is wafted into the garden. It is a poem in flowers, as exquisite as the wild rose borne on slender shoots in the early summer days. And of this lovely throng, the selection is Hon. Edith Gifford, white; Lady Roberts, as rich and luscious in colouring as a ripe peach; Mrs. Herbert Stevens, Beryl, Lena, Sunset, Sunrise, Lady Hillingdon, Francois Debreuil, Miss Alice de Rothschild, and The Bride, all flowers running over with beautiful tints and sometimes displaying a decided self shade without the strong, luminous tinting of the hybrid perpetual. But the Hybrid Tea has given more bountifully than any other rose to the garden, and a slight distinction only sometimes exists between some of these and the hybrid perpetual. It is the outcome of crossing the two divisions, and its popularity is seen by the large proportion of plants in the collection at Moore Park, namely, eight thousand. The names of the most approved are household words to even the inexperienced rosarian. Madame Abel Chatenay should head the throng. A more perfect Rose does not exist. It has strength of growth, flowers of wonderful hues, carmine, salmon and rose mingling together on the pointed petals, scent, and a remarkable length of blossoming season. It is one of the first to come and the last to go—a Rose for everyone. Then Melaine Soupert, a Rose that excels in Canada, belongs to the hybrid tea, and no fairer Rose has ever opened its flowers to the sun. It is as dainty as the daintiest sea-shell, petals that a summer sunset seems to have touched, yellow and carmine, and as the bud opens a pinky apricot is disclosed deep down in the heart of the flower, an exquisite jewel glowing on leafy growths. The Lyon Rose at Moore Park is a revelation. Never have we seen a colour more brilliant, a coral red glow lit up with rays of salmon and yellow, and as evening approaches seems full of an unusual beauty. Nearby is General McArthur, which is much appreciated for its vigour, freedom and the form of its wondrous crimson, fragrant flowers, and with Madame Abel Chatenay and Madame Melaine Soupert forms an unbeatable trio of hybrids. If one were restricted to three distinct kinds, this would be the choice before all others, each possessing some appealing characteristic. Mildred Grant, King George V., British Queen, one of the newest and most remarkable of hybrids, Ethel Malcolm, Lady Alice Stanley, Mrs. W. J. Grant, William Shean, and Chas. J. Grahame are in this great collection, and each may be seen in bloom at the present moment.

Hardiness of the Rose.

Those who should know better assert that horticulture can never be successful in the colder provinces of Canada, and the statement will die hard. But surely it is only necessary to look round from the coming of the Trilliums until the last leaf has fluttered from the Maple to know that our gardens may be as brilliant as any in the whole world. Certain groups of roses are not desirable because of a marked tenderness of growth, but the famous French Rose, Marechal Niel, the tenderest of yellow



Gen. McArthur Rose—Brilliant Crimson—and Filled With Fragrance.



A Superb Flower of "The Lyon Rose"—Wonderful in Colouring.