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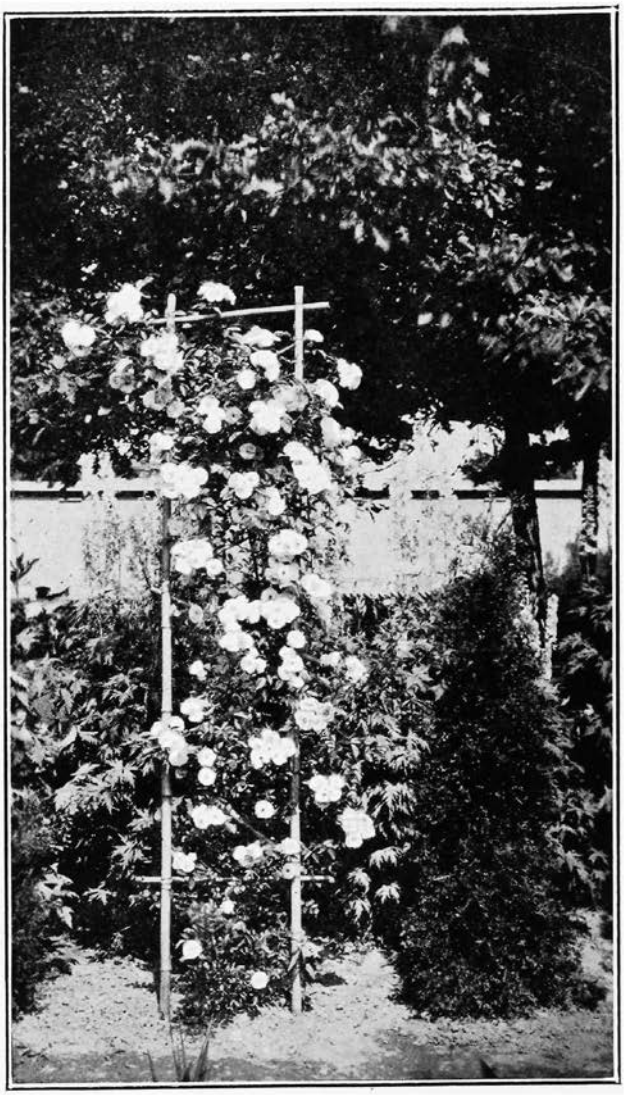

THORNLESS RAMBLER (AMERICAN BEAUTY) IN A WELL-KNOWN GARDEN IN ONTARIO.

THE CANADIAN

GARDEN BOOK

BY

DOROTHY PERKINS

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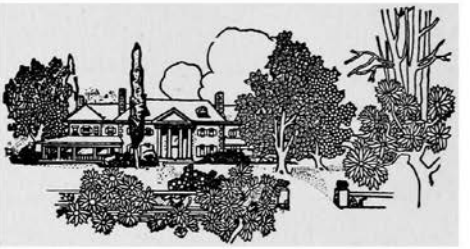
"The kiss of the sun for pardon,
The song of the bird for mirth;
One is nearer God's heart in the garden
Than any where else on earth."



AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED
TO
MRS. HERBERT LANGLOIS

CONTENTS

THE DOROTHY PERKINS

CANADIAN GARDEN BOOK

CHAPTER I.

"THE SPIRIT OF GARDENING"

AS a nation we are just learning the spirit of gardening—as they have it in England. Haven't you been impressed with the repose that greets you everywhere in rural England? What was it? Not merely "old world charm". Or if it was, the people themselves made it; charm that took centuries of toil in a garden-loving people to produce. It is the gardens of the Motherland that make its rustic charm; the great national love of the open, of flowers and of gardens.

Getting back to nature tends to make a people content, tends also to make one healthier, and therefore happier. How can we as individuals live near to nature? We don't need to go miles to get it. Create it at home. In what way? By gardening! Every home no matter how large or small ought to have a garden. If we could only learn to think of the lack of flowers and gardens as being something to be ashamed of—and it is—the sooner the "spirit of gardening" would be born in Canada.

Relax! Most of you live in a whirl. Your threadbare, over-strained nerves are crying out for relaxation. Help create a Canadian garden picture! Are you one of the pessimists who doubt that Canada can ever be as beautiful as the Motherland? Go out and dig, grow flowers, and you'll soon believe it can be done.

Nature is both studio and artist. She paints our native flowers in much

richer and deeper tones than in England. Seek out those possibilities. From those who truly long to help create this living, breathing, national picture, she withholds no secrets.

The vastness of our country and the happy freedom under which we live, demand freedom in the garden. By that one means "natural" effects in the arrangements of our grounds. We do not want gardens, whose only charm lies in wonderfully accurate geometrical designs. They are dead! They lack soul! Leave formal gardens where they belong, on the Continent and in Italy, the "home" of formal gardens. They can never create the spirit of gardening, or the "homey" atmosphere that the perennial border will.

After all, it is the home everything revolves around. We buy necessities and luxuries, that have a lasting value, for the interior of our homes. But you can never make the exteriors

beautiful by wasting time and money on foliage plants and annuals. Foliage plants lack character! As for annuals—many of them are gems of beauty, but they complete life's cycle in one short season and are gone forever, unless you are wise enough to save the seeds, or better, save in spring the self-sown seedlings from the previous season. But, if you are perennially foolish enough to keep on buying bedding plants and annuals you are a long way from knowing anything about garden "thrift", one phase of which means the conserving of the tender seedlings.

Time alone can produce that enchanting mellowness so apparent in English gardens. It, too, will come if we but act now and commence creating that picture.

Look over your grounds. Don't imagine because you live on less than half an acre—and the majority of us do—that not much can be done. Your

garden can be a miniature of exquisite flowers. Take courage, those of you who have city lots, for a little well done is better than a lot half done.

Picture to yourself just how you would like the finished effect to look. If you are a member of the sterner sex, consult your wife and family. Men are perfect dears at paying bills and digging the gardens, but when it comes to the "art" of a garden some of them are painfully lacking!

One great fault of gardens on this continent is the lack of privacy. For five or six months of the year your garden is going to be the outdoor "living-room". We only invite our friends to the interior of our home. The public are barred. Why should we openly invite strangers into our outdoor "living-room"? Even a semi-suburban lot of one hundred or so feet frontage, with a probable depth of two hundred feet, even it can be and ought to be private. I have watched

"privacy" grow in my own garden, where the boundaries of the lot were planted with Lombard poplars. Their growth is rapid. Their great advantage over maples is that they can be planted more closely—to make the screen more effective—and their roots do not spread out as much as the maples, and their branches do not throw too much shade over the ground. In order to break the view from the public thoroughfare, shrubbery can be successfully used. With a careful selection and arrangement the effect is vastly more artistic than a straight hedge. We can never expect to have the hedges that are so dear to the heart of the English, and which appeal so strongly to the transient visitor from this continent. Even if our climate would permit us to import and grow them successfully it would not be creating "Canadian" atmosphere.

CHAPTER II.

Shrubs and Creepers and Where to Place Them.

GARDENING is an art! To be successful the amateur must have a goodly supply of "patience", for without that, one will strive in vain. Not that I want to frighten a beginner, but having been through the elementary stage, and knowing how elusive that quality, "patience", is, one feels justified in naming it, as the first essential. Many there are who will probably disagree and argue that "good soil" is the first essential. To you I say, good soil is the outcome of patience. Next comes "sunshine" and a free circulation of "air", and lastly "perseverance".

In planning a garden—either a new one, or one that needs renovating—consider first of all the architectural features of the house. If it is large and massive, one needs simple, straight-cut gardens. On the other hand, if the location is a suburban one, the task is simpler.

A garden ought to be the setting to a house, just as a frame is to a masterpiece. The softening lines of a foundation garden—that is, one planted carefully at the point where house and earth meet—ties the structure, as it were, to the ground and makes it a part of the landscape. What more beautiful setting could be desired than a well-shaved stretch of green turf, bordered by a herbaceous flower garden?

Plan the proposed garden first on paper. If operations are commenced without some fixed idea to which to refer, the garden will turn out a grand medley. Only do remember to strive

for simplicity. Let that be the keynote.

What is your soil? Clayey, damp and soggy? Lighten it up with straw manure, dug well in. Sandy? Enrich it with well rotted manure. Flowers are like people, they like attention and like to be fussed over, praised and admired. They will repay you with blossoms. Different plants require different soil. Study the habits the first year and reform the second.

Plan the most important garden where the sun can become friendly; a place where the sunbeams can play hide-and-seek amongst the blossoms.

Naturally one's chief desire is to create an impression of space. In order to make the most of your grounds leave the central portion free for turf and plant the gardens near the boundary lines.

The fences? Of course, they are hideous wooden structures, but essen-

tials. The writer is a firm believer in their necessity, for without some kind of an enclosure where is one's privacy to come from? Leave them, but cover them up with rapid-growing creepers or shrubbery. Travellers from abroad are amazed at the lack of privacy we have. In England, that nation of flower-lovers, where everything from end to end looks like one beautiful garden, all gardens are enclosed behind holly or fuschia hedges, or stone walls. Each home, be it humble or magnificent, has its own little Eden tucked in behind a hedge or wall.

Bignonia Radicans, one of the Trumpet creeper family, makes an excellent covering for fences. Its growth is rapid, while its foliage is lacey and dainty, making a perfect background for the scarlet trumpet-like flowers. It is extensively used for walls, verandahs, and fences in the Atlantic States in America. In

fact, one State uses it as its flower emblem.

Japonica Humulus Variegated (Japanese hops) are very hardy and rapid growers. The variegations of the leaves are noticed by the most casual, for their striking designs. Although this is usually considered an annual, it reappears year after year, proud to do its "bit" towards helping to "camouflage" the enemy—the fence.

The Dutchman's Pipe, with its long botanical name—*Aristolochia Sipho* —is usually listed as "one of our best creepers". Personally, it has caused me many a heartache. I have coaxed, coddled, loved, kept warm in winter, kept watered in summer, and finally in despair was ready to relegate it to the ash-bin. Pouring out my tale of woe to an old garden-sage one day, he explained that its refusal to respond to my coaxing to grow was due to an oversight on my part. I had tried to

train it on a criss-cross wire trellis, when my friend Aristolochia Sipho wailed and whined for a straight non-criss-cross trellis. My problem was solved, for now it flourisheth!

Lonicera—the honeysuckles—have an old-fashioned air about them and are an old favorite being revived. Their fragrance is delicious, but they are somewhat prone to garden pests and one needs to be ever on the alert. However, there seems to be an air of romance about honeysuckles which endears them to the heart of the old, as well as the would-be gardener.

Nothing makes a more satisfactory covering for a boundary fence than the self-clinging Ampelopsis Engelmanni, the Virginia Creeper. Its slender fingers reach out, clinging with great tenacity to fences, trunks of trees, or, in fact, anything within reach. In autumn its colouring is perhaps the most superb of any foliage in the whole garden. A blaze of vivid

crimsony reds greets one wherever the creeper has strayed during its growing months. One can always depend on the Virginia Creeper for being thankful for absolutely the least amount of attention of any of the creepers. Truly it is a relief to find one plant grateful for small mercies!

Then there is the Clematis family from which to make a selection. The Jackmanii, the purple varieties, being too well-known to need more than a passing mention. For those who prefer the large white ones, the Henryi Clematis proves most satisfactory.

Even among our long list of annual creepers we need have no difficulty in covering up our garden fences.

Many people find solace and joy in the morning glory—convolvulus—on which nature has bestowed some of her masterpieces in colourings. Even though annuals, there is a certain mystery about them which endears them to us. But one needs to be up

with the larks to behold their rare beauty, for long before the noon hour has come they have curled themselves up again to escape Sol's penetrating rays.

Then the pole-beans, or scarlet runners, are frequently used to cover up "unsightlies". On the Continent they are grown quite extensively, for table use, as well as for decorative purposes. Lately one has noticed they are finding favour in our own fair country.

There are numerous other annual creepers to choose from, but one needs to remember in selecting them for "duty", that each season one will have to replant, restring, and patiently wait well on into the summer ere their aid is of any real assistance.

Creepers and vines, however, are not the only things that can be used to cover up fences or make a background for the herbaceous border.

What is the alternative? Shrubs. Happily we are able to select from a long list. Who ever saw more beautiful flowering shrubs than those of our own Toronto gardens? Perhaps it is the beautiful spring and early summer weather we enjoy, but truly our spring shrubs in blossom are enough to gladden the heart of any artist, are enough to quicken the pulse of the most blasè pessimist.

One of the earliest of flowering spring shrubs is the Forsythia—the Golden Bell. Long before most shrubs are in leaf, the forsythia is blooming. In fact, its peculiarity lies chiefly in knowing that the leaves do not appear until after the blooms have fallen. There are several varieties to choose from: the Fortunei Forsythia is the upright bush; while the Suspensa Forsythia can be trained to hang caressingly over a wall or bank. The name by which it is commonly known, Golden Bell, implies its colour and

formation—golden yellow and bell-shaped.

Practically everyone is familiar with Syringa (mock orange) Philadelphus. In spring its waxy white blossoms are a joy to behold, not only for their purity of colour, but also for their sweet fragrance. There are small flowers and large flowers, double and single ones, but one could not go far astray in selecting grandiflorus variety—a tall-growing large-flowered syringa.

The giant Opulus—Snowball—is well named. The great round white solid balls of flowers resemble the improvised weapon of the average small boy on a bright winter's afternoon.

The fame of the family of lilacs is so well known one needs scarcely mention it, for it thrives, is cultivated and loved by all. A selection can be made from a wide range of colours, all, however, in the violet shades, with the exception of the white lilacs, which

should find a corner somewhere among the shrubs.

I remember the first time I ever saw Rosea Weigelia was in a garden long deserted, in which shrubs and perennials had long since been allowed to grow without a restraining hand to check their mad career. 'Twas not long after I found a place for several shrubs of this intensely interesting family.

The deep rose-pink blossoms practically bloom on the entire bush. They are veritable cornucopias to the bees, so full are they of nectar. Dwarf, variegated weigelia has greyish green and spotted white leaves. It is a low-growing shrub and not such a free bloomer as Rosea. Its flowers are very pale pink, almost white.

Golden Elder — Sambucus — is a great asset in a garden. The golden yellow foliage attracts attention immediately. Glorious clusters of dainty lacey blossoms are supported on slen-

der stems and are quite a contrast to the peculiar tone-colour of the foliage.

Possibly one of the hardiest and showiest of shrubs for our climate is the Hydrangea, either the tree or the shrub variety. The bush flowers early in the season, while the tree variety is glorious in late summer, and becomes more beautiful with each change of a lower temperature. Hydrangea Grandiflora Paniculata is a wonder! The great pyramidical blooms demand admiration. Some of the most perfect specimens of this shrub can be found in Queen Victoria Park, Niagara Falls. The soil and atmospheric conditions in this park seem to be peculiarly suitable to its habits. Although we can't all live in this particular locality and enjoy the climatic conditions, we can plant the shrub and enjoy its beauty in a somewhat lesser degree.

Have you noticed the popularity which has fallen on the Spirea family the last few years? Big gardens, small gardens, rich and poor, all strive to add a specimen or two in some corner of the garden. Spirea Von Houttei, sometimes called the bridal veil, is the most popular variety, and in many gardens is used quite successfully as a hedge. In May and early June its pendulous branches are laden with tiny wee clusters, and hang like a white mist, practically enveloping the whole bush in its wealth of white bloom.

Then there is the Anthony Waterer Spirea, which modestly holds second place in this large family. Anthony's habits are not so vigorous, but humbly covers its lower-lying self with rosy crimson flowers in July and August. Thunbergii Spirea should also be mentioned in passing. It, too, is a May bloomer, and again in the fall is admired for its coloured foliage.

Prunus Pissardi might be classed almost as a semi-tree, but owing to its growth being very slow it takes years —if ever—to oust it from holding sway among the shrubs. Unfortunately nature has not seen fit to bestow on mankind an overabundance of coppery-coloured trees or shrubs. That is why Prunus Pissardi is welcome. For, if we intend to have bold massings of shrubs, or even planted in groups, we must add interest to the setting by thinking not only of the colour scheme of the blossoms, but giving some thought and attention to foliage. Otherwise the garden will lack individuality. For practically the same reason we add the Cornus—the Dogwoods—to our list of shrubs. They are particularly attractive for their brightly coloured wood, or bark, and are exceptionally healthy.

Before passing the Prunus family it would be a *faux pas* not to mention the Sinensis and the Triloba,

which are both welcome. The former has myriads of tight, stiff, tiny blooms, while the latter has delicate pink flowers. One needs, however, to be on the alert in pruning-time, for I have known both of these varieties to revert in rank and deteriorate to the parent stock.

So whether we decide on shrubs for massing or groupings, whether their mission in life be to hide fences, break views from the highways, or act as a foil for the perennials one cannot go far astray in making a selection from those already described.

The Barberries, Quinces, Dentzias, Hypericums (which make excellent coverings for banks), Privets, the Loniceras (Bush Honeysuckles), Sumacs, Ribes Gordonianum (the Flowering Currants), or Symphoricarpos (the well-known berry shrubs), all of which will add interest, utility and charm to the garden.

CHAPTER III.

Rockeries — Wild Flowers and Birds in the Garden.

A COUPLE of years ago while summering in Port Arthur, a friend invited me to see her new home, which had just been completed. The location was magnificent! The view from house and grounds superb! Mighty Lake Superior lay low, off in the near distance. The house and grounds, high above the street level, were reached by a succession of terraces, which already had been planted with shrubs and evergreens. In time, this planting would create a clever massing of variegated greenery.

Knowing my interest lay in the exterior, rather than the interior—though both should harmonize—I was first shown the gardens. At the far

end of the tennis court was a large pile of rocks and stones. My friend commenced, on approaching the spot, immediately to apologize.

"Why apologize?" I asked.

The rocks and boulders had been unearthed by the excavators and my friend was sorely grieved to think they had not already been carted away. In fact, she was paying a man to remove them.

There are many landscape architects who throw up their hands in horror at the mere mention of a "rockery". They scorn and ridicule the idea of utilizing boulders and consider the massing together of such, in which to grow even wild flowers, as a garden monstrosity. But why? Provided the idea is cleverly executed there is no unwritten law prohibiting plants from thriving in good soil amongst rocks.

In the writer's humble opinion they are not considered *infra dig.* On the

contrary, one of the most lovable spots in my own little Eden is a rockery.

If you are in the position of my friend and find yourself the owner of various sized rocks, do not pay to have them removed; on the contrary, hire a man and team to draw them to some corner of the garden and build for yourself—not forgetting to use good rich soil—a rockery. Then hie you off to the woods for treasures, more especially the early wild flowers.

Early in the spring while snow still lurks in cracks and corners, sturdy little hepaticas will push their little furry heads up through the old dead leaves and fairly laugh at you for wondering at their persistence in being awake so early.

The little woodsy flower faces have a message all their own—they are pure and innocent, for they have not been hybridized and crossed by ard-

ent horticulturists who seek to outstrip nature.

Arabis Alpina in all its white purity hangs well over the side of a rock. Daily one can watch the little doubled-up heads of the maiden-hair ferns unfolding themselves, until they burst forth in all their soft green fernery. Yellow, white and purple wood violets, the dog's tooth violet with its freckled green leaves; trillium, or trinity flower; jack-in-the-pulpit ministering to the needs of his companions; michaelmas daisies, with their late-flowering tiny wee blossoms; wild geraniums, and the numerous columbines are a few of the many wild flowers we can bring home from the woods to cultivate, love and cherish as our own.

When the columbines are in bloom, especially the yellow long-spurred varieties, one sometimes wonders they do not fly off with their butterfly

friends, so aerial are they in appearance.

Digitalis, the old-fashioned Foxglove (which, by the way, grows wild on the moors in Devon) lends itself happily to a rock garden. As its tall spikes rise above the more lowly wild flowers one fancies its bell-like flowers being rung in the quiet of a midsummer's night by the fairies. Surely it is they who work such wonders in the garden over night!

Haven't you sometimes, when tramping over commons, longed to gather up some of the so-called "weeds" — buttercups, daisies, big pink clovers, golden rod and many other childhood favorites? Take a root of each, if you feel so disposed, and find them a home for themselves in the rockery. Sceptical friends may shrug their shoulders, but nevertheless you will have the pleasure of reacquainting yourself with the more gloriously beautiful "loves" of child-

hood. Nothing responds so rapidly to care and kindness as flowers.

Birds in the garden . . .

The person who possesses an old apple or cherry tree is indeed fortunate. Speaking of trees in the garden always recalls to my memory the words of that sweet little refrain:

"I know a lovely garden
Where blooms the sweetest flowers,
And there from morn 'till even
I while away the hours."

Make your tree the centre of attraction in the garden, where on a hot summer's day you can idle away the hours.

The beauty of colour and wonderful fragrance in blossom-time quite pays for the untidiness of falling leaves later on. The tree, or trees, as the case may be, will probably become the home of some of our wild birds. One can quite easily make friends with these little feathered songsters, who come back year after year, evi-

dently finding the surroundings to their taste.

Within the last few years vast progress has been made in bird lore. Mankind is awakening to the fact that birds are a wonderful national asset. Nature has given us feathered creatures, not alone for their beauty of plumage and song, but as an economic acquisition to the universe.

In fact, it is now a State duty for us to encourage birds to our city gardens and parks. Penalties are being imposed on persons found destroying birds and robbing the nests of the eggs. Happily this law does not apply to the ever-increasing always-with-you sparrow. They are a national liability.

But even if we are not lucky enough to have an old tree to attract the birds and encourage them to nest, there is yet another way to form their acquaintance. 'Tis true a material one it is, but nevertheless successful. On

the market one may purchase fascinating quaint rustic bird-houses. Some are built on high poles, others to swing from tree branches. Bird lovers have studied the habits of the birds and drawn plans of their houses according to the species' requirements.

Apart from the economic value birds are to mankind they afford us a great deal of pleasure. Who does not fairly thrill with joy at the first audible song from Robin Redbreast—the harbinger of spring? As the days grow warmer he can be seen swinging gaily from the topmost branches of a nearby tree, carolling with all the passion of love's young dream to his would-be mate.

In a nearby orchard the object of his affection wisely holds herself aloof —oh, subtle female. Finally the "feathered Eve" must yield, and with one great outburst of song they fly off to start life together.

Later on, when the robinettes have arrived, I often sit and watch the mother bird, strutting proudly along, head tilted to one side, listening for worms. Providence has provided these birds with very keen hearing. As madam trots along she suddenly stops, darts her sharp beak down through the turf, and voilà, usually lands the family's breakfast.

Sometimes there is quite a battle between bird and worm, and it takes several hard tugs before the catch is on terra firma. The tailless robins are always close on their mother's trail, eager to receive down their wide-open beaks their allotted portion, and at the same time receive some motherly advice on the best ways and means of later on finding their own food.

It is not only earthworms that provide food for the songsters. Were it not for our birds what would become of our trees and gardens? Man's chief

aim in the summer season is to battle with sprays, fumigators and gums in order to give vegetation a chance to shake itself free from the myriads of insects, pests and grubs which assail our trees and flowers with such strenuous vigor. Artificial remedies would be useless, however, were it not for the birds, for it is they who rid our gardens of many of the pests which seek to destroy man's labour.

Do not be provoked, therefore, the next time the loud tappings from the pileated wood-pecker's beak awaken you from your peaceful morning slumbers. It is the early bird that catches the worm, and many trees would succumb were it not for the hunger of the woodpeckers. Many are the insidious cut-worms disposed of as some of our birds wander o'er the garden, while it is yet dripping with dew.

For a couple of seasons orioles favoured us with their song and

beauty, but lately have deserted for a more delectable spot. The little gray wrens fill the garden with their wealth of song and though rather addicted to the polygamy habit—raising several families with different mates in one season—are always welcome.

Dainty little yellow and black canaries love to come and perch on the tennis ropes, pulling away with sharp little beaks to get more fluff for their nest. Sometimes they will stay very close to one, perched saucily on a seed pod of a ripened aquilegea, and feast for half an hour until one wondered what condition their digestive organs could be in to allow of such rare eating.

Microscopic humming birds, with their gossamer wings, dart in and out the blossoms, so elusive, by the time one's eye is focused on the flower they are off to another, and so one down the border.

So if we would be successful with

our gardens we must learn to welcome the feathered songsters. At a small cost we can erect little homes for them, where cats and small boys will not frighten them away. Even a bird bath or drinking fount will not be amiss and will afford comfort and health to the birds as well as affording amusement to yourself watching and learning bird etiquette in our gardens, watching the line-up of birds waiting for a chance to bathe in the fresh cool water provided for them.

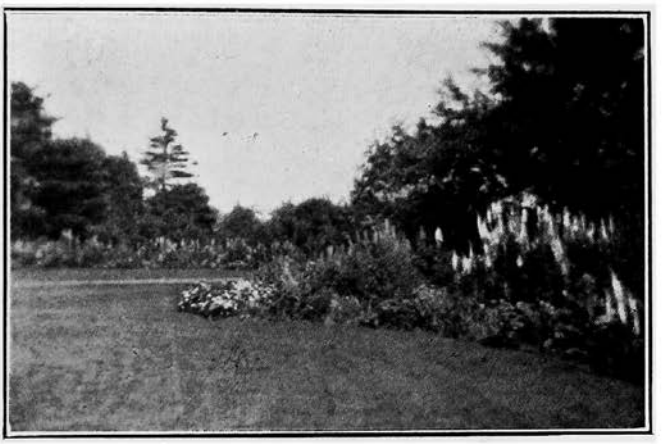
And so, good reader, learn to know and welcome the little feathered songsters. We may not have larks and the nightingales that send forth their liquid notes in the Motherland, that poets the world over sing about, but we have substitutes suitable to our climate. And we must make them welcome; whether they be flickers, phœbes, chickadees, song sparrows, martins, they all bring with them that quality contained principally in the bluebird—happiness.

CHAPTER IV.

The Perennial Border.

NAPOLEON is quoted as having said: "Where flowers cannot grow man cannot live." How true it is! No one really "lives" who knows not the happiness, health and contentment which comes through knowing and loving flowers.

The last few years have seen great advances in garden craft. People are tired of pokey, patchy gardens in which a practical (?) gardener—usually a furnace man—thrusts into the soil a few dozen red geraniums; tired of having a few packets of seed thrown ruthlessly on top of poor soil, which can never produce good results. Thanks to the horticultural societies



THE PERENNIAL GARDEN AT "OCCONEECHEE,"
ON THE BANKS OF THE CREDIT RIVER.

DARK FIR TREES MAKE A SPLENDID SETTING
FOR THIS OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN.

in our cities and towns, the gospel of gardening has been and is being preached, and we are being educated to indulge in real constructive gardening.

What does one mean by "constructive" gardening? One with a lasting value, a perennial garden, a herbaceous border, call it any, it matters not.

According to the rules and regulations which govern gardening, a herbaceous border must never be less in width than 10 feet, and never less in length than 150 feet. Rules are never strictly adhered to, although a border less than 10 feet would be almost impossible; 15 feet is the average width.

Clothe yourself inwardly and outwardly with patience. Plan and scale on paper the various varieties you want for the border. Commence with the spring flowers, those that bloom in the summer, and lastly those one can depend on for autumn flowering.

Spring planning will, of course, include the Dutch end of the art, which will be dealt with more fully in a following chapter on bulbs. Then come the peonies—the queen of the spring flowers—with their delicious fragrance, wonderful formation and good foliage. Peonies are a joy from the moment their little red heads pop up in early spring until the last autumn-tinted leaf drops in the fall. While in bloom the fragrance from their flowers is carried with each gentle breeze to every part of the garden.

There are Irises in beautiful orchid-like tones, purples, bronzy browns, pale yellows and orange, to be selected from the family of Siberians, Germanicans, or Japanese. The latter classification are usually thought to be only grown near ponds or rivulets, but experience has proven they thrive perfectly satisfactorily in the border. A variety of Iris that is rapidly coming to the fore is the Iris

Pumela, a miniature iris which is excellent for a permanent edging in the border. A few super-excellent irises which have just recently been imported into this country I would like to pass on.

These were growing to perfection in an amateur iris enthusiast's garden. How he loved them, calling each one by name! For single bulbs the price paid had been well over five dollars. Among the many which caught my fancy the following appealed most strongly—Perfection, Lohengrin, Nibelengen, Junita and Queen of May; others that were less rare but charming in their own individuality were Hermione, Albino, Panchrae, etc., etc.

In planning the perennial border one is almost sure to have certain varieties dear to the heart. It may be the frilly hollyhocks; perhaps Canterbury bells recall happy memories; or methinks it's the sweet clove-scented pinks, or the hardy phlox that you

have set your mind on. Be sure you have what you want, for nothing satisfies the soul so much as having what one wants. But no matter what you may long to have predominate in the garden, do not make the mistakes many novices make of planting your favorites in too large clumps. Why? Because, as a rule, perennials are only at their best for a period of two weeks.

Nothing could be more beautiful than a large "colony" of Delphiniums —when in bloom. Their star-like beautiful blue flower spikes reach up and vie with the blue of the summer's sky. But, after flowering, what happens? The foliage becomes ragged, brownish and coarse. Many gardeners, as soon as the flowering period is over, cut the plant down to within a few inches of the earth. Very often by so doing, if the season is good, the plant will make new growth and send up new flower spikes. While waiting for the plants to re-grow there is that

large blank space in the border, an eyesore during the new growth period. Hence the advisability of planting not in large colonies.

What shall we do then? Plant in "drifts". When planning the garden, block out in five-foot areas. The border's minimum width will be twelve or fiteen feet. Of course, the taller varieties will be at the back, next the garden wall. If, on the other hand, the border is to be a double one, with exposure on each side, the taller varieties will be planted in the centre. Next plan the varieties in diagonal "drifts". The number of varieties to fill each section will depend on the rapidity with which each chosen perennial increases. For instance, peonies require plenty of room. At the outset their place in the border should be permanent. They dislike very much to be moved. Every time a "moving" takes place they become peevish and sulk for a season or two

and often refuse absoluely to flower. Phlox, and happily their family beauty is well known, and iris require air and plenty of space. Phlox have a stand-offish disposition, they hold themselves aloof, in order to be the better admired. It is well to have summer blooming varieties in front of irises, for after spring, when their period of bloom is over, they "sprawl". They lack backbone!

Gaillardias, Sweet Williams, and Coreopsis also belong to the "sprawlers", and are apt to look hopelessly dishevelled unless taken in hand and staked up. The first mentioned, however, have a long season of bloom, and even the grayish round seed balls have charm. Jacob's ladder (Polemoniums) are very dainty and wax-like in appearance, and owing to their excellent upright habits recommend themselves. Their home in the border should be fairly well forward. Richardsonii and the white Polemon-

ium should both be an acquisition in any garden.

In strange contrast to the last mentioned perennial is the Orientale Papaver—oriental poppy. For bold, bizarre effects in the garden—to the writer's way of thinking—nothing can equal this variety of the old-time poppy. Even their rough, furry, notched foliage is "different". When the flower stalks form they rise up quickly and nod their pugnacious little heads about defiantly and cause their less antagonistic associates to crouch at their feet in humble submission. By and by a half-closed "eye" is noticed, winking saucily, and when one least expects it the whole gorgeous bloom is revealed. Flaunting their Eastern beauty and gorgeous colourings, they defy a visitor to pass without paying homage at their shrine. Somehow in admiring them one thinks of scenes in the most foreign of countries — black-eyed

dancing girls, tambourines and barbaric customs. Strange how flowers play tricks with one's imagination! The most beautiful of the orientals is the shell-pink variety. The inside of the large tissue-paper-like petals are blotched with big patches of black, while the centre, which is afterwards the seed pod, is stiff, large, yet feathery, and how the bees love to hover o'er them!

June, that happiest month in all the year, is an earthly paradise in the herbaceous border. Haven't you often thought it so? The next time you are sorely perplexed with some knotty problem, and know not whither to turn, seek seclusion in the garden. Drink in the peace of nature! After a sleepless night of tossing, seek you the beauties of a new-born day. Nothing is more pure or restful. Watch the flower children arouse from their slumbers and gently brush the dew from out their starry eyes. They will

teach you many lessons, teach you that material things alone count for naught in the summing up of life's great meaning.

Doronicum Excelcum — leopard's bane—is one perennial that ought to be in every border. Its mammoth daisy-like flowers, centered with yellow, are most alluring. They are high growers, sometimes reaching four feet. They are a most prolific bloomer, and send forth two sets of blooms, provided, of course, after first set are over, the "cutting-down" process takes place.

Lupines, too, are found both wild in our wooded glens and cultivated in the garden. Lupines are also used in some foreign countries as a fertilizer for sandy lands. Travelling through northern Germany one sees great golden seas of yellow lupines. There seems to be some peculiar quality about them that lures the farmer to grow lupines for several years, each

fall saving the seed and turning in the remainder to enrich the soil. This should, however, not deter us from having them in our gardens, that is, the aristocrats of this family. They are very showy in appearance and their tall cone-shaped flower spikes, covered with bonnety-like blue and rose-coloured blossoms, are worthy of great admiration.

Chelone Barbatas have the appearance of milady's "latest" in eardrops. Coral pink in colour, dainty in formation, and well set off by fine foliage.

Lychnis Chalcedonica and Lychnis Haageana need to be handled carefully or they will cause a decided clash—for their colour tone is red and that is always a colour to cause careful thought. Sometimes this particular perennial is called Maltese cross, so like the cross is its formation.

What about "colour" in the border? Some gardeners are born colour

artists. Others in time acquire the art of colour blending and learn to please the ultra sensitive colour enthusiasts. The third classification includes gardeners who seemingly are colour-blind. They jumble all varieties, irrespective of colours, with the result their garden is hopeless ragtime! The first class of gardeners point with pride to the "pink" section, where you will observe are the palest of shell-pinks, which crescendo to the deep rose and carmine shades, and then diminuendo to the most delicate flesh tones, which in the distance appear to melt into faint creams. The cream or yellow sections will include all gold shades and the deep orange and bronzes. They, too, will fade or rather harmonize into the blues and lavenders.

Perhaps you haven't space to devote sections of the border to different colours. In that case your salvation will be in using grays and whites,

which are deft harmonizers of tone. Gypsophila, that dainty, grayish-white perennial, with its myriads of tiny wee flowers, adds airy billowyness when placed among the hardier flowers. There are many, however, who prefer the annual variety on account of its white flowers being somewhat more pronounced. Either variety has a rarely beauteous softening disposition. The stately madonna lily, in its beautiful wax-like purity, adds dignity refined and elegant. Although the lillium family is fairly large, the madonna or candidum lily wins first place in the border. Crown Imperialis and Speciosum (especially the latter), are good for late summer flowering.

In many gardens one finds a place given to the ordinary wild field daisy. It is an interesting study to watch the improvement each year, when once given a home in the border. They seem to realize field manners will not

be tolerated among the more refined, cultivated perennials, and so they improve in size each year. They are vastly more dainty and graceful than their cousins, the Shasta daisies, which to me are stiff and coarse, though much larger.

For mid-summer and early fall the wind flower (Japanese anemone) may be depended on. Southernwood (artemesia), Agrostema (rose campion —the white-flowered variety), and various ornamental grasses, are all good gray neutralizers of tone harmony.

Lastly comes the thought, "What shall I edge the border with?" English box is ideal, but our climate holds up a warning finger and forbids its use. Some people resort to "tiling" for edging, but it has no "growing" qualities. But what looks better than a well cut-out turf? Nothing. If this line is kept neat, clean and tidy it is all any garden requires.

For low-lying perennials, for the front of the border, select the Allysum Saxatile, which snuggles close to the earth and has the appearance of gold dust. Arabis Alpina, or rockcress, also has trailing habits, and flowers early in the spring. Its flowers are of the purest white. Phlox amaena also has dwarf crawling tendencies and early in spring is massed with bright flowers. Garden pinks, with their compact silver-gray foliage, should also be placed near the front of border.

One border greatly admired has its undulating rim edged with the old-time favorite "little gem"—sweet allysum. Although, truly speaking, it is an annual, by its self-seeding habits, one can almost perennialize it. This is true also of many of our annuals. The Legion of Honour Marigold and the Irish Marigold, Nigella (Maid in the Mist), occasionally Antirrhinums (Snap-dragons), Asters,

and numerous others will by self-seeding be awake much earlier, be much healthier and stronger than by one trying to raise them themselves and be quite an item in garden conservation of wealth.

So whether you plant pyrethrums, cone flowers, aquilegea, anchusa dropmore, coreopsis, the centaureas, tritomas, linums, plantain lillies, foxgloves, bleeding heart, heleniums, evening primroses, you will learn to know and love each one. There is the excitement of continual change in the garden. No two days are alike. In watching these changes you will unconsciously lavish upon them purest affection.

All flowers of outdoor culture are either annuals—those that complete life's cycle in one short season; perennials—those that require two seasons for maturity (if one raises them from seed), and then flower annually; bienniels—those that flower every

other year, such as the digitalis, campanulas, etc. If one must consider "cost" in a garden, and still the desire is to have a beautiful perennial border, buy a few varieties and increase the stock by raising them. How? Have a seed bed. At a very small amount of labour and small expenditure for seeds ,one can start a "kindergarten" where one can raise their own flower children.

First of all, the soil must be fine, rich, and in a sunny location. Go to any reliable seedsman and buy the best strain of seed on the market. Plant the seeds in shallow drills or rows, marking the various varieties. After the seeds are up an inch or two pick out the weaklings, transplant the healthier ones, where they can grow, and allow them to grow unmolested until they are ready to be moved to their permanent home in the border. One cannot promise blooms the second season, but the third, one

is sure of a profusion of bloom. Much of my own stock has been raised in this way. In fact, there is always a corner given over to the "babies", either for new varieties or in order to commence an admiring novice's garden. It is a great privilege to kindle a spark into a flame, even in flower-raising.

Have a "travel garden"! One can't always load one's baggage up with roots when globe-trotting, but somehow there is always space for seeds. Many watering-places abroad are fortunate enough to have hotels with beautiful gardens in which guests may linger. It is in such places by becoming acquainted with the head gardener, one can tactfully inveigle him to part with a few seeds. Maybe it will be in some world-renowned park you may gather a few seeds. Think of the surprises in store for you when, in a couple of seasons the "travel babies" have burst into

bloom. What memories will be recalled! Sunny Italy, happy France, Switzerland, the Near East, or perhaps some by-way on our own great continent.

But we must remember that nothing will thrive in poor, thin soil. Twice a year, spring and fall, we must feed the soil. How? By fertilizing. Either chemical or barnyard. Many prefer the latter. Save all leaves in the fall—and during the summer, for that matter—and tuck them away in some corner of the garden—the kitchen garden preferably—and allow them to rot. This makes perfect leaf loam, rich, black and full of nutriment, which the perennials will love to feast on in the spring.

Each fall either hill the earth up around the roots or cover the whole over with manure. Many people lose choice varieties because they neglect to take this simple precaution. The result is, with our spasmodic winters,

the hardiest roots shiver, shake, and finally give up in despair, exhausted completely, fighting Jack Frost, they die.

So often one is asked: "Shall I hose the garden or depend on nature to keep the earth moist?" Many amateurs start out with a gusto in the springtime to keep the earth well hoed in the garden. When the hot July and August days come enthusiasm is at low ebb and dutch-hoeing is neglected, and the earth allowed to bake and become hard. Hosing is absolutely useless unless the earth is kept hoed. Air and moisture must permeate to the roots, else failure, diminished and stunted growth will be the result. It is just as important to keep up appearances in the garden in the summer and autumn as in early spring when new life is so tender.

No attempt has been made in the following colour guide to give a com-

plete list, or to give the different varieties of the species named. Those mentioned, however, under the different headings will perhaps be of microscopic assistance to the amateur in making a first selection for the perennial garden.

Blues and Lavenders;

Anchusa dropmare (alkanet).
Aconitum (monkshood).
Campanula (Canterbury bells).
Centaurea (perennial cornflower).
Delphinium (larkspur).
Echinops (globe thistle).
Eryngium (sea thistle).
Funkia (plantain lily).
Iris (fleur-de-lis).
Liatris (blazing star).
Linum (perennial flax).
Lupinus (lupines).
Michaelmas daisies (perennial asters).

Polemonium Richardsonii (Jacob's ladder).
Rudbeckia purpurea (cone flower).
Vinca (periwinkele).

Pinks, Rose and Crimson;

Althea rosea (hollyhocks).
Anemone (windflower).
Aquilegea (columbines).
Campanulas.
Chelone (shell flower).
Dianthus barbatus (Sweet William).
Dianthus Plumarius (garden pinks).
Deileytra Spectabilis (bleeding heart).
Digitalis (fox-glove).
Lupinus Roseus (lupines).
Peonies Roseus and many others.
Lychnis (Maltese cross) scarlets.
Papaver Orientale (poppies).
Phlox.

Pyrethrum (Persian daisy).
Tritomas (red-hot poker).

Yellows and Orange;

Alyssum Saxatile (gold dust).
Anthemus (chamomile).
Aquilegia (columbine).
Artemesia (southernwood).
Coreopsis (tickseed).
Doronicum (leopard's-bane).
Gaillardia (blanket flower).
Helenium (sneeze wort).
(a) Autumnale rubrum.
(b) Autumnale superbum.
(c) Hoopesii.
(d) Riverton beauty.
Helianthus (perennial sunflower).
(a) Miss Mellish.
(b) Soleil D'or.
Heliopsis (false sunflower).
(a) Pitcherianus.
(b) Semi-plenus.
Hemerocallis (yellow day lily).
Hollyhocks.

Iris.
Oenothera (evening primrose).
Papaver (Iceland poppies).

Whites and Grays;

Agrostema alba (rose campion).
Anemones (alba).
Aquilegia (alba).
Arenaria (sandwort).
Cerastium (snow in summer).
Chrysanthemum or shasta daisy.
Dactylis (ribbon grass).
Delphinium (chinensis alba variety).
Dianthus Barbatus Alba (Sweet William).
Geranium (crane's bill, pratenese alba variety).
Gypsophila (baby's breath).
Peonies.
Phlox.
Polemoniums (white varieties).
Pyrethrum (white varieties).
Yucca Filamentosa (Adam's needle).

CHAPTER V.

Bulbs for the Spring Pageant.

"The hyacinth, purple and white and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew,
Of music, so delicate, soft and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the sense."
—*Shelley.*

WHO among garden lovers would be without a display of early spring blooms? If you have ever visited Holland—the home of bulbs—you will realize why spring-time, with its mad riot of beautiful colourings, its acres and acres of flowering bulbs, is so endeared to the hearts of the Dutch, to say nothing of the hearts of the transient visitor. One simply revels in the colour symphonies! For miles and miles one sees wonderful shell pinks, rose, deep

violets fading into orchid-like lavenders, delicate blues and golden yellows, across which come dancing and coquetting with the new-born flowers, zephyrs laden with delicious fragrance. Truly the beauty and fragrance of it all sets one's brain reeling. One fears to awaken and find such beauty a phantom.

Holland is the oldest of continental countries engaged in the art of bulb culture. Yes, one can speak of it as an art; simply the blending in autumn of uninteresting-looking bulbs, but, in the spring, when the soul of the bulb is revealed, then one realizes it is an art.

Dutch horticulturists have been growing bulbs for exporting since the end of the sixteenth century. About the middle of the sixteenth century Dutch tourists, while travelling in the Near East, discovered the beautiful tulip and brought home specimens of the new-found treasure. Enthusiasm

over the colour and formation of the tulip spread rapidly. The soil and climate seemed peculiarly suitable to bulb culture. Trade increased until now Holland is classed as the largest bulb exporting country in the world.

One perhaps might be tempted to call the national flower of this quaint, fascinating country—the tulip, but as one views the fields of daffodils, hyacinths, narcissus and the numerous other gems of the spring, one silently and reverently worships them collectively and calls "bulbs" the national or characteristic flower of Holland.

No garden is complete without adding its bit to the spring pageant. Have your garden gay next year with happy little spring faces. Have at least a bed of tulips. Make your home plot bright in that happiest of all seasons—springtime.

The tulips one remembers in childhood days are now classed by experts as the plebeians. Still many prefer

the old-fashioned, short-stemmed varieties. Many beautiful effects can be obtained by the massing together of this variety. For instance, a bed six feet in diameter, divided into four equal sections, planted in alternate sections with deep reds and yellows, will make a bold splash of colour good to behold when blooming. If, on the other hand, you aspire to the more select varieties, choose from the aristocrats of tulip lore, choose the Darwins, Cottage, or Parrot species. It is no more trouble to grow them and they are vastly more beautiful. Some objections may be raised that they bloom much later than the common varieties. This is true, they bloom in May and early June. Try some this fall and let each beautiful specimen speak its own message next spring. They will win for themselves a place in your heart, and each season will find you adding new varieties to your garden.

This variety of tulip has become quite popular in this country within the last decade or two, while the old world gardeners have known and been cultivating them for the last twenty-five years. It is best to avoid massing these varieties. They do not lend themselves happily in a crowded environment. Theirs is a beauty that requires as well as demands individual admiration. Plant them in groups of fourteen or eighteen in the herbaceous border. Plant the bulbs five or six inches deep in heavy soil and six or seven inches in sandy soil and allow a space of four inches between each bulb. Remember, a uniform depth is necessary if one desires the blooms all in flower at the same time.

The bulbs may be left in for several seasons with good results. Care should be taken, however, not to cut the old foliage down too soon after the blooms are done. Wait until the leaves are partly yellow and limp. Patience is

needed while waiting for the leaves to turn, but unless one waits the sap, or nourishment, will not return to the roots, and next year's blooms will be somewhat inferior, and in a couple of years they will be only fit for the ash bin. However, if the bed is required for other plants, the bulbs may be lifted carefully, taken to a spare plot in the kitchen garden and "healed in", that is, temporarily planted until the sap returns to the root. Then when the sap has reutnred either take up the bulbs and put away in a dark, cool, dry cellar, or as an alternative they can be left in the ground.

The writer's Darwins have been "in" for seven years. Each season they reappear and bloom, the lessening of the degree of colour only being visible to the eye of the ultra-critical connoiseur. And they multiply, too. When making a selection choose a few good-named varieties and add to your stock if necessary from year

to year. Some special favourites are: Professor Trelease, Rev. H. Ewbank, Elegan's Red, Clara Butt, Sultan, Glow, Princess Elizabeth, Sunset, Retroflexa, Scarlet Mammoth, Golden Bronze, Royal Crown, etc.

Cottage tulips are in the same class as Darwins and require the same cultivation. The name might perhaps suggest a more simple bloom. This is not so, however, for they are as beautiful and have the same outstanding characteristics as the Darwins. They, too, are borne on long stems from eighteen inches to two feet in height. The well-shaped buds open to disclose still more beautiful centres. For cutting purposes both Cottage and Darwins cannot be outclassed. A few names might be of some assistance in making a first selection: Fire Dragon, Faierie Queen, Golden Crown, Picotee and Old Gold.

For grotesque and bizarre effects the Parrot tulip takes the lead. The

edges are deeply cut and often striped. When closed, the bud resembles a parrot's beak. Unfortunately, Parrot tulips do not make good cutters. The stem does not seem heavy enough to support the bud.

The happiest of all spring flowers are the daffodils! Their sunny little faces are a joy to behold. How erect they stand on sturdy green stems. Who knows but perhaps the daffodils, with their trumpet-like centres, are the ambassadors of the fairies sent forth to herald the glad news throughout the flower kingdom that it is time to awaken, spring has come. Don't you believe in fairies in the garden? If not, you've missed half the joy of gardening.

Daffodils love to be naturalized. They laugh with gladness if allowed to grow in half-shady nooks. Their little sunny faces love to peer out from amongst the shrubberies, so naturalize them by planting them in

groups of a dozen or two under the shrubs.

If you prefer a bed massed with daffodils select a spot with a sunny southern exposure. One daffodil bed planted at the side of my house was close to a wall of an often-used chimney. Strange though it may seem, this particular bed of daffodils was a mass of bloom fully three weeks earlier than their cousins, who were still shivering among the shrubbery, undecided whether to awaken or wait a bit longer, waiting for Sol to warm up the earth still more.

Daffodils can be left in for several years, but care must be taken not to cut them down too soon. Plant the same depth as tulips and about four inches apart. After the cutting-down has taken place the bed can be refilled —the same holds good with regard to tulips—with summer annuals. For this reason the bulbs should be planted sufficiently deep. A precaution to

be observed is to have a good winter protection over the beds. Sir Watkin, Golden Spur, Lord Roberts, Monarch and Loveliness are a few of the many varieties worthy of cultivation.

Hyacinths are best loved for their delicious fragrance and good colourings in porcelain blues, deep blues, violets and strange weird pinks. Unless massed together the effect is stiff and inartistic, for they cannot bow and sway in each warm caress of the spring wind like their kith and kin the tulips and daffodils.

Snowdrops, crocuses, anemonies, scillas, and the dear little bluish chinodoxas (without which no spring pageant is complete) should not be planted in any fixed order. Stand near where you wish them planted, throw them carelessly about, planting them where they fall. The result will be much more artistic. The best time for planting these varieties is after a heavy fall of rain, when the turf is

soft enough to allow a hole to be made just large enough to receive the bulb. These look happiest when planted in the grass, although if preferred they also can find a permanent home in the border. Plant snowdrops and crocuses three inches deep; anemonies, two inches deep; scillas, four inches, and jonquils five inches deep.

For early winter house-flowering hyacinths, narcissus and similar bulbs, plant them early in November in shallow fern pans or single pots. Good loam must be used, and be sure the drainage is good. Place in a cool, dark room, and water occasionally so as not to allow the earth to dry out. In about six weeks' time, when signs of life have appeared, remove to a bright, warm, sunny room and keep well watered. With very little expenditure in money or time one's home can be a perpetual spring, even though the elements outside may be in the grip of winter.

THE VINE-COVERED ARBOR IS A FAVORITE NOOK
IN THE "HOLMSLEIGH" GARDEN.

"In my little garden there are roses,
In my garden there are violets blue;
In my little garden there is sunshine,
In my little garden there is *You!*"

CHAPTER VI.

The Rose Garden.

"A garden is a lovesome thing,
God wot, rose plot,
Fringed pool, ferned grot,
The weriest school
Of peace, and yet the fool
Maintains that God is not.
Not God in gardens when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign,
'Tis very sure, He walks in mine."

WHEN God set about creation He first planted a garden. One wonders sometimes if the first flower that bloomed in that garden were not a rose? Down through the ages poets have sung of the beauties of this truly royal queen of the garden. Knights of old and twentieth century cavaliers have chosen as their ambassador the rose, to speak the

message of love to some fair damsel, and through its subtle significance many a road to happiness has been travelled.

Have you ever envied a friend his rose garden and wondered what magic power enabled him to grow roses to such perfection? How the delicious fragrance wafted up from each rose as you bent in admiration of its wondrous beauties remained fresh in your memory! You probably long to have such a gem of a garden, but think yourself too amateurish to tackle the task. Perhaps you think the rosarian's path too difficult to tread. Of course, it's not all roses, but the difficulties are so few that you, even you, can make a trial.

Every year more and more people are unable to withstand the charm of the rose, consequently rose societies are being organized in many of our cities and towns, where rose lovers meet to discuss the joys and problems

of rose culture. If others can grow roses successfully, so can you. A simple explanation of a few of the elementary fundamentals of the cultivation of the rose, considered by many of us nature's masterpiece in the flower kingdom, will simplify any difficulties you may have stored up in your mind.

Half the joy of gardening is to do the work oneself, or at least supervise, and how much more interesting if you can plan your own rosary? If you are a bit timid, and doubt your ability to carry out the idea, call in an expert, a landscape architect, who will plan the rosary in its proper relation to the house and grounds.

Select a sunny spot, away from trees and walls, one where the sun will have a chance to become friendly, and the summer breezes to waft in and around the bushes. Sun, air, and good soil play the most important rôle for a successful culmination.

Perhaps you are one of the unfortunates living in a suburban house built by some speculator. Usually in such places when one commences operations, a couple of inches below the soil, old nails, broken bricks, mortar and other commodities are found. Save all these for the rosary.

Having selected the location, next consider the soil and drainage. Even the most expensive roses will not thrive in sour soils, where the water does not drain off quickly. After carefully staking out the design, dig the earth out to a depth of from three to four feet. Slant the middle of the bottom of the bed downwards, and fill in to a depth of eight to ten inches with the old bricks and mortar mentioned before. Cover this porous bed with old turf, on top of which place a good dressing of barnyard fertilizer —not chemical. Alternate the fertilizer with the earth. Care should be taken to use only the best soil un-

til within a few inches of the top, where a good dressing of leaf loam is required. This leaves the bed a couple of inches above the grass, all ready to receive the bushes. Sandy soils need to be enriched, as roses need a fairly stiff, rich soil to thrive well.

The best time for planting roses—as well as most perennials—is about the end of October or early in November, before the heavy frosts set in. Do not plant in wet earth—this also applies to most perennials, although strictly speaking they should be planted earlier than roses and kept damp to keep from wilting—use a little dry earth around the roots of the bush. Plant firmly. Wobbly bushes will not flourish. Bush roses require planting two feet apart; standards, which are not so popular on this continent, owing to our climate, require from two to two and a half feet space between. Be careful to label all bushes or draw

a plan of the rosary, numbering and marking each bush. When purchasing the bushes a good idea is to buy metal tags, on little spikes, with each variety's name embossed on the tag. Knowing each rose by name adds interest, and is something every amateur should learn at the beginning. One's uninitiated friends will stand in awe when presented with a bunch of Mabel Morrisons, or General McArthurs, from your rosary.

Late each fall hill the earth up around the roots and lay down the tall shoots. Around the edge of the bed a wire fence, about a foot high, erected for the winter only, will hold in place the leaves; gather all the leaves possible and cover up the bushes the depth of the fence. Throw down a few old boards to keep the leaves from blowing. This simple precaution should winter the roses safely.

Pruning is one of the amateur's difficulties, but will be overcome as the habits of the individual bush become better known. All roses do not require the same amount of cutting back. If allowed to grow unpruned the blossoms on the new shoots, that appear each year on top of the old wood, will become weaker, less perfect, and fewer in numbers, until finally the bush reverts in rank to the parent bush, the briar, or dies. Pruning should be done in the spring when all danger of heavy frost is past. If the roses are grown for exhibition purposes the pruning must be very vigorous, for quality, not quantity, is what the grower desires. Some rosarians are satisfied with one or two perfectly formed blooms.

Raising roses for shows is a great worry. About the day set apart for the exhibition one is in a constant perplexity lest the buds open too quickly. Pruning for this class of rose culture

should be to within a few eyes of the base. A very sharp pruning-knife makes a much cleaner cut than rose scissors, which often injure the bark. Scratches and bleeding hands can be avoided by wearing strong leather gloves. For decorative roses, when quality is not so essential as quantity, prune less vigorously; always remembering as the eye is pruned, so will the shoot grow; so if the new growth is required to grow out, prune the eye slanting out, and vice versa.

What a disappointment a rose is without a fragrance, especially to the novice! So, in making the first choice select hybrid perpetuals. One is rarely, if ever, disappointed in this choice, as the roses are fragrant—and fragrance even more than beauty of form or colouring endears itself to us and permeates into one's very soul—hardy, and bloom in June and early autumn. Every rose picked means several more to follow, so don't be-

grudge picking them and favouring a less fortunate friend with a bunch of home-grown roses. In all probability you will become such an enthusiast that an hour or two spent in the garden, while the dew still sparkles on the sweet-scented blooms, will pass much too quickly. When picking roses, do so early in the morning; never in the evening, because after a hot summer day the roses are tired and need the cool night air to revive them.

Every season commercial rosaries produce many new varieties, but for the beginner it is best to have a few well-known varieties, which will probably be considered antiques by rose connoisseurs. The following hybrid perpetuals are recommended:

1. *Frau Karl Druski,* one of the earliest of hybrid perpetuals, and is easily the finest white rose on the market; is distinguished for its long

stems. Its chief drawback is its lack of fragrance. Flowers in July and October.

2. *Hugh Dickson,* a fragrant, large-bloomed crimson rose; is very popular. Flowers in July and October.

3. *Captain Hayward,* a scarlet crimson rose of vigorous growth; has a delicious fragrance. Flowers twice a season.

4. *Mrs. John Lang,* needs scarcely be mentioned. It is well known by the fragrance of its soft pink roses produced in July and October.

5. *Mrs. Sharman Crawford* is a beautiful deep pink rose that no garden should be without. Although a strong grower, is somewhat subject to mildew.

6. A few others may be added to this list: Clio, Louis van Houtte, Ulrich Brunner and Victor Hugo.

Hybrid teas are a cross between the hybrid perpetuals and the tea roses. Their charm lies in their long shapely buds, delicate soft colourings and elusive fragrance.

1. *J. B. Clark,* a Dutch rose, vigorous grower, good foliage. One of the most soft and velvety of crimson roses. Very large when in full bloom, often measuring five inches in diameter. Perfumed. Flowers June-July.

2. *Mrs. Alfred Tait,* a dwarf rose, buds open into beautiful blooms with curling pointed petals, which gives the full bloom an artistically shaggy appearance. In colour yellowish shell pink. A dainty rose for lovers of H. T's.

3. *Mde. E. Harriot* (the Daily Mail rose), is a French Pernet rose, one of the most rarely exquisite roses known. Its buds open very quickly. Petals

large and of tone of "dying embers". Quite fragrant. I remember the thrills of joy which came over me when first seeing this rose in bloom in a recently added rosebed.

4. *Rayon D'Or,* also a Pernet rose, a cross of Antoine Ducher and Persian yellow. Unopened buds tinged with crimson, the bloom being very full and old-fashioned looking—a beautiful shade of canary yellow.

5. *Lady Alice Stanley,* one of the newer roses that have come to stay, buds deep rose pink. As the bud opens the rose colouring becomes deeper toward centre. This is a long-lived rose, which is well worthy of mention, as many of our roses fade and droop very quickly after becoming full-blown.

6. *Prince de Bulgarie,* H. T. dwarf rose, long shapely buds, which unfold gracefully, revealing colour of blush pink, very fragrant.

One small diamond-shaped rosebed of H. T's. recently added to my rosary was a joy to behold early in the morning while the dewdrops still nestled among the soft petals. No two roses or bushes were alike in colour or formation. Some had small, finely-notched foliage, others shiny green, fairly thick with diminutive prickly undersides. Some had red veinings, others self-coloured. Thorns varied tremendously, some were great affairs and others crowded their little prongs on the rose stem, almost defying anyone to pluck a bloom under the penalty of torn fingers.

Other H. T's. which are worthy of mention:

7. *La France,* one of the first H. T's., has charming, beautifully formed peach pink blossoms and is one of the most fragrant of H. T's.

8. *Caroline Testout,* is probably one of the best known roses, very

popular, has vigorous habits, bright pink blossoms, flowers in June and occasionally through the summer.

9. *Killarney,* a favourite imported Irish rose, with its well-shaped flowers of deep pink and delicate perfume is a delight to the eye. Early in the season its foliage is a reddish brown. Flowers in June and sometimes later on.

10. *Dean Hole,* a light flesh pink, while the inside petals shade to a yellowish pink towards centre of bloom; delicate perfume; flowers twice a season.

11. *Lyons Rose,* fairly hardy, well-shaped shrimp pink rose; flowers twice a season.

12. *Richmond Roses* make the garden gay practically all the summer with scarlet crimson flowers.

13. *La Tosca,* a dwarf bush, very attractive blooms of blush white.

14. *Liberty,* is one of the crimsons which are so attractive to the novice, at the same time being a compact neat bush.

15. *Sunburst,* its very name implies its colour—pinkish apricot; excellent formation, petals pointed, backward curving.

It is not altogether advisable for the beginner to bother about the Dwarf Polyantha and China roses, although a few Tea roses could be added:

1. *Molly Sharman Crawford* is a fragrant good white, tea-scented rose.

2. *Marie van Houtte,* a delicate scented rose, its pale yellow petals lined with pink; flowers in June and October.

3. *Madame Jules Gravereaux,* an excellent grower, with flesh-coloured deep-centered roses.

These few roses named will make a good beginning in a small rose garden. Some hybrid teas make excellent climbers, but one must take into consideration the climate where one lives. Roses will not climb on a stone wall, even with a southern exposure, unless a trellis work is erected between the wall and the climber in order to allow a free circulation of air.

Last year in June, while motoring through some of the winding lanes in Devonshire, the writer fell in love with the quaint old thatched roof cottages which were simply smothered with rambler roses, which in some cases climbed to the roofs.

Think of living in an adorable little rose-covered cottage, tucked in behind a stone wall, with roses blooming in mad riot in the garden, on the walls, with roses hanging over the garden gate, nodding their gay little pink and red heads in welcome. Was

it not enough to make one break the tenth commandment and envy the inhabitants?

If we can't have the thatched roofs, we can at least have the ramblers, for they are very hardy and will stand this climate. *Dorothy Perkins* in pinks, blush white and crimson ramblers will make garden walls gay and attractive early in July with their tiny blossoms in huge clusters, but alas, lack fragrance! One of the newer ramblers, *Pride of Fairfield,* is credited with continuous blooming. As yet I'm to experience that sensation. The *American Pillar* rose is practically thornless, and a most prolific bloomer. A superb climber with much larger and more beautiful blooms than the rambler family.

Doubtless there are many places where roses can be successfully used as hedges, but I have yet to see the location, inland, where they grow

satisfactorily. *Rosa Rugosa,* however, has proved most delightful for this purpose, when grown near the ocean. Boston and its environs on the south shore revel in this species of hedge.

Of course, the rosarian's path is not thornless; one has to contend with dry hot seasons, cold wet seasons, and the numerous little insects which seem prone to worry the rose, and drive the grower to distraction, unless every precaution is taken. Keep the soil around the rose bushes well hoed in the hot weather so that the moisture and air will permeate to the roots. Liquid manure, made by placing a couple of pecks of manure in a rain-barrel filled with water, should not be used after the very hot weather has arrived. Allow about one gallon of the liquid diluted with more water until about straw-coloured, to each bush, and apply after a rain.

This is an excellent nourishment for roses—early in the season—especially those grown for show purposes.

Experience leads us to suggest that as soon as the new leaves appear commence spraying for aphids. Aphids are small green flies which appear on rose stalks, leaves, etc., and suck the nourishment out of the bush. Then there are white aphids, which also attack roses, and unhappy is the rose subject to its attack. They form in one grand procession on the new shoots in the daytime. At night they attack the new leaves, and one is apt to find in the morning only the skeleton of the leaf. Fine hose spraying is often suggested, but it is really almost useless; it only washes off the little flies and they make their way to another bush. Buy a small bottle of nicotine, follow the directions, and spray, spray until both arms ache, then commandeer the family's arms

and continue operations. Spray under the leaves and on top of the leaves. Whale oil soap is less expensive, but not so effective.

What causes mildew? Often it is caused by the poor drainage, so don't forget the porous bottom in the rose-bed. The first indication of mildew is a grayish white dust, like powder, resting on the bush. In a day or so the leaves curl up, and the buds become very large, but refuse to open, and have a blistery appearance. As soon as the disease is discovered, dust the whole bush with ordinary household sulphur. If this is ineffective spray with abol, which can be purchased at any seed house.

These two diseases are most common to roses, but with precaution, early in the season, can be overcome; if not successful in checking the mildew, throw the bush away, for it is

better to lose one bush than half a dozen with the spread of mildew.

Spraying is ineffective, however, if once the caterpillar of the winter moth appears. During the month of May perhaps you'll notice leaves on the rose-bush curling up. One must either sacrifice the leaf entirely or squeeze the caterpillar between fingers. Hellebore is good, if one can get it, to spray, but owing to it being thick it is hard to accomplish. Sometimes the caterpillar secretes itself in a cobwebby mist, slips down the outside petals of a rosebud, and destroys the top formation of an imperfect full-blown rose. The spray never permeates into the grub, so it, too, must be picked off.

It is in a rose garden that one learns, with profit be it said, that pleasure is always mixed with pain. There's always a thorn in life, put there that we may be better able to

appreciate the joys. However, in watching each rosebud unfold in all its beauty, and beholding its matchless glory, we forget all about the scratches and aching arms from fighting with its almost invisible enemy, the aphid.

CHAPTER VII.

The Kitchen Garden and Production.

NOW we must turn from the æsthetic to the economic side of gardening. A couple of seasons ago, when economists throughout the land talked of the spectre of famine, many of us shrugged our shoulders and went on our way rejoicing, rejoicing that famine never could and would never assail our fair country. It has, however, and now "famine" is a household word. How can we meet this unlooked for state of affairs? By production.

Of course, we can't all be farmers, although I am a firm believer that farmers are made as well as born. We

can't all "sell out" in the city and hie off to "pastures green" to farm, but we can all be productionists and in this way alleviate the food crisis, which has now become a world problem to be solved by us stay-at-homes.

Almost every one who has gardened and has gardens, has some section of their grounds screened off for the kitchen garden, where the supply for the household's vegetables may be gathered fresh each day. In these days of soaring prices the family budget will be greatly "comforted" in the knowledge that the cost of a kitchen garden is infinitesimal. Seeds cost but little. It is labour that counts, plus a good season.

In my own garden the space allotted to "eats" is about 50 x 50 feet, just a corner of the whole—which is only half an acre—but what it does produce! Intensive farming intensified!

The last thing in autumn to be done is to place the cold frames in position. Cold frames are just as satisfactory as hot-beds and infinitely less bother. As soon as the snow is off the ground in the spring, the fresh manure is banked up around the outside of the frame. The earth inside is made fine, then the seeds—lettuce, cress, radishes—are sown in shallow drills. After germination takes place the seeds must be gently watered with tepid water. As the days become warmer the glass may be lifted to allow fresh air to reach the plants. By using cold frames the table can be supplied with salads many months earlier than though planted out in the garden. In these "thrift" days one can also raise their own seedlings of tomatoes, celery, cabbages, cauliflower, etc., and keep down the high cost of living.

One cannot expect to have good results, however, unless the soil is well

enriched. This should be attended to spring and fall, and each season the whole garden well dug in. Each season the crops should alternate. Never plant beans two seasons in the same place. Beans and peas are very "touchy" about frost and should not be planted out until one is sure all such danger is past.

Swiss chard and spinach are hardy and can be gathered from the garden well on into October. In vegetable gardening, as well as in the flower gardens, we must not forget appearances. Allot the space to be devoted to each vegetable, then plant in straight rows, twelve or eighteen inches apart. Beets, carrots, parsnips, onions, turnips; in fact, all the root crops, need thinning, else the root will not reach its maturity. Hoeing must be done faithfully, not spasmodically.

A border of curly parsley sets off the sections, while some gardeners,

where space is to be considered, edge the paths with cabbages, though one is apt, later on in the season, to have the path lost in cabbages.

Tomatoes need to be staked up and kept fairly well to one central stem. In a good season one can get several bushels off 100 plants. Squash, or vegetable marrow, or cucumbers, could be trained over the pile of leaves spoken of in a previous chapter which are to be saved for next year's loam. These "creeper" vegetables must be kept apart though, as they are very prone to hybridize.

Corn needs a good sunny location, and in a small garden is rather hard to manage, as it takes up too much room. Each hill should be three feet apart, and in a small city garden many will not have space to plant enough to make it worth while.

For "intensive farming" in order to conserve space—and how proficient we are becoming in the new art of

conservation—tomatoes may be planted between rows of peas, so that when the peas are over and dug up, the tomato plants are well established and no time lost. Plant a succession of beans, beets, spinach, peas and also the salads. One "thrifty" gardener had cress planted on the top of the hilled-up portion of the celery bed.

From our own little kitchen garden we were able to feed a family of four adults, often sitting down to a dinner with seven home-grown vegetables, besides canning many quarts of beets and tomatoes.

In order to ease an ultra-patriotic conscience, last season my herbaceous border was "edged" with carrots, placed right in the front line trenches, too. It was a bit trying to sacrifice art to utility, but duty came first. How the carrots revelled in their exalted position! How they repaid me, for the yield was almost five bushels in one single row about two hundred

feet long. Beets held sway where annuals—asters—usually grew, and they, too, did their bit gallantly.

Don't, in a moment of weakness, dig up a beautiful lawn for the sake of growing potatoes. It will cost more to replace the turf than the return, in value, for the potatoes produced. In our vast country where land is not at a premium the digging up of glorious velvety sward is not necessary. What shall you do then? If you think production means only the raising of this essential commodity, make arrangements either with a civic committee or a private owner of a vacant lot round the corner. What matter if "the corner" is a mile or two away so long as you do your bit by producing.

If you are one of the people who dislike to toil alone, join a club or some community gardens, where there will be rivalry and competition among the workers. Probably you will feel

like an "unsung hero" when your back begins to ache, and your soft, well-groomed hands become callous and brown. When enveloped by these moments of self pity, think of distant scenes in Flanders, and one's self-imagined martyrdom will evaporate into invisibility.

Last year when the cry went forth to "Produce or Starve" women foresaw disaster ahead. Were not we willing to play the rôle so often seen in fields in Belgium, in France, in those happy pre-war days?

Early in the winter a sub-committee of the women's thrift banded themselves together to aid production. Weekly they met to discuss plans and means of meeting the enemy half way. In May it was decided to rent a farm of nine acres and put into practical use their adopted slogan, "Produce or Starve".

The soil was poor, hand-seeding machines refused to work, and so this

veritable desert was hand-seeded, bit by bit, row by row, by women. Aching backs, tired bodies and souls were urged on to still greater efforts. Most of eight acres were seeded by two women, while the balance was done by voluntary help.

The scheme of planting is one to be recommended to other productionists, for the rows were planted straight through, planted in "twenties". First came corn, the beets, parsnips, onions, carrots, squash, and then the salads, cress, radishes and lettuce. Several two-foot paths ran lengthwise. When all was planted surveyors marked off in cross sections twenty different plots.

Twenty different women's patriotic clubs re-rented from the committee at $5.00 a plot. Many workers learned for the first time the difference between an onion and a bean; learned that pea-pods form from the dainty white flowers. Learned that

parsnips do not grow from the base up, but vice versa. Many for the first time since leaving home and entering the cruel cold world re-learned that peace and contentment come through living and working in the open.

There were girls in every walk of commercial life among the club members. Even two sections were given over to tired mothers from a down-town settlement. Smart signs on the different allotments signified who the willing workers were. Each club had the privilege of disposing of their own produce, as the captain of the club saw fit. Some sold their produce to cafeterias, others supplied military hospitals with fresh vegetables, others sold privately to boarding-house keepers, but the money resulting from any sales was always turned in to the captain, who kept the season's books.

The committee engaged an instructor, an old retired market gardener. He was there daily from 2.30 until 8

p.m. to answer questions and solve problems which were bound to crop up. His dry humour and ready wit helped many a rank amateur to forget her tiredness in the joy of producing.

'Twas truly an inspiration to visit that great gardening school on Oriole Parkway. There, nightly, one saw many overalled figures, bending over their allotment, digging, hoeing, thinning or gathering up ripened vegetables. Fancy seeing some 150 or more women toiling diligently, doing their bit, helping to oust the soaring prices of foodstuffs by production!

At the entrance to "the farm" a delightful garden had been laid out in landscape design as well as for utility. An old one-time well was filled in and happy pink geraniums greeted one. Following a central path in place of a sun-dial, the same effect was produced by a central flower-bed filled with cannas, kochia, snap-dragons,

pansies, while the rest of the garden, some 50 x 50 feet, was filled in with flowering perennials—all donations. It was in a marquee at the side of this war garden that the Red Cross served tea to the "farm hands". Usually the workers came to work direct from business and were glad to have tea served from a spotless flower-decked table, which was temptingly set with fresh salads from the garden.

Was the committee's production campaign a success? Yes, decidedly so. Almost nightly the workers returned home laden with thinnings of beets, carrots, etc. Some clubs supplied a down-town store with pepper cress, and every sale helped in some way to win the war.

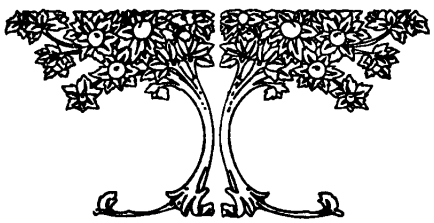
Tall corn waved a welcome, and walking down the central path one's eye was gladdened by an artistic sense, again revealed in this large community garden. Brilliant orange nasturtiums smiled up at one and ac-

centuated the whiteness of the tufts of sweet alyssum which snuggled closely to the cool brown soil. Here and there clubs had planted tall, feathery cosmos, golden anthemis and bright happy old-fashioned bachelor buttons. We wondered what the common grey-leaved cabbages thought of this rare chance of mingling with the aristocrats of flowerdom.

Off on a rising upland peaceful cattle browsed or wandered down to a tiny brook which threads its way just beyond an old snake fence. Swinging from a delicate twig on the bough of a nearby tree liquid notes from Canadian vesper sparrows floated like a benediction over the scene. Wending our way homeward just as the workers were resting from their labours, preparing to fold up their tents for the night, a great full moon broke loose from behind some clouds. The same beautiful moon that shines on scenes in Flanders, that, perhaps, will

shine brighter some night over there and tell our lads how we women are helping to send them food by the "Produce or Starve" campaign.

What did this community garden yield in returns? Slightly over $1,000 in money, filled the patriotic workers with health, hope and a greater determination to save our lads from hunger in each coming year until right downs might, with greater production, whether by community gardens or home gardens.



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