

should be housed or remain out—if housed in what place—barn, shed, or cellar, and when taken in, and length of time they would endure confinement. I have had the opinion of several persons on this subject, but, like doctors, they disagree, except in one point, and in this they appear to be unanimous—that bees are more plague than profit.

The last person interviewed on the subject was Squire Lupus, a distant neighbour. Now the Squire is generally considered pretty good authority on stock, from a thorough-bred to pear and apple stock, and he prides himself not a little on his knowledge. Squire, said I, what is your opinion of bees? "Well," Mr. Crookshanks, "since you have asked me I'll tell you—that I have but a poor opinion of them." I had a notion, I continued, of investing somewhat in that kind of stock, and wished to get your opinion as to the best material for making hives—whether of glass or wood, or both combined. "As to that I'll tell you—it matters but little, hay or straw is just as good as any other kind of lumber—but my good fellow, just one word of advice, if you please—don't have anything to do with them, if you do, you will rue it as sure as rates, and, they are something you may depend on now for certain. There are the poor rates—now we don't mind them so much, because we've got used to them, although they are bad enough—and railroad tax, a piece of iniquity, I call it—a school tax, one-half of that tucked into an enormous county tax so snug that you don't know it's there—and, the whole together is enough to skin you, that is if you are worth skinning. They will eat the blossoms off your pear and apple trees, and your neighbour's too—you'll find it so as I tell you."

You know Squire that it is not my practice to turn stock into the highway to annoy a neighbour by their reaching over his fence, browsing on the shrubbery, and, perhaps, forcing through—poaching up the grounds, and making havoc and destruction all round the premises. I don't go in for that sort of thing, it is a little too mean. And, as bees are a kind of stock not within the pale of the law, or under control when searching for food, there would be difficulty in preventing their browsing on some of your choice trees. Therefore, your last remark in reference to their injuring the blossoms requires some consideration. But it is said not to be the case; that they are rather a benefit, and, in some instances, an essential element. "Don't you believe a word of it, my dear fellow. I know it to be a fact they do. I'll tell you. There's the Widow Chute. She took to keeping bees, and they annoyed me more than her cow did—and that was not a little—they would be on

my trees in blossom time, near about a bee to every blow—and when one of them fellows got through with his pumping business, it wouldn't look like the same flower; when the apples came to grow, if they ever did start, full one-third of them would be blotched, patched, or lopsided, and if pears, stunted and distorted into every shape. I stood it for three years, and could stand it no longer. So one evening I took a walk over to see the widow about her bees. Mrs. Chute, said I, I have come to make a bargain with you, that is if I can. "Thank you Squire—glad to see you." "I am ready for most anything that way—what is your wish." Your bees, Mam, are somewhat troublesome, and, I'd like to make this bargain with you:—If you will send them away I'll pasture your cow, and give you as many apples to peel and dry as will stand you the winter. "Oh," said she "the bees is it—well now." After a long pause, which was a great relief, for I was afraid she was going to hang on to the bees, "Squire, said she, 'say the word in earnest, and being it's you, I'll send the bees away, and the cow to pasture.' Now I have found that, taking it all round, a profitable investment."

There are some orchardists who entertain the belief that bees are to a certain extent injurious to fruit, and it would require no small amount of logical argument to remove the impression. As this is a question beyond my knowledge, and somewhat out of place here, I will dismiss it with the view entertained by Doctor Beesting, a rural M. D. and savan. The doctor says it is all "fudge," that "the bee only extracts the nectar from the cup which is put there for him, and, as for hurting the blossom, it is nothing more than a *whim of a few fussy old farmers*." But the doctor is a keeper of bees, and the "sweets of nature" have greater charms for him than the fruits, consequently he is disqualified as a jurist.

The number of tons of honey sent to market last season by, "one-keeper from his own apiary," and vouched for by your correspondent, is somewhat astonishing; and the dialectical proof "that there is a bee-pasture surrounding every house in the country," so conclusive, that the most fastidious must accept the "axiom" that there is more money in the *hive* than in the *hammel*.

BUSBEE CROOKSANKS.

SWAMPVILLE, Nov. 13, 1872.

TO GET LARGE ONIONS.—A writer upon onion culture says the best way to get large onions is to tramp and roll beds firmly; the seed is then sown on the compact surface and covered with a rich compost the usual depth.

EXHIBITION OF YARMOUTH CO. AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The annual Exhibition of the County Agricultural Society was held on Thursday, 3rd Oct., on the Parade Ground and in the Court House, with our invariably royal weather—a perfect day; at dawn cloudless and calm, no dust and throughout attempted to unwonted suavity. The arrangements and provisions of the Managing Committee—Messrs. L. E. Baker, B. P. Ladd and G. B. Doane—proved in every way adequate to the demands of Exhibitors. The grounds having been enclosed by the proprietor, the several Committees, who were unusually prompt in attendance, were enabled to begin and complete their work without intrusion or interruption; and although the usual dilatoriness of some of the Exhibitors delayed the commencement of work, so that the public was necessarily excluded an hour longer than was desirable, the whole work of the day was conducted much more smoothly, and the Exhibition was more satisfactory, than when the whole area was crowded from first to last. Indeed, this one feature of enclosed ground contributed so materially to facilitate the work, that it was well worth the twenty-five dollars paid for the use of the ground, and contributed in no small degree to the success of the Exhibition.

The improvement upon any preceding year in many classes was gratifying; live stock, neat cattle, pigs, poultry, were especially good. Visitors from other Counties admired the large size and fine appearance of our grade Alderneys; they had seen none equal to them in the Provinces. Grades of Durham, Ayrshire, and Devon, the last among the finest oxen, attracted their share of admiration. The most admirable sight throughout the day to the Secretary was that of his old cow, a half Alderney, aged 12 who bore first honors in her prime, standing with a daughter accidentally on each side of her, aged 6 and 7 years, all three in the same section, and the last two bearing first and second prize cards. So much for a study of the "Milk-Mirror" nine years ago, and for breeding to full blood sires.

"Open to the Province," brought three times as many entries as in 1871. One Exhibitor from Granville showed a very fine collection of apples—47 dozens—also several separate dozens, of which the "Gravensteins" will not be much surpassed at the Great Fruit Exhibition at Wolfville, on the 16th and 17th inst., which our Fruit Growers should make an effort to attend. The same Exhibitor showed three samples of Granville Factory Cheese, one of which took second prize. At the close of the Exhibition these Cheeses were sold at auction and brought 16½ cts. per lb. The success of