

they contain at this time and the trouble from robbing.

The plan I followed the past season and which I found to work well is as follows: Find the queen, take the comb she is on and place in an upper story with any other combs from the brood nest you may wish to leave for winter. Put on a queen excluder and the story with the queen above it. Then in the evening put in the combs of honey required. The combs of brood below are to be left until all the brood is hatched out when they are to be taken away and the story above put down on the bottom board.

Of course in following this plan the different stories must be alike and interchangeable. The way I overcame the robbing difficulty was to fix up one or more at a time, according to the time required for each, and then leave them for a time—half an hour or more as might be required—then if no robbers were to be seen trying to enter the hives last done, do one or two more. In this way I could go over quite a number in a day and have no trouble from robbing.

CARLINGFORD, Dec. 6, 1894.

Factory Burned.

Fire was discovered in the bee supply factory, better known as the D. A. Jones' factory, on Sunday morning Dec. 30, about three o'clock. The building was a large frame structure and contained a number of valuable machines. It was considered one of the best equipped factories of its kind in Canada. The building was owned by Dr. Cheffy who had a chopping mill in connection with it as well. Shortly after the alarm was given, the fire brigade was on hand and two streams of water were turned on the flames but they had gained such headway it was found impossible to save the structure and attention was turned to the surrounding buildings. Although the chopping mill, engine house and dry kiln were within a few feet of the burning building, the brigade succeeded in saving them as well as the Methodist church shed which was several times on fire. As soon as the surrounding buildings were out of danger the water was turned on the factory and part of the frame still stands. The building was insured in the British American and Phoenix of Brooklyn Insurance Companies for \$2,000, but Dr. Cheffy will be a heavy loser notwithstanding the insurance. The firemen deserve credit for the manner in which they worked, and had it not been for the abundant

supply of water, it would certainly have been impossible to prevent the surrounding buildings from being destroyed.—Beeton's World, Jan. 10.

Two Little Bootblacks.

The practice of one virtue prepares the way for learning another, and there are souls so ignorant that they can learn but one virtue at a time.

Jimmy Bender and Andy Blake were street boys. Nobody seemed responsible for them. Few knew their surnames, and fewer still how they came by them. There was nothing to distinguish them from other little "Arabs" except that they used to "run" together, for they made their living in partnership by ten cent "shines."

Jimmy was twelve years old, and Andy was seven. The older waif had apparently picked up the younger one somewhere, and patronized him.

The ideas and habits of two such homeless, schoolless, Sabbathless youngsters may be inferred from their only sources of education—daytime real life in the streets, and night-time sham life in the theatres.

One day some good angel directed a ticket of the Fresh Air Fund to Jimmy Bender. It promised him a two weeks' vacation on a farm, with unlimited milk, fruit, field pic-nics, and lots of liberty and fun.

Jimmy was delighted; but a second thought dampened his pleasure. There was no ticket for Andy. Could he divide with him?

He set his wits to work. It occurred to him that Andy could take the ticket and be Jimmy Bender in the country for a week and then say that he was the wrong boy after which the right boy would be sent for to take his place; and so both would have their outing.

He told the plan to his mate. Andy demurred. He proposed that Jimmy should go the first week, and then pretend that he was not Jimmy Bender at all, but that the other boy really owned the ticket.

Neither of them had any clearer notion of the ninth commandment than the third, or any of the rest. Andy's plan finally prevailed.

The farmer and his wife, with whom Jimmy went to spend his holidays, made him heartily welcome, and told him they would do all they could to help him enjoy himself—but he must promise not to say any bad words nor tell a single wrong story.

Jimmy was staggered. What chance would there be now for poor Andy? The thought of his chum's disappointment wor-