

who proved themselves faithful and expert saleswomen. During the greater part of the time there were nine of these at the sale stall, and four women and one man behind the partition liquifying honey, washing, filling, corking and labelling tins and glass pots, for it was soon discovered that the shelves were being rapidly depleted of the smaller packages, and they had to be replenished out of the larger packages by running their contents into smaller receptacles. The girls were paid 14 shillings a week, and the saleswomen in addition to this received a commission on their daily sales after those sales had reached a certain amount, by this arrangement the saleswomen made an average wage of 21 shillings per week. This was not grudgingly paid them, for they worked faithfully and well nearly three months from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m. The delegates will not soon forget the wise discrimination, tack and address manifested by those London lasses in work to which they were entire strangers. They could distinguish my lord from a linen draper, and a mechanic's wife from a labourer's daughter at a glance, and they could adapt their conduct to their customer too. Their musical voices rang through the building as they extolled the merits of their wares, "Canadian honey so wonderfully cheap and marvelously pure," and such like phrases greeted the ear of every passer by, while he was solicited to partake of a sweet morsel from off the tip of a spoon without money and without price. The commission paid was a great incentive to emulation amongst them, but it entailed a great deal of labour in the secretary. A separate account had to be opened for each and their daily sales entered upon it. Nor did the work end here, for, on reaching home, the sales of each girl for the day had to be accredited to her, then the aggregate receipts were checked as against the treasurer, by which time, the hands of the clock generally marked the hour of midnight. Let the friends who fancy the delegates had a "soft time of it," make a note of this. In the building from ten in the morning till ten at night, then home and at work till midnight is a kind of work, the novelty of which soon wears off.

By this time, machinery had been got into smooth running order and one of the party left for a visit to his friends across the channel. When he went out, the "Angel of Peace" entered and brooded over their home till his return when it again flapped its wings and flew. The interval between his departure and his return would remain a blank in this narrative had not one of the delegates stated at the convention that, "during all this time, he was behind the partition with his coat off liquifying honey and noting the nice

distinctions in its aroma as it floated from out the bubbling bath—sensible man to divest himself of his outer and upper garment. It was an act of commendable economy if it was *infra dig.* It is well known to the initiated, that working amongst honey is a dirty business at best and it might have been well if all the delegates had taken the same precaution and worked without a coat. If they could have dispensed with their nether garments too it would have been convenient, for it required some dexterity to put the hand into the pants pocket and withdraw it without the pocket lining following it, inside out, bottom uppermost. You have doubtless seen the shining cuffs of a glandered boy, or the sheeny apron of a slovenly butcher; but the lustre of both pales before the brilliance produced by a liberal admixture of Canadian honey and London soot. The clothes-cleaners' bills of the delegates will long remind them of the brilliancy of this compound.

PEEK-A-BOO.

For the Canadian Bee Journal.

PRIORITY OF LOCATION.

WE sometimes boast of the bee-keeping fraternity being liberal minded, large hearted and intelligent men and women.

Do our doings and sayings always warrant us in arrogating to ourselves these higher qualities of heart and mind? Men, in their ignorance, have ventured to hint that what is sold for comb honey in some places is a spurious article; that factories are established for the manufacture of that which is called comb honey but on which there is neither *creten* or *mel*. It is not enough to deny this and to call upon them for proof but they must needs be characterized as the vilest of villains, while, at the same time, we denounce the production of legitimate industries as vile stuff unfit for food and containing properties that are poisonous. And why? mainly because their products come into competition with those of ourselves. How often do we hear the changes rung on the deleterious properties of *glucose*? and that, too, for the reasons just stated, and yet we are often betrayed into the admission that glucose is very nearly honey, and, conversely, that honey is very nearly glucose, that the constituents of both are very much alike. Let us be just and consistent and observe the golden rule.

There are some in the fraternity, whose generosity would lead them to squeeze out the weak and the small. They would go still farther and circumscribe operations in rural districts by a new force known as "Priority of Location"—root out big and little from towns and villages and put