

them. There may be several reasons accounting for the fact, but when honey was at least not less in price, 5, 10, 20 lbs. and even greater sized packages were generally used, and the very small packages were unknown. Neither the consumer or the producer has gained anything by this. Comb honey not well attached to the wood should be sold at home, otherwise it may disappoint everyone connected with it.

There is at the present time talk of a European market for honey; should this develop, then, more than ever, will it be necessary to aim at a higher standard of perfection in the article. Such a course would result in a wonderful expansion in our home market.

I have of necessity had to leave much unsaid, but the sooner the idea is exploded that honey is simply honey, and all of the same quality, the sooner the public know that it varies in quality, just as much as butter, the better for everyone.

In closing let me say, a larger return for capital and labor expended means greater profit; to secure the larger return we want a greater quantity of produce, or a better article, or both, and upon this the question of producing at a profit, or loss, hinges to a greater extent.

I trust a discussion may follow, throwing an additional light on the subject.

Spraying.

To the Editor of the Canadian Bee Journal.

There has never been a year in the history of Ontario in which apples have suffered as much from fungus diseases and the coddling moth as in the past summer. Orchards which in 1896 bore a thousand barrels produced not a single barrel this year. In the beginning of the season the promise was good but where the trees were not sprayed every apple fell upon the ground. The advantage of spraying have been so patent this fall that there will be a perfect epidemic of spraying in the spring, and that by the least progressive portion of the community who bungle it. Last year a well known bee-keeper not far from Toronto lost bushels of bees, let alone larvae, because a neighbor had sprayed when the trees were in bloom. The present warning is not effective; it has to be looked for instead of staring you in the face. Could not the Ontario Bee-keepers Association see to it that the Government place in every post-office obtrusive notices like those concern-

ing the San Jose Scale, warning those guilty of this practice that not only are they losing their labor but burning the bloom with arsenic as well.

H. R. ROWSOME, Burlington.

The Bees and the Drones.

"I tell you, my friends," said a big wasp at the busy bees' convention, "I'm sick and tired of listening to those disgruntled, discontented, dissatisfied, dyspeptic, demagogic bees who are continually howling against the drones. Why, my friends, if it wasn't for the drones, you'd starve to death! The trouble is, you haven't half enough drones in the hive; that's the reason you can't get rid of this omnipresent overproduction which causes hard times." (Great applause.)

"Now let us reason together," said the wasp. "It's as simple as a, b, c. The more drones you have, the more honey is eaten. The more honey is eaten, the more work you have producing the honey. Do you follow me? And work is what you're always looking for, isn't it? (Vociferous applause.)"

"Now, my friends, I repeat, let us reason together," continued the wasp. "Let us suppose you didn't have a single drone in the hive, what would you do with all your honey, I'd like to know?"

(A voice: "Why, eat it ourselves, of course!") Cries of "Order! Police!")

"And if you didn't have drones," continued the wasp, after the commotion had subsided, "who'd support your churches and seminaries? Who'd endow your hospitals and libraries? Who'd subsidize your colleges and newspapers? Who'd contribute to your soup-houses and foreign missions, I'd like to know? Why, my friends if you didn't have drones, you wouldn't have anyone to be kind to you and give you charity! You wouldn't have—"

(A voice: "We wouldn't need charity if we didn't have drones!") Meeting breaks up in confusion.—Dan Cavanaugh in Appeal to Reason.

The Christmas Number of the Mail and Empire, Toronto, is distinctly Canadian throughout. The pictures are the work of Canadian artists, the literary matter is from the pens of The Mail and Empire staff. The engravings, the paper, and the work are all Canadian. It is sold at fifty cents a copy.