

market for them for next year's crop. I then engaged a suitable man for the work and said to him: "There is a can with a faucet in it; it holds about 150 pounds of honey. When it is empty you know where to get more. Put it upon the seat of that old buggy, fill it with honey, set the scales on the bottom of the buggy right under the tap, hitch up the horse and drive round to the houses in town. Go up one side of the street and down the other, call upon every one—rich and poor—sell them what they want, whether it be one pound or one hundred pounds. Tell them it is mine and that they can get more if they want it by coming up to the honey house. I am not very particular how you succeed, only do as you are told." He was out three or four days and sold quite as much as I expected. Many of the buyers took but a small quantity. In the meantime I sent a case of nice section honey to the sanctum of each of our local papers and my honey soon became the talk of the town. The result was that people who took but a small quantity from the man came back with much larger orders, and before six weeks I had not a pound of honey for sale. Of course I supplied a few outside customers, but the greater portion of my two tons of honey was sold in less than six weeks without any further effort, and that too in a town where honey was before looked upon as a luxury. I did more to cultivate a taste and create a market for the article in those four days than I could have done in four years through the grocers. But some fastidious people may be disposed to take exception to its sale in this undignified way. Well, all I have to say, is that their idea of dignity and mine differ very much. I cannot understand why a man should be ashamed to sell what he takes a pride in producing.

R. McKNIGHT.

Owen Sound, Ont.

The above article shows just what a practical man can do in his own locality when he makes up his mind. We have for some time been telling the people that a home market is by far the best, yet the majority imagine that it is necessary to rush off to some larger town or city to dispose of their honey; others, that it is beneath their dignity to peddle honey or dispose of it among their neighbors. Perhaps we might here state that Friend McKnight has a yearly income of \$4,000 or thereabouts, and yet you see that he is not above his business. When

pride prevents a man from making the best of the means at his disposal it is well to have a few such examples as the above set before him. It may be read and re-read with profit by many of our bee-keepers. We thank you for your valuable and appropriate article, and now that you have shown us what you can and have done, we hope that you "will not weary in well doing."

THE SPRING OUTLOOK.

THE spring outlook is not quite re-assuring. The 6th of April is here and there has not been a day so far suitable for putting out diseased or unquiet bees for a flight. We have just had a heavy snow storm completely covering up outside colonies again. The last day of February was sufficiently mild and fine for some of the colonies to take wing; but there has been no opportunity since. The winter, though so exceptionally severe, seems still determined to "linger in the lap of spring." Accounts are coming in with unpleasant frequency of the mortality of the bees in this district. Many of those with but a few colonies have lost all; and the percentage of losses among the best and most careful beekeepers is considerable, and will be generally heavy should the spring prove an unfavorable one. Hitherto the losses in wintering hereabouts have been confined principally to outside colonies, especially those without proper protection; but this past winter there seems to have been a considerable and unusual cellar mortality. With the fatal results of outside wintering before them, the small second rate bee-keepers seem to have pretty generally housed, their bees last fall, either in cellars or lofts and out-houses. I am inclined to think, however, that in general bees will stand a better chance outside on their stands during the winter than they will stuck in some loft and covered with straw or even stowed away in a cellar without regard to any of the other essential conditions of successful wintering besides that of heat. A few days ago, happening in at a neighbour's, he asked me to examine his one surviving colony which he had carried from the cellar to the garret after the others had all died. Upon examination I found it dead too, from bee-diarrhoea of apparently the worst type. But on a further inspection the cause of the difficulty was obvious enough—*bad food*. Some of the honey was two years old and granulated solid in the cells; while the balance, having been gathered late in the fall and un-