

Anthemis cupaniana.—For a bold effect on a large rockery this cannot be surpassed. In general appearance it resembles a bedding Marguerite. It has a prostrate habit and nice grey foliage; very free-growing. Flowers in May, when the plant is covered with pure white blossoms. Propagated by cuttings.

Anthemis nobilis flore pleno.—A plant that will rival, if not surpass, the ordinary Pearl (*Achillea Ptarmica flore pleno*). It is of neat habit and suitable for the rockery. About one foot in height and covered with double Daisy-like flowers about three-quarters of an inch in diameter. A very continuous flowerer and a very showy plant. Flowers in June and July. Propagated easily by cuttings.

Epilobium macropus New Zealand.—A gem among miniature Epilobiums, with neat foliage, dark in colour, marbled with white. The flowers are white, about half an inch in diameter, and very floriferous. It far surpasses in every way E.

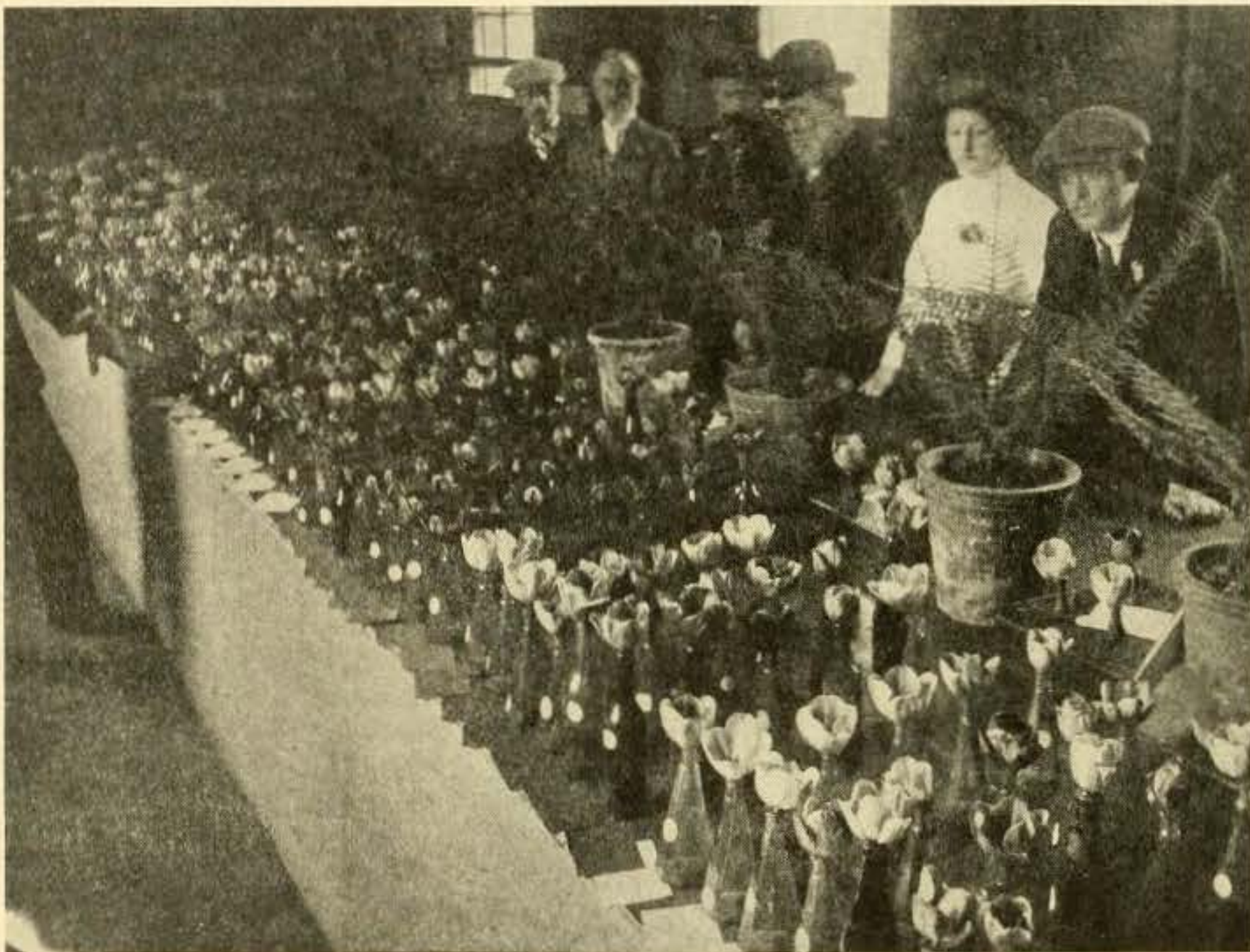
of flowers, many of them actually grown by those champions of the past—Hepworth, Holmes, Mellor and Gill. There was Hand Drum (*Andromeda*), which had probably been covered and uncovered again and again by old George (Gill) as he sat in his little workshop thinking partly of his boots and partly of the weather. Every shower of rain and every gleam of sun the plodding enthusiast noted, and then with almost electric swiftness he would run out and give his beloved bloom the exact treatment they required.

The room was the same. The flowers were the same. Yet perhaps not altogether. Were there any breeders there in the days of long ago? Even now, stern old James Knowles will not countenance them in his garden. This ancient veteran won the copper kettle (the blue ribbon of Tulipdom) in 1860 with the celebrated Polyphemus. With him as it was then, so it must be now, and so it ever will be; hence I rather think the advent of the breeder (or self colour) in such

competitors. Up above Messrs. Needham and Netherwood adjudicated, and as the prizes were awarded, down the successful pan or bottle was sent for their approval or disapproval. History does not relate what would happen if it was the latter. Were they all James Knowles's, there would be something "strong" said, I am sure, and Mr. Needham would have got it worse than he did when the Peggs (a variety called Elizabeth Pegg) he kindly sent as a present did not turn out all that they were expected to do.

The single bloom, or what may be called the bottle, classes are, naturally, judged according to Tulip custom. This is peculiar, as far as I know, to the flower, and not to Wakefield. Still, a brief explanation may be interesting. No one may take more than two prizes in any one class, but he may enter as many blooms as he likes. Frequently a man will put up ten or a dozen. What happens then is this: Each lot is arranged in rows, as may be seen behind the front row of prize-winners on this page. The judges select from everyone's lot the best two. When these are all picked out, the best four, six, or eight, as the case may be, are picked out and judged in the usual way. Naturally, judging is a long process. This particular show suffered, I am sorry to say, from the vagaries of our changeable climate. Fifteen members had entered and duly paid up their 4s. When they met in early May, they had little but hard, green buds, and it was settled to have a late date. A short spell of hot, bright, dry weather came. Everyone's blooms were hurried out in a half-grown state. Very many were entirely spoiled, and so only nine out of the fifteen actually staged.

The large silver medal for the best pan of six was won by the secretary (Mr. Irving Whitworth). He had a grand example of Coningsby Castle, a feathered hybrid, which had just passed its best, or it would have won the silver Rose bowl for the best flower in the whole show. His success would have been popular. He is, comparatively and figuratively speaking, a young grower. Thirteen years ago he only looked at them over a gate as they were blooming in a neighbour's garden. With true missionary zeal, that aforesaid neighbour set him up with a small collection, and ever since he has been a keen cultivator, while six years back he took over the secretarial office from Mr. Jesse Hardwick, who had to relinquish it owing to advancing years, but who was still hale and hearty, and who on this occasion (June 2) celebrated his forty-fourth time of exhibiting by winning the prizes for the best flamed and the best breeder with magnificently-coloured examples of Sir Joseph Paxton, grown in his quarry garden at Normanton. The best "feather" was a sweet little example of William Wilson, a lovely bizarre, with blackish brown markings on lemon yellow. The Tulip Society of Wakefield can justly boast of its ancient lineage, its famous names (among which that of Hepworth is still one to conjure with) and its strains. The Wakefield Paxton at its best is simply grand, and even now knows no superior. I fully appreciate all this; but regarding the society with the practical eye of matter-of-fact utility, I venture to think that by no means the least important reason which justly fills it with pardonable pride is the part it must play in the lives of the humble toilers, who compose 95 per cent. of its membership. Long life to the society; a long term of office to the secretary; a long list of keen members; many imitators. JOSEPH JACOB.



AN OLD-FASHIONED TULIP SHOW AT WAKEFIELD.

nummularifolius and E. Hectori. It loves a moist, shady soil, flowers in July, and is easily propagated by division. E. C. BOWELL.

NOTES ON TULIPS.

I HAVE never had a more interesting floral experience than that which it was my good fortune to have on Monday, the second day of the present month of June. I then attended as an honoured guest the show of the Wakefield Amateur Tulip Society. For seventy-eight years without a single break this annual show has been one of the more or less important events in the life of this city, or, as I would prefer to call it, this ancient town. Seventy-eight years prepares us for something old, and in very truth it almost seems, looking back on the day, that I was the only modern thing there. There was the same old venue, the big room of the Brunswick Hotel. There were the same old varieties

numbers as the present schedule provides for is one of those modern innovations which would make many now dead and gone turn in their graves at the sad falling from grace of their spiritual descendants. Yes; the same old room. Almost the same old flowers; the same old bottles. One very old bottle, it is interesting to observe, was placed in front of one of the "pans" (the technical word in Tulipise for stand, probably dating back to a time when the receptacles for showing the threes and sixes in were of earthenware) has certainly been in existence for a hundred years, probably many more, for they were well used when Abraham Holmes, the Parish Clerk, took over the duties of the secretaryship in 1835 and dated everything from his acceptance of office. Even the modern octagonal ones, Jesse Hardwick, an ex-secretary, told me had known thirty-five shows.

The judging, too, was a relic. Downstairs sat the secretary (Mr. Irving Whitworth) and the