



THE BEST ROSE IN THE HUTT SHOW (MILDRED GRANT), EXHIBITED BY MR. C. TREVETHICK.



A STRIKING RED OF DELPHINIUMS, RANGING FROM THE LIGHTEST TO THE DARKEST SHADES OF BLUE, IN THE GARDEN OF MR. H. BRETT, TAKAPUNA.

held on the 25th of October in Melbourne, I was interested to mentally compare that date with the present time (the 4th of November) and I do so perhaps to help some of my very best friends who have not had a show. Mrs. John Laing, one of the undoubted champions of a first twelve is considered nobody nowadays, because she happens to be unable to attend at so early a date. It is a pleasure to be present with her because of the exquisite perfume which is soft and evanescent, not of the manufactured sort. Then La France, the handmaid almost of Time itself in rose fame, stands unbeaten for all-round qualities of a first twelve. Yet we see some inferior sister taking advantage of her enforced absence and usurping her place at the fair. It seems a pity that chroniclers have to leave the best unrecorded simply because the date arranged for the show was unsuitable, or it had to be held earlier because of a threatened attack of the terrible thrip. Are these varieties not just as good, whether they are present or not, be there thrip or no thrip? There are also others displaced whose names are honoured and still worthy to adorn every home with their beauty.

Another tendency and a happier one is the evolution of the decorative variety; most of the best old show roses, as well as the greater portion of the newer varieties, are teas and hybrid teas, and are, therefore, varieties that are always blooming and beautifying with greater effect our lawns and flower beds. Then the loose-petalled, the single-flowered, as well as the well-formed varieties, are all vying with each other to adorn the arch and pergola of our modern homes.

I remember some few years ago, when the scene was not so gay, when our rose beds were simply wood and leaf the greater part of the year, and though I mourn for some old veteran hybrid perpetual who was then a peer or peeress, yet I glory in the prodigality of beautiful roses our suburban homes can enjoy throughout the spring, summer, and autumn time. I always think the home is the greatest objective of the garden, after all. My neighbours' pleasure, and the district's benefit next, and last, if not least, the show stand, where even friends become envious and the work-

nesses and intolerances of the "poor human" are wont to be displayed. All this is of course, to some extent unavoidable, as to stimulate interest, you must arouse a modicum of envy. Jealousy is the handmaid of ambition, and no grower is a rosarian until he has envied his neighbour's many trophies, become jealous enough to wish to possess them; and has, at last, gone in and won a trophy for himself; this is, of course, judging from the re-

ords only, for many believe that a rosarian may be one who grows the rose for its own sake, and who lives his spare time probing into its secrets, and may not be one who always desires cups and trophies as a sort of recompense for his expressions of endearment. However, "may be's" cover a lot of suppositions, and though we know that there are men and men just as there are roses and roses even at the Rose Show of the N.R.S. of Victoria, yet there is no other

rose festival to equal it in the whole of the Southern Hemisphere, and has not been for many years. The originators of the Society should feel proud of the unique position this event now occupies. The Town Hall presented the appearance of a large rose garden, the only thing wanting to complete the charm being a few pergolas, such as are now becoming popular, and also a few imitation beds with lawns and standard roses. A feature of the show was the exhibit of Mr



MR. GILBERT J. MACKAY'S EXHIBIT OF FLOWERS AND SEEDS AT THE AUCKLAND A. AND P. SHOW.