

## Rose Exhibit at the Pan.

SIR, Owing to an oversight in connection with the awards made in the Floriculture Department of the Pan-American Exposition, the continuous and beautiful display of roses and cut flowers made by the firm of Morris, Stone & Wellington did not receive recognition by the Judges in their report. This error was not intentional, and it is to be regretted that it cannot be officially corrected. In justice to this firm, and also to Mr. Cameron, at Queen Victoria Park, Niagara Falls,

I desire to say that the floral contributions of these gentlemen, continuing almost throughout the entire season, formed one of the most pleasing and prominent features of the Canadian display in the horticulture department. In fact in this respect we stood quite in the front rank of any of the other exhibits, and the credit for this is largely due to our friends as above mentioned.

Yours very truly,

St. Catharines.

WM. H. BUSTING.

## A FLORAL LOVE STORY.

Fair Marigold, a maiden fair; Sweet William was her lover,  
Their path was twined with bittersweet; it did not run through clover;  
The lady's tresses raven were, her cheeks a lovely rose;  
She wore fine ladyslippers to warm her small pink toes.  
Her poppy was an elder, who had a mint of gold—  
An awful old snapdragon to make one's blood run cold!  
His temper was like sour grass; his daughter's heart he wrung  
With words both fierce and bitter—he had an adder's tongue!  
The lover's hair was like the flax, of pure Germanic type,  
He wore a Dutchman's breeches; he smoked a Dutchman's pipe.  
He sent marshmallows by the pound and choicest wintergreen;  
She painted him forget-me-nots, the bluest ever seen!  
He couldn't serenade her with the nightshade lark.  
For every thyme he tried it her father's dogwood bark.  
And so he set a certain day to meet at four o'clock:

Her face was pale as snowdrops, e'en whiter than her frock.  
The lover vowed he'd pine and die if she should say him no,  
And then he kissed her beneath the mistletoe.  
"My love will live forever, my sweet; will you be true?  
Give me a little heartease, say only, 'I love yew.'" She faltered that for him alone she'd orange blossoms wear.  
Then swayed like supple willow and tore her maidenhair;  
For, madder than a hornet, before them stood her pop.  
Who swore he'd cane the fellow until he made him hop!  
Oh! quickly rose Mary. She cried "You'll rue the day.  
Most cruel father. Haste, my dear and lettuce flee away!"  
But that inhuman parent so plied the birch rod there.  
He settled all flirtation between that hapless pair.  
The youth a monastery sought and donned a black monkshood;  
The maid ate poison ivy and died within a week.  
—*N. Y. Tribune.*

## Important Notices.

Address money letters, subscriptions and business letters of all kinds to Secretary of The Ontario Fruit Growers' Association, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

Copy intended for publication in Canadian Horticulturist should be addressed as usual to Linus Woolverton, Grimsby, Ont.

All postoffice orders, cheques, postal notes, etc., should be henceforth made payable to Mr. G. C. Creelman, Toronto.