

There are many men who, with their families, are living lives of hardship and eking out a precarious living, in many of our cities, whose condition might be infinitely improved if they would turn to the country. The cultivation of five or ten acres, with a cow, some poultry, and a hundred hives of bees, would give them a princely living, under conditions that would be wholesome, moral and healthful; whose little ones would have a hundred chances to the one they now have of growing up good, healthy, useful citizens. Bee-keeping does and will pay if there is devoted to it but one-half the care and energy that the average working man exerts in the city. The great evil of our time is the city microbe. We have in mind many families who are living lives of cheerfulness and happiness in the country, and are not large holders of land either. And one may not go far back in the country. As a clean life, a life of independence, and a life, too, of great opportunities to the man of brains, it takes second place to none. The demand for honey is rapidly on the increase, in fact, it is greater than the supply. With a little effort the consumption in our towns and cities could be increased easily two or threefold. We have seen this fact demonstrated in our own city in a small way.



Get back to the land. Harriman, the great railroad builder, saw the land hunger, and with prophetic vision, saw the development of the great West. An obscure Wall Street broker, he went around among the bankers and urged them to join him in buying the bankrupt Union Pacific. The stock was worth almost nothing in the money markets and he was regarded as a visionary. He persisted and won the backing of large financial institutions. He bought, and spent \$100,000,000 in practically rebuilding the road for the traffic which was to come. "Wait," said he, "until we begin to haul real trainloads on the Union Pacific.

They have only toyed with freight traffic." And it came. He did what no other man has done because he knew the value of the land and the dependence of the prosperity of the nation upon its cultivation. The same romance is now taking place in our own West, and even a superficial observer is now willing to admit that it is not only a grand thing for Canada, but for humanity. Well-tilled land, with a happy, prosperous people, is one of God's greatest blessings to man. Pity it is that so many fail to see it. Harriman made money, so much that it was as useless to him as ten million pairs of pants would be. But after all, has his efforts not taught the thinking world—alas, that so much of it should be unthinking—a great moral and economic lesson? He was a builder. "Crush me, if you will," said he, "but long after I die my work will live, for I have been a builder." Let the humble man in the country who is catering to the real wants of the people feel, and truly feel, that he is an honored power in the land. Let us have more farmers, more gardeners, more poultrymen and more bee-keepers.



The best feed at this time of year is one part water and two parts sugar. A thin syrup is all right for spring feeding, but is not so good for winter feed. It is too exhausting on the bees to evaporate the water. Give it to the bees warm and at night. That part of the brood nest out of which the last batch of brood hatches should be filled with this feed.



Unfinished sections should be extracted or piled up some distance from the yard and cleaned out by the bees. Honey remaining in unfinished sections will granulate in a short time. After being well cleaned by the bees they should be piled up in tiers in their supers, well closed and protected from mice. They will be a good asset next year as bated sections.

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