

(We hope to receive a copy of this from the Secretary in time for next issue)—Ed.

Mr. R. McKnight, the treasurer of the Association then read the financial statement (an abstract of which we append) which shows the Association to be in a very flourishing condition having a balance of \$299 51 on hand.

Abstract.

RECEIPTS.

Jan. 8 To balance in hand from last audit	\$453 75
" " cash from Secy., various dates	190 00
Sep. 20 " " Government grant..	500 00

\$1144 75

EXPENDITURE.

To cash remitted Dadant & Son.....	\$156 00
" Duty and express on same.....	39 23
" D A Jones Co. printing.....	43 25
" Grant to 7 affiliated societies.....	210 00
" R E Smith, queens supplied members.....	81 95
" Grant to Toronto and Ottawa fairs...	30 00
" Expenses of Association.....	148 00
" Sandry accounts.....	137 81

\$846 24

Balance on hand.....\$299 51

Immediately after the Treasurer's report came an excellent paper by Mr. A. Pringle of Selby entitled

The Sunshine and Shadow of Apiculture

Nearly every occupation (and want of occupation) under the sun has its sunshine and its shadows its ups and its downs. From the king to the beggar and from the millionaire to the tramp with not a meal of victuals ahead of him, there is the cloud alternating with the sun.

And certain it is that the preponderance of cloud in the drama of life is not always with the beggar or the tramp. "Uneasy," it is said, "lies the head that wears a crown" (the head that wears a sting for half a minute is also uneasy for a time;) and the "Divinity that doth hedge a king" sometimes fails to hedge, and his regal tenure, as in the case of the present Dom Pedro, is painfully uncertain, sometimes as precarious and uncertain as the beggar's next meal.

But without further homily, we may as well admit at once that the apiarist, even the apiarist, has cloud mixed with his sun, and sometimes mixed with a vengeance. Just how much sunshine or shadow there may be in any particular case, depends much upon the particular individual himself for herself. Some people, left-handed people as it were, are always in a cloud, or

hot water, no matter what business they are in, or out of. They manage to raise a cloud of dust about their own eyes and ears, and although old Sol may be smiling on them from above they see none of him: and the music of the spheres never reaches his ears. These are the pessimists. Others again see all the sunshine within their visual or mental range, and hear all the music Nature or Fate vouchsafes.

The bee-keeper may, however, among all others, be justly described as "Dot happy Bée man," of whom our American cousins Secor and Miller have so eloquently sung. The old saying that it is better to laugh than to cry over the misfortunes of life (even though the misfortune be a pointed one) is on the whole, good—very good advice, so long as the laugh carries with it the wholesome lesson of experience to avoid a repetition of the misfortune. Of course every beekeeper who is a philosopher as well, will bear the pointed and barbed misfortune as best he can and try and ward it off next time.

Now taking the bee keepers, who are bee keepers, all in all together, I think they have more sun than cloud in their pursuit of honey. Possibly this may be an optimistic view and the writer may be looking through the clouds into the sun with luminous glasses. Be this as it may he takes pleasure and pride in saying that his own apicultural horizon has been encouragingly free from clouds. In other words he not only derives a high order of mental pleasure and profit from the pursuit, but makes it pay in dollars and cents from year to year. You may perhaps put this and that together and draw a conclusion not flattering to the speakers modesty. This, viz., that he has not had much cloud, and that viz: that the amount of cloud depends mostly upon the man himself. The conclusion is apparently logical enough but does not necessarily follow from the premises. The whole matter may be explained concisely in one sentence, to wit, he always did love the honey bee and her sting never did hurt him to speak of. Whatever the cause—whether in nature or grace—this deponent is as nearly sting proof as one need desire and be reasonable. I can imagine our worthy ex-president Clarke or our venerable absent friend Father Langstroth, or our versatile cousin James Haddon, whose nerves and blood are, I believe, so painfully responsive to the barbed dart, exclaiming: "This indeed is the cloud of bee keeping with us, beyond even an adverse balance sheet." I cannot sympathise with such from experience, but I sincerely extend to them my theoretical sympathy should that be worth anything. I