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The Rural Canadian.

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A VISIT TO BEETON.

The other day we enjoyed the long-contemplated pleasure of a trip to Beeton, where Mr. D. A. Jones carries on his large apicultural operations. We found the "bee-king" with his head and hands full, it being one of the busiest seasons of the year for the practical apiarian. At first sight of his grounds, it seemed as if our great apiculturist had returned to old-style bee-keeping. His yard was full of weather-worn gums, dilapidated box hives of all sorts and sizes, and various relics of a past age and style of apiculture. On asking an explanation of the queer state of things, we found that the motley collection was the result of a tour Mr. Jones had lately taken in a benighted district of Ontario, for the purpose of buying up a quantity of bees. Being in expectation of a large consignment of queen bees from his apiary in Cyprus, he wanted colonies in which to instal them, and took this method of obtaining them.

Unfortunately, the queen bee consignment proved a failure. The delicate insects got caught in the ice-fields of the St. Lawrence Gulf, and nearly all of them were chilled to death. Only two reached Beeton alive. This is one of many casualties which renders the importation of choice bees a matter of such difficulty and expense. The colonies of black bees that now bestrew Mr. Jones' yard, must await the arrival of another shipment from Cyprus, or the rearing of queens on the Georgian Bay islands, before the common queens can be displaced by better ones.

Business is indeed "booming" at the Beeton apiaries. The demand for colonies, queens, hives, foundation, smokers, and all other bee requisites is so great that it cannot be fully supplied. The number of persons who are going into beekeeping the present season is very great. Literally, their name is "legion." Many of these have before them a hard session in the dear school of experience. For, still the idea largely prevails, that bees work for nothing, and may be left to board and take care of themselves.

In spite of all the efforts made to disabuse the public mind of this delusion, people hug it, and only give it up when they have learned by actual trial that bees need care; that their management demands knowledge and skill; and that bee-keeping will no more succeed, if left to chance, than any other business.

Besides the large number of persons who are beginning bee-keeping, there are multitudes who have long kept bees who are finding out the advantages of improved methods and modern appliances. These want movable frame hives, pure-bred queens, honey extractors, and especially, artificial comb foundation. This last requisite Mr. Jones is manufacturing on a Dunham machine, which has been regulated so as to work with great nicety, and turns out very beautiful sheets. Two qualities are made—a thick one for frames, and a thin one for section boxes.

The weather was so unfavourable at the time of

our visit, that not much could be done among the bees. A few of the colonies in box hives were transferred into the Jones hive, which gave us an opportunity of seeing how that operation is performed here. Some of the finer stocks of Italian, Cyprian, and Holy Land bees were opened, that we might inspect the queens, which are very fine. The general appearance of the workers and drones indicates that, as the result of the most careful breeding, great improvement is being made. Mr. Jones is reaping the reward of his labour and outlay in this direction, and the superior excellence of his bees cannot but strike the attention of all experienced bee-keepers by whom they are inspected. What Bates did for the Shorthorn, Bakewell, Webb and others for the sheep tribes,—and what painstaking breeders are doing in other departments of live stock, that Mr. Jones is doing, and with eminent success, for the *apis mellifica*.

An interesting feature of his establishment just now is the presence of a number of promising young men, who have come for the season to learn the science and art of bee-keeping. They are sharp, shrewd, observant, quick, and active young fellows, who will pick up a rich store of knowledge as the summer glides along, and carry it away with them to their homes, there to reduce it to practice in the establishment of successful apiaries. They are from various parts of Ontario and Quebec, and each on his return will be an apostle and missionary of apiculture, in his respective district. Mr. Jones has no secrets; all he knows he is willing to tell; and whatever he can do, he is ready to show to all comers. During our brief stay, parties came from various quarters—one a distance of 40 miles—to see the Beeton apiaries, and learn something about practical bee-keeping. All their questions were frankly answered; difficulties explained; transferring and other processes performed before their eyes; and wise advice given them as to the essentials to success. Mr. Jones is doing a good work for the country as well as for himself. Long may he live to carry it on, and hasten the time when the vast crop of honey that is annually wasted shall be gathered by busy bees, and the proceeds of it be poured into the national coffers.

A BILIOUS YANKEE ON OUR GREAT NORTH-WEST.

An occasional correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune writes a splenetic letter to that journal on the rush of population to Manitoba the present season. He says "This singular hegira" is due, in great part, to the natural growth and overflow of the Canadian population, which, with palpable ignorance, or wilful misrepresentation, he says "is hemmed in upon a narrow strip of land between the vast northern forests and Lakes Erie and Ontario." It is also partly caused by "the rather hard conditions of life for small farmers and labourers in the old communities of the Province." But the "extraordinary size and suddenness" of this movement is attributed to "provincial patriotism" and the jealousy of provincial statesmen and editors of the growing power and absorptive tendencies of the United States. After trying in vain to prevent people from going to the States for prairie farms, and seeking fruitlessly to persuade them, instead of so doing, to "carve fresh farms out of the forest by dint of ten years' axe-swinging and brush-burning," the statesmen and editors aforesaid had recourse to another dodge to prevent the depopulation of their country—"They began to praise Manitoba, as though it were a new-found Eden." This device proved successful, to the evident chagrin of the Tribune's "occasional correspondent." He says, "a popular enthusiasm for taking possession of this sup-

posed agricultural paradise broke out, and thousands of people gathered up their implements and household gear, and poured across the boundary at Port Huron and Detroit, ticketed through over American railways to the far-off prairie province of the Dominion."

With all his reluctance to say anything in praise of Manitoba, this "occasional correspondent" admits that "the arable portions of it" are very similar to Western Minnesota and Eastern Dakota, "with the difference that the climate is more rigorous, the springs later in opening, and the ground wetter because lower down the stream, not as well drained, more subject to overflow, and not as soon benefited by the hot rays of the summer's sun." He admits that the country is "worth settling," but it would not have been thought of until "down the dark future, for long generations," had not those abominable Canadian politicians and editors gone to work and "stimulated the present emigration movement." Still there is a crumb or two of consolation left for this unhappy "occasional correspondent." All the emigrants, except "a few who go by steamboats to the head of Lake Superior, pay toll to the railroads of the U. S." Moreover, the prairie province "will inevitably be tributary in a commercial sense to St. Paul and Chicago." And as the certain result of "the natural ties of business interest," Manitoba will soon want to be annexed to the United States. The whole Dominion, in fact, will ere long be anxious to become part of the Great Republic. But this new Canadian province will doubtless be the first to grow restless under the bonds of colonial dependence upon Great Britain, and the first to desire admission to the Union."

We quote this letter because it is a pretty fair sample of the Anglo-phobic spirit which dominates the average American. Here and there a few broad-minded citizens of the U. S. may be found, who take a less narrow and selfish view of things, but to the great mass of the people on the other side, "manifest destiny" dictates the certain and speedy annexation of this whole dominion to the U. S. We are a pitiable set of monarchy-cursed dependents of the British crown. Our older provinces are but a narrow strip of overcrowded territory, on the wrong side of the frontier line. We are poverty-stricken and discontented. We can hardly keep body and soul together in the maintenance of our natural life. We are only aching for the opportunity of casting ourselves into the lap of the Great Republic. The great bulk of Americans are ignorant of the fact that we have a domain larger than the whole United States. They do not know that, while cultivating a friendly feeling toward our neighbours, we are unspeakably thankful that the twin curses of universal suffrage and an elective judiciary have never cast their blight over our fair land. They make no account of those mighty sentiments of loyalty and patriotism which bind us to Great Britain, and which were never stronger than they are to-day. They never permit themselves to think that we have all the freedom the Great Republic enjoys without its attendant evils. They conveniently forget that our growth has been in spite of every obstacle which a none too friendly neighbour could throw in our way; that they have refused us reciprocity, placarded our country with flaming advertisements of their western lands, and sent an unsuspicious irruption of hummers into every township to seduce away our young farmers to their imaginary Edens, and that hordes of speculators have beset every train that has carried our emigrants westward. Yet, notwithstanding these and other drawbacks, our older provinces have prospered, we have poured a mighty tide of settlers into our North-west, and