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THE OLD YEAR.

Since thy dim dawn, Old Year,  
How much of hope and fear!  
How many a bitter tear  
Hath fallen from sorrow's eye!  
How many lithe and bright,  
Who hailed thee with delight,  
Have bowed before time's might  
And laid them down to die.

Billow of time, sweep on!  
Go join the ages gone,  
Where earth's sun never shone;  
Farewell! but not for aye;  
Thou'lt meet me on that day  
When sun and stars decay,  
And time shall be no more.

THE RED BIETIGHEIMER.



WE have such an excellent list of autumn apples already in cultivation, that it seems almost unnecessary to place before our readers any other variety. The Gravenstein is almost perfect, so good in quality, so excellent in appearance, so healthy in growth; and the Blenheim Orange is another excellent fall apple, averaging larger than the Gravenstein; but here is another aspirant for the precedence of apples of its season, for market purposes, viz., the *Red Bietigheimer*.

It is comparatively new, the first notices appearing in Canadian publications about ten years ago. It is of German origin, and seems to succeed well in Canadian soil. The tree is a vigorous grower and abundant bearer; the fruit large to very large; skin pale green, mostly covered