

THE MOST POPULAR SWEET PEAS.

No less than thirty-two lists from the most experienced growers of sweet peas in England have been published in "Garden Life." The paper states that from a glance through these lists it is apparent that certain varieties stand out as strong favourites, and it may be safely assumed that these have undeniable merits over others in their colour class. Thus, in the white-ground picotee-edged varieties, Elsie Herbert is an easy first, being found in no fewer than twenty-six separate lists; and twenty-five votes are given to Thomas Stevenson in the orange-scarlets. On the other hand, many of the varieties which were mentioned only once or twice are practically synonymous with others higher in the list. The following table gives the twenty-four varieties most in favour, with the number of times each appears:—

Elsie Herbert	26
Thomas Stevenson	25
Mrs. Bredmore	23
Hercules	23
Clara Curtis	20
R. F. Felton	18
Elfrida Pearson	17
Mrs. Cuthbertson	17
John Ingman	16
Edith Taylor	15
Nubian	15
Scarlet Emperor	15
W. P. Wright	14
Rosabelle	14
Etta Dyke	13
Maud Holmes	13
Barbara	13
Edrom Beauty	13
White Queen	12
Mrs. W. J. Unwin	12
Bertrand Deal Imp.	11
Mrs. H. Dickson	11
Charles Foster	10
Queen of Norway	10

MAIDEN-HAIR FERN.

If kept continuously in a room, maiden-hair ferns do not thrive. If you want good pot plants, they should be grown in the ordinary greenhouse, and stood in a cool or shady position. When the weather becomes cold the pots should be brought to the light, as this will harden the fronds, and they will stand better through the winter. It is advisable to repot the plants early in the spring. A good compost is fibrous or lumpy loam, with a little leaf mould and sand. If obtainable, a small quantity of peat should be used.

THE THREEFOLD CHARM OF ROSES.

What grower of roses can point to one attribute of the flower and say, therein lies its greatest charm? Or who is there bold enough to affirm that its attraction can be measured by the rich fragrance and beauty of blooms alone? Nay, we will run the risk of adverse criticism and presume to say that it has even a third, but none the less valuable endowment, in the glory of its foliage. Bewitching as is the scent of roses, each variety having its own peculiar fascination, we are not quite sure whether this characteristic should take precedence always. Whether after all, indeed, beauty of form and entrancing tints have not almost equal claim upon us in arriving at a conclusion. But we cannot disregard the glory of leafage any more than we can eliminate entirely from our appreciation the perfect setting given to a lovely picture by the taste displayed in the choice of the frame. As the latter sometimes serves to bring into greater contrast certain lines of beauty, either of light or shade, which the artist sought to achieve, so, too, in a similar degree Nature works. Her own draperies of leaves and trailing shoots, nestling around half-opened, delicately pencilled buds or peerless blossoms, are her frames, the adjuncts which brighten or subdue the exquisite colouring of every flower. What the tasteful frame is to the finished canvas, so, we submit, is the leafy surroundings to the queen of flowers. We do not hide our disappointment when some superb flower falls short of perfection because of its lack of scent. We merely think how much better it would have been had this undeniable charm been there. We know the scarlet red of Captain Hayward, the bright red of Alfred Colomb, and the intense crimson of Hugh Dickson, and we welcome them doubly because of their sweet perfume.

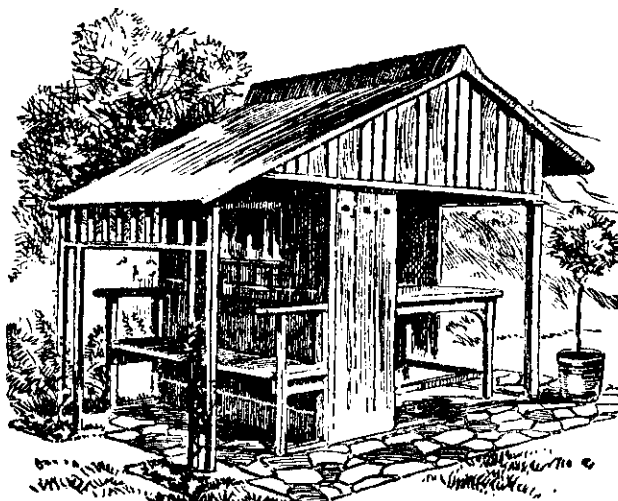
We admire the magnificent blooms of the snow-white Frau Karl Druschki and the light pink of old Baronesa Rothschild, and know that the one blot in their reputation is their practically scentless character. But we do not banish them from our garden on this account. They have their place in providing the complement of beauty in our borders. When we turn to the Hybrid Teas, we do not quite know which charm captivates us most, that of wondrous tints or alluring scent. When we remember that for the greater part of the summer and autumn their presence renders our garden beautiful and our tables veritable transformations, we are disposed to be less harsh in our opinion if some of them are not so liberal as we could wish with their aroma. What one is deficient in another supplies, and when we have a bowl before us filled with blossoms, and look into the depths of their delightful petals, so strangely and delicately tinted, we recollect, not their shortcomings, but the attraction they are in our garden and in our rooms. We may cut blooms of Betty, with its mixture of coppery rose and yellow, and the silvery

its petals in the colder autumnal days, and its leaves, a darker green, gave it additional charm. We love the fragrance and the charm of lovely buds and opened flowers, but what would these be without the setting of the beautiful leaves?

W. F.

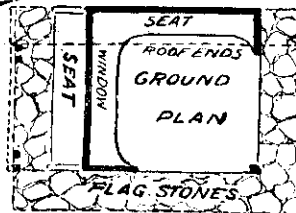
NEW ROSE.

British Queen (S. McGredy and Son, 1912).—Ah! Has it come at last, the perfect white rose? (says an English gardening writer). Form, fragrance, free-flowering, fine foliage—all of those are undoubtedly present in this beautiful variety. I believe Mr. McGredy calls it the finest rose he has yet raised. There is certainly a charm about it that is very taking. I have seen it described as a scented Frau Karl Druschki, but there is nothing Druschki-like about it. It has a much more refined appearance, and has undoubtedly a lot of tea blood in its pedigree. The centre of the flower bears a strong resemblance to Catherine Mermet at its best, and the



A COSY SUMMER HOUSE.

In the accompanying sketch and plan a suggestion is given for building a summer house suitable for a small garden.



pink of Caroline Testout in early summer, but we know, too, that the same plants will furnish flowers in autumn. We cut quite late last year a bunch of Gruss an Teplitz. What a delightful bright crimson these belated blooms were. How sweet! But what can rival amongst all the roses amid fading autumnal foliage the reddish purple leaves of this much-esteemed rose? We were delighted in the early summer with the entrancing clusters of many of our climbers, weighted down with the burden of their own loveliness. Some of these, we know, we should not gather solely for scent, but we forget their deficiencies in this respect when we stood under arches that were a perfect treasury of blossoms. Here, again, amongst Ramblers, the foliage played a prominent part in enhancing the wealth of the flowers. Blush Rambler, with twenty to thirty flowers in a cluster, ran riotous amid leaves of palest green. There Dorothy Perkins vied with Hiawatha in holding possession of a pergola, their clusters peering out amid lovely foliage. The magnificent foliage of Reine Olga de Wurtemberg well became the vivid red, semi-double blossoms. The cream and yellow flowers of Alberic Barbier showed up through foliage of shining green that appeared as if varnished. When the nights became colder and tinged the Hybrid Teas with lovely suffusions, the leaves took on glorious tints that added greater beauty to the flowers. That favourite Noisette, William Allen Richardson, gave us deep orange yellow blooms amid leaves that bore the impress of autumn by the density of metallic colouring. Even little White Pet in the borders, blooming through all the wet weather, though a scentless rose, showed tinges of pink on

outside petals to La France. The buds have a slight blush "flush" on them, but this is lost in the open flower, which is a pure white. It was awarded the silver-gilt medal last year, but gained the premier award of the coveted gold medal at the last autumn show of the National Rose Society. (Was that because some of the judges had in the meantime seen it growing at Portadown, I wonder?) It is everybody's rose, always in flower, standing the sun and the rain and the frost as well as any rose I know, and its flowers always come good. I know the half-a-dozen rows that were growing at Portadown were hunted up and down to find a bud flower or a split bloom, and although each plant was searched, it was none ext, and there must have been thousands of flowers out. There are not many roses of which this could truthfully be written. Anyone who saw it growing, as those who were fortunate enough to be able to visit the Portadown nurseries after the Belfast Show this year did, could not fail to be impressed with this rose. That was in mid July, and I noticed that Mr. W. J. Grant, who visited the nurseries in late September, writing in a contemporary, has formed the same high opinion of its future. It is undoubtedly one of the roses of the year, useful for all purposes.

ROSE REFLECTIONS.

(By ARTHUR MOORE, Hunter's Hill New South Wales.)

Synonymous Roses.—Some day I hope to publish a list of synonyms under which a number of roses may be grouped. At

present, however, I wish to call attention to the fact that the English National Rose Society has at length recognised that Lady Gay is synonymous with Dorothy Perkins. I have often been asked the question myself, "Are they synonymous or not?" and hitherto my answer has been: "The only difference that I can see is that Lady Gay is slightly the larger." The question is now set at rest. The Society has also pronounced the following hybrid-wichuranaeus as synonymous, viz.:—Christian Curle, Dorothy Dennison, and Godiva. The hybrid-tea roses Lady Faire and Joseph Lowe are also gazetted as identical for show purposes.

Rose Natalie Bottner.—I have now grown this variety for two seasons, and confess that I cannot understand any sane person pronouncing it as synonymous with the Yellow Frau Karl Druschki of Rodut's production. Shortly put, Natalie Bottner is nothing more or less than an even coloured Perle von Godesberg, a yellow rose of creamy tints that never varies very much. The Yellow Druschki on the other hand is an improved edition of Druschki in form and character of flower, with a primrose yellow colour that at times is golden yellow shaded, after the fashion of Perle des Jardins. The growth of the two plants is entirely dissimilar, the first-named having the character of Kaiserin, whilst the latter is an improved Druschki. When I say an improved type, I mean that it has more tea fibre and a better branching habit. Personally, I doubt if the critics who have compared the merits of the two roses in this State have ever seen Natalie Bottner at all, for as far as I can find out my plant is the only one in Sydney; at any rate, the only one that has been bloomed as yet. I have been asked to say where the Yellow Druschki came from, and in reply to several correspondents who want to know I can only repeat what has already appeared in these columns. The Yellow Druschki was listed as such first of all by Prior and Son in their catalogue for 1910-11, and again last season in their 1912 catalogue. In addition I have seen the original letter, written by Prior and Son to Messrs. Alexander Dickson and Son, stating that the plant is a seedling from Frau Karl Druschki, and that it was raised by Rodut. The Yellow Druschki has obtained three champion medals at Sydney Shows in its first spring, and I venture to prophesy that it will be very prominent this autumn.

Rose Sunburst.—From Ternet-Ducher and the progeny of unnamed seedlings. I have seen a large number of plants and blooms of this Rose, and have no hesitation in saying that I think it is one of the finest things we have had for many a day. In the extremely trying weather we have experienced in Sydney since budding time set in, it was not to be expected that Sunburst would be seen at anything like its best, but everywhere I go I find the nurserymen loud in its praises as a good grower and a clean doer. The colour is a brilliant primrose yellow, and, although it has not yet had time to show us any of its calibre in size, I am satisfied that Mr. E. G. Hill, when he described it to me as a giant Rose, was not very far out in his delineation of its qualifications. No one who grows Roses at all can afford to be without Sunburst, and if you want it this season bespeak your plants at once, for when once shown, as it must be in the autumn, there will be a phenomenal run on it. If I were asked to describe Sunburst I think I would sum it up shortly as a yellow William Shean, probably related to Mme. Charles Monnier.

Rose Fran Margarethe Moller.—From Poulsen, and obtained by crossing M. Joseph Hill with Liberty. A very good rose, and one of great promise. In colour dark rose, with a brighter edging. Although not possessing a growing pedigree, this novelty has done exceptionally well as a maiden in the nursery, and unless something untoward happens I think it will be an acquisition.

Rose George Dickson.—This very much advertised rose has not, as far as I can hear, shown a bloom of any sort since its arrival. Its growth is very suggestive of the H.P., and it will, in all probability, not be seen at all until next spring. Still the rose comes with such a blowing of trumpets that one cannot afford to be without it, especially when the coloured plate issued by Alexander Dickson and Son, its raisers, is regarded. As a rule these plates are not only a most artistic production, but they are also a fairly