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The year is waning! Solemn sounds are heard
Among the branches of each wind-toss'd tree;
Brown looks the grass; no floral gems we see;
Forsaken nests by winds alone are stirr'd,
And not by wing of bird.

The skies look cold—wind-driven clouds scud by,
While fitful gales whirl sere, dry leaves away;
Fair once, like friends who come to us one day,
Creep to the heart, bring love-light to the eye,
Then droop and fade and die.

Yet, while winds chill and summer joys depart,
A host of other pleasures now doth come:
Brothers and sisters scattered, all come home,
Thanksgiving cheer abounds, while fond smiles start.
As heart responds to heart.

Then curtains down, around the fire we press,
To sing and jest, to romp and laugh, and play;
But while the fun goes round, each heart can say,
"November brings Thanksgiving. Lord, we bless
Thee for our happiness!"
Brooklyn Magazine.

THE GRIMES GOLDEN.

OUR FRONTISPIECE this month represents that excellent winter apple sent out some years ago by the Fruit Grower's Association of Ontario, the Grimes Golden Pippin. Several samples of this variety were on exhibition at the Industrial Exhibition, but none of them as large as the one shown in our illustration; indeed we question if any of our readers have succeeded in growing it much above a medium size.

Grimes Golden is no novelty. It has been known for many years, having originated on the farm of THOMAS GRIMES, near Kempsville, Virginia. It is highly esteemed for its excellence of quality, in which respect it is compared in value with the Newtown Pippin, an apple that always commands the highest price in the English market on account of its delicious flavour. The tree is vigorous and productive, especially in alternate years, and the