MAGAZINE FEATURES

Simple Letters of A Simple Fello

Dear Mable,—

Its so hot my fountin pens like a rubber tube. I bet I could take 40 winks on your kitchen stove without noticin it. If you ever get a bottle marked Bill Keep Cool dont throw it away. Its me bein sent home. They say the hot rooms in the Turkey baths is crowded with fellos tryin to cool off. As Angus says what in hell could be worse. That aint swearin Mable. You got to think it out.

Me an Angus an Uncle Charlie is all in the ex an import bisnis together now. It must make things a lot easier for Uncle Charlie. I cant figger what he ex an imports unless its letters. He gets more mail in a day than old Jim the postman totes in a week. A lot of anything is to much tho. Uncle Charlie dont get any more fun out of his mail than your mother does out of the gas bill. He just looks at most of it an throws it in the scrap baskit. He must have an awful lot of friends. Else he owes a lot of money.

He didnt seem surprised to see us. Just said "The prodigal suns. Bring on the fatted calf." Angus says he hopes we didnt. Uncle Charlie ll have to begin wearin buttons on the side of his pants legs.

He sat me what I thought I could do best. I says anything at all, Modest. Thats me all over, Mable. He said had take us both at our face value an ten a week. I says Angus would be losin on that deal. His face would be more valurbel in a circus. Angus is heavy sometimes. The only thing he gets easy is a cold. He got mad an says there was one thing about me. I wasnt to faced. If I was ld use the other one. We might have got into a scrap only for Uncle Charlie. I didnt want to. It isnt bisnis like.

Uncle Charlies made me his private secretary. He said I was to sit near the door an keep back the crowds. I could kind of jolly the malong till he got a chance to. Then when anybody wanted to see anybody I could tell them where to go. I tol him that last was just the job for me. Id been doin it for to years in the army an had it down pat.

He gave me a desk near the door. I dont know what the desk was for. There was nothin on it but a telefone an the office boy. It had a button on the side that opens a gate. Nobody can get out unles I let em. I got the tiperiters where I want em all right.

Angus is in the filin department. I guess Uncle Charlie saw hed be better at mekaniks than brains. He says he files papers. I never heard of doin that before. I should think it would be easier to out em. Im afraid Uncle Charlie is a little old fashoned.

He told us to study the ex an import bisnis in our spare time. He said wed like it better when we saw how he reached right around the world from his office. I think sometimes the heat is gettin him. He tipped us off to study up on shippin an boats. I went to the library an got a book called the voyge of the Sally Ann. I hadnt been studyin it more than to minits when a big fat fello rolled in. I didnt like him right away. He looked like he could sell a coffin to Mathuzala. I remembereda bout bein agreable tho. I says "Hello there. Whats bitin you partikaler?" Easy. Thats me all over, Mable. He wasnt a good mixer. He just looked like a fello that swalloed a bad clam an started for the gate. I had him there. He couldnt open it. I says "Nix. Tell me what you want an ill tell you where to go." Then I says "I guess I can tell you without botherin you any more."

He said something that made one of the tiperiters sittin near the fense screem. Then he walked out. I thought that was a pretty good beginning. If I could get rid of them all as easy as that it ought to be a good job. That office must have looked like a hotel lobby before I came. I can just see that fello gettin to Uncle Charlie. Hed seel him a years subskipshun to the Mothers Companyun or a patent stamp likker.

Two of the tiperiters sit right inside the fense near me. About all the do is to chew gum an the rag. They had a good sense of umor. Everything I said they laffed at. When I didnt say anything they laffed just the same. One of them walks sort of like a camel on skees. I conduct work watchin her. They made such a racket it was hard enuff to work anyway. The fello that invents the noiseless tiperiter will make his forchune.

Pretty soon another fello came in. He looked like he might have sold penails in his better days. A raspberry was seedless compared to that fello. I dont believe in jumpin at delusions tho as the poets say. I says "Well what seems to be the trouble?" He tried to make friends right away. Wanted to know who the devil I was. I told him Uncle Charlies private secretary. He was for seein Uncle Charlie toot sweet. I says "Whats the big rush. This isnt the army. Whats on your mind?" You got to be tackful all the time in bisnis, Mable.

He looked kind of imbarressed. Said it was about that oar proposishun. Right away I saw that was foolish. Uncle Charlie didnt even own a row boat. If he had hed have bought oars with it. So I says "Go sell your oars to the Swiss navy. This is an ex an import bisnis. Do you think we row around the world?" He couldnt take a joke tho. Said wed hear from him later. I says the later the better. Its great to be out of the army. You can tell somebody where to get off besides horses. I thought the to tiperiters would swallo their gum laffin.

After that I got a chance to work on the voyage of the Sally Ann. I was just studyin how the fello got recked on an island with a butiful girl when another fello walked in. I told him to sit down a minit till Id finished the chapter. A fello never gets nowhere if your interupted every five minites.

This fello was a live wire tho. No seeds on him. All dressed up in a nice check suit an a purpul tie. He shook hands an said hed like to speak to the head of the firm. Just for a minit. Then he slipped me a quarter. Bisnisike. I liked him cause he wanst fresh. I hate fresh customers.

I telefoned Uncle Charlie I had a fello to see him quick. Uncle Charlie said he was busy. He didn't want to see him. I says then hed better shut his eyes cause this fello was important. Uncle Charlie says all right to shunt him in.

Well, Mable, the bigger the city the less you can trust em. The check suit came out in a few minutes goin fast. I thought I saw Uncle Charlies foot tickin out the door. It couldnt have been tho. He couldnt raise it that high. Then the old man himself came out. He says the fello got him in a corner an almost sold him the history of the world in six volumes. He was some fello if he got Uncle Charlie in a corner. Hes not bilt that way. He said I musent let every old shine come in an sit on his lap. (He still 2—SIMPLE—

thinks he has one, Mable.) He wasnt runnin for mare or anything. I told him he ought to see some of the fellos I kicked out. Like the fat one an the one that wanted to seel him the oars.

Uncle Charlie went up like a toy balloon. He said those was his to biggest customers. Id ruined his bisnis I dont see how it was my falt tho. How was I to know his best customers looked like a bunch of peanut wagon men.

After a while he called me in his room. He said he never thought much of the desk job. Hes made me kind of office manager now. I got charge of the ink an pensils an that sort of thing. Then I carry out important orders. Out of Uncle Charlies room to the head clerk.

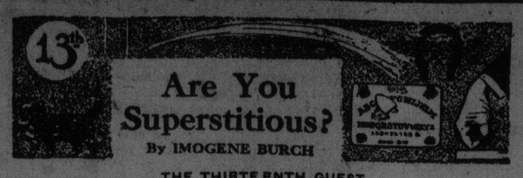
Me an Angus has a little room now where we sleep but very little. You dont need to worry about me in the big city. A fello cant be unhealthy if he wants to since prohibishun went dry. A camels an old rake compared with me. Angus says he guesses hops across the oshun will be popular for the next few years. If you cant get that spring it on Abagail Fitzyou.

Well Mable I guess Ive tols you enuff to let you know where gettin along fine in bisnis. Of course were not makin much yet. If Uncle Charlie gets any fatter tho he wont be able to get into the office. Then hell have to take us into the firm. Somebodies got to get in and see whats goin on. Were bankin on that now. It wont be long. Then well have that house in the country. Ill commune to town every day.

Until then faithfully,

BILL.

She hit the nail a fearful whack—
I mean to say she tried;
She bathed her thumb in arnica,
And then sat down and cried.



Are You Superstitious?

By IMOGENE BURCH

THE THIRTEENTH GUEST.

The commonest of popular superstitions is that which causes the hostess to shiver with dread on discovering that, including herself, there are thirteen at her dinner table.

In her mind that is an ominous sign that one of the thirteen shall die at no very distant date, say within a year.

And if she should take the trouble, she could really work up an awe-inspiring amount of evidence to show that it is unlucky to sit thirteen at a table.

She would probably tell the story of the well known Englishman who denied the superstition at a celebrated dinner party (he died a month after the event) so that even solid people would shudder, and begin to think that there was "something in it."

"What nonsense," is a remark made only by those who do not see the reasonableness of this so-called superstition, for I will venture to say that there is no other superstion which is really enacted so often.

Yet how is it to be explained? Simply on the basis of what is known as the doctrine of Probability of Chances. Yes, the superstition is wholly reasonable.

When you toss a coin, it will fall either head or tail. The chance it will fall head is one-half; the chance it will fall tail is one-half. Just so it has been calculated that some guest in every part of thirteen will die within a year. But, you can take any number of guests and increase the number by one, and you will thereby increase the probability of death befalling the company.

The origin of this superstition is ascribed to the Last Supper at which Christ took meat with his twelve disciples and was subsequently betrayed. Because of the sad ending, tragedies are supposed to be enacted every time that number is repeated.

Just Folks by Edgar A. Guest

THE HAPPY HOME.

Put laughter into the homes of men,
And joy at the little gate,
And there'll be no room for the creeds of gloom
And never a chance for hate.
For a man goes wrong when his children weep,
And their song is a plaintive whine,
But life's worth while, when his babies smile—
Then all that he sees is fine.

Put comfort into the homes of men,
And there'll be no room for rage,
Let laughter ring and the kettles sing
The songs of a happy age
And never a curse shall cross the lips
Of the hubbest toiler here—
And never a hand shall hurl a brand
At the things which we hold dear.

Take hunger out of the lives of men
And fill up the cupboards bare,
Let the fathers know that their children go
In shoes that are fit to wear
Let the mothers smile aas they toil by day
And the envy and rage shall cease,
For a man thinks right when his heart is light
And his home is rich with peace.

The man that dwells on a patch of ground
Where his children romp and play
May leave them there, untouched by care,
And sing at his work all day,
And never a vicious thought he'll think
Nor a deed of malice do,
For life's worth while, if his loved ones smile,
And the flag will find him true.

THE OLD SWIMMIN'-POOL.

(By Thomas C. Harbaugh.)

There are some scenes of boyhood
days we never quite forget,
Amid the years that are no more they
sweetly linger yet;
And I can hear the splashing, and the
laughter and the shout
Whene'er we threw each other in or
chased each other out;
I wonder what the fishes thought to
see our half a score
Plunge boldly from the mossy rise
that formed the brooklet's shore;
We often missed the clanging bell
that summoned us to school,
For a paradise of truants was the ole
swimmin'-pool.

The creek is singing soft today as in
the years agone,
Its ripples catch the golden gleam of
summer's earliest dawn.
And to the same all-cherished place
the boys still go to swim,
And there's a "Jack," and there's a
"Joe," and there are "Tom" and
"Jim;"
I slip across the meadow and I slip
upon the crowd,
And vanished years come back when-
e'er I hear the laughter loud;
Till I long to plunge among them in
the waters clear and cool
That invest with hallowed memories
the ole swimmin'-pool,

I can almost hear the music of the old
creek's ebb and flow,
I can see the sunny ripples as I saw
them long ago,
Aye, and hear the joyous laughter of
the boys who used to swim
Where the oaken branches quivered in
the even cool and dim;
Childhood's pleasures never vanish,
youth is like a happy rhyme,
And the boys are boys forever in the
dear old summer-time;
Ah! how oft we swapped the hours
when we should have been at
school
For the mad, infectious pleasure of the
old swimmin'-pool.

How inviting were the waters, and
the old creek seemed to say;
"I am waiting, come and try me; this
is not your study day."
We never could resist the call, for boys
are boys, you know,
The same today as when I was a
youngster long ago;
Among the limpid waters every sor-
row flew away,
And life appeared a great recess the
livelong summer day;
How oft we sat and dried our hair
amid the shadows cool,
Lest mother should suspect we'd woo-
ed the ole swimmin'-pool.

An old negro went to the office of the commissioner of registration in a Missouri town and applied for registration papers.

"What is your name?" asked the official.

"George Washington," was the reply.

"Well, George, are you the man who cut down that cherry tree?"

"No, sah, I ain't de man. I ain't done no work for nigh on to a year."

Our Daily Story

The Beautiful Cannon Turner.

She was young and fair to see, and she was reading a magazine on a park bench when Hatched Snoddhover approached with the irresistible lady killing smile that his enemies accused him of affecting just to show his gold tooth.

"Good evening," he sugared. "Lovely weather, hasn't it?"

She looked up at him with her bewitching blue eyes, and he went on, "You don't mind if I sit down, do you, little one? Of course you don't."

And he sat beside her and crossed one knee familiarly over the other, remarking; "And what are we reading so intently this beautiful evening?"

Her coral lips parted, but not to smile. They parted to speak.

"Before you go any further," she said, "perhaps it would be only fair to inform you that I am the champion lady cannon turner in War and Woop's munition works, and that I can muscle out a 500 pound cannon ball with my right arm, and that the last masher who approached me may leave the hospital in time, but he will never look the same. And, as for what I am reading, it is 'The Cannon Turners' Trade Journal.' "

He rose abruptly, complaining of a cramp in his left extremity, and walked briskly out of today's story.

WHAT IS HOME?

Eight hundred replies came to a London magazine which asked the question, "What is home?" These answers were written by persons representing all classes of society. They emanated from homes of refinement and wealth, and from those of crudeness and poverty. Seven, which the editor called "gems" were selected and published. These are they:

"Home—A world of strife shut out, a world of love shut in."

"Home—The place where the small are great and the great are small."

"Home—The father's kingdom, the mother's world and the child's paradise."

"Home—The place where we grumble the most and are treated the best."

"Home—The centre of our affection, round which our heart's best wishes twine."

"Home—The place where our stomachs get three square meals daily and our hearts a thousand."

"Home—The only place on earth where the faults and failings of humanity are hidden under the sweet mantle of charity."

—William J. Hart.

Mutual.

"Oh, George," murmured the sweet thing, reproachfully, "what would papa say if he knew that you ever touched liquor?"

"He has discovered it already, dearest," admitted her fiance sadly.

"Mercy! What did he say?"

"He said, 'Well, George, I don't mind if I do!' "

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By William T. Ellis.

The International Sunday School Lesson For August 3 is, "Christian Worship."—John 4:1-24.

Writing, as I am, in an upper room in Jerusalem, this seems peculiarly a place lesson, although it is a seasonable word for all the world. The story of the woman at the well, and her interview with Jesus, is local in its setting and in its spirit; for this is the center of religious antagonism and bigotry. It is general, because this is the day wherein the world is glimpsing a new and larger conception of the God who is a Spirit, and who must be worshipped in spirit and in truth.

When this befuddled time of ours gets its ideas about God straightened out it will find that many other matters have likewise been cleared up. Although they do not realize the fact, many "liberal" persons nowadays have conceptions of the supreme Deity that are as narrow and inadequate as those of the earliest Hebrews who worshipped their tribal God on these hills.

The modern misconception consisted in regarding God as a Social Programme, or Economic Higher Law, or a vague Spiritual Urge, or a Supreme Necessity for keeping the lower classes in order. It is no exaggeration to declare that multitudes of educated men and women have no thought of God except as a factor in social reconstruction. He is that, but he is infinitely more.

A Highbrow Blunder.

God is not a Social Programme. God is not a Special Partner with the American Eagle, or the British Lion, any more than with the Prussian Eagle. He is not a citadel for capitalism nor a banner for Bolshevism. To regard him as a mere adjunct of political and social reform is impiety.

There is need for clear thinking here. While God has a relation to everything human, he is first of all and above all else, the Eternal Deity, the uncreated Creator, the Ruler of the universe, the King of kings and Lord of lords. He is so exalted in his character and rights that he is entitled to worship from all his creatures. Man can have no other relationship with Jehovah until he bows down before him in adoration.

With all its defects, Mohammedanism has done one thing for two hundred million members of the human race it has taught them the greatness of God. The Moslem is reverent, whatever else he may not be. The majesty and supremacy of the one God breathes through all the thought of Islam. No Moslem ever cheapens God. He cannot conceive of the ineffable One whose name is holy and reverend, as being a mere accessory to any scheme or plan of mortal. They understand that our God is not a little God, but One whose ways, though past finding out, are always right.

Men's attitude toward the League of Nations, and upon the Peace Treaty, matters less, infinitely less, than their views upon God. Society is shaped by its sense of the Supreme. Everything we are or do is affected by our ideas of God. When we lift up the popular attitude toward the exaltedness and holiness and justice of God we are adopting the most direct means of serving our time. That is why the Church is a more important present factor in our troubled life than any political party or organization, or any economic movement. "Oh, come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our maker."

Where Christians Squabble.

A few miles from where I am writing, near the well of Jacob about which the lesson centers—a well that still supplies water—in the town of Nablus, there survives, oppressed but squabbling, a little group of Samaritans, the descendants of the people to whom the woman of our lesson belonged. Still the Jews will have no dealings with them, nor will the Moslems. They are not counted good Jews, having blended with the heathen at the time of the exile.

Religious antipathies are stronger in Jerusalem and Palestine than anywhere else on earth. It is not merely that Moslems and Christians clash; but both unite to oppose the Jews, because of Zionism who in turn, are split up into irreconcilable parties; and Greek Christians, or Orthodox, are bitter against the Latins, or Roman Catholics; and both are rivals of the Gregorians, or Armenians, and of the Copts. There are other sects and sub-sects here, and they all quarrel one with another. A few weeks ago there was a fight, at Easter, between rival Christians in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

Nevertheless, there are nobler and wider influences at work. There is abroad in Europe and the Near East just now a commission of American churchmen, extending invitations to a world conference on Christian unity. They report the rise of a new spirit of eagerness for oneness and cessation of strife and for a return to the worship of God himself. There are tokens on the horizon that churchianity and sectarianism and narrowness are on the wane, and that the world will turn in simplicity and reverence to the worship of God and his Son, who are in all churches and beyond all churches. When we come to the hour for scrapping our ecclesiastical machinery it will be to the text, "God is a Spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

From Sinai To Zion.

Recently I have been at Mount Sinai, where Jehovah the universal Lawmaker revealed himself; now I am at Mount Zion, where Jehovah the Father and the Saviour revealed himself. Amid these scenes, trodden by the feet of God's prophets of old, and by his beloved Son, I have got a new sense of the greatness of God himself and of his programme for the world. The vastness of the divine design, at which Jesus could only hint in his talk with the Samaritan woman, is appearing in our time. We behold nations in a ferment which is primarily spiritual. At bottom, the world's unrest is a reaching out after a Satisfaction which is really of the soul. Mankind's wants are many; its need is one—to know God, the living and the true. We shall not be satisfied until we find him who is the soul's eternal quest.

The place and the manner of worship matter little. In the center of Sinai's sublime and simple grandeur, I found the monks spending four or five hours a day, amid innumberable lamps and icons, incense and forms, worshipping by an ancient ritual. It was impressive; but not so much as the bare and majestic granite mountains wherein God spoke to Moses and to Elijah. Likewise, there is something really repellant in the overlay of ecclesiasticism here in Jerusalem, where the spiritual seems hidden by the formal. An American missionary said to me last evening, "The more I have seen of formalism and ecclesiasticism in Jerusalem, with its superstitions and its sites and its strife, the more I believe in the simple, spiritual faith of the Quakers.

Every reverent heart has at some time or other longed to visit Jerusalem; yet from Jerusalem I repeat that "God is a spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." Not the place, but the purpose; not the form, but the faith; not the words, but the will, determine acceptable worship.

Where All Wants Are Met.

All Americans abroad have a wistful interest in the homeland. With the meagre facts in their possession they consider and discuss the trend of events back home. A few of us were talking recently about the praiseworthy get-together campaign of the churches, and the concerted movement to raise all their benevolent funds as one national budget. Said one who is wise in the things of the spirit as well as in the ways of the world, "America's real need is not for more money for religion, or for better ways of securing money for religion. In our mission work we understand as perhaps the home folks cannot, the need of money. But there is something more important. It seems to me that the churches are magnifying organization and appliances and wealth, whereas it is a spiritual replenishing, a spiritual rebirth, a spiritual passion, that this hour requires above all else. One great voice calling the people back to a sense of God, would be worth more than any new organization.

What was that man's opinion, spoken quietly amid the clamor of an oriental cafe, except a modern version of the words of Jesus concerning "living water?" Our day's thirst cannot be satisfied at any of our modern wells. We pant for the living waters of God. All lesser wants are included within our need of God. Not his works will satisfy; but he himself. Until we find God as a living, bright reality, more personal to our souls than the dear ones by our side, we shall miss th espirit of true worship. As said David—perhaps when looking out upon the very hills to which I turn my eyes at the moment, "And now, Lord, what wait I for? My hope is in thee."

Be merry, man, and take not sair, in mind
The wavering of this wretched warld of sorrow;
To God be humble, and to thy friend be kind
And with thy neighbors gladly lend and borrow
His chance tonicht, it may be thine tomorrow.

—William Dunbar.

The Hotel Towel

The hotel towel, is an imitation of a drugstore awning which can be found in almost every hotel, after a careful search through the basement. It is used to remove travel stains from the neck of the patient, uncomplaining drummer, and is usually made of some leather-faced material which is guaranteed against flaws or defects in workmanship during the the lifetime of the washee.

Some hotels in the smaller and less pretentious precints do not keep more than one towel, which in course of time assumes a care-worn and low-spirited countenance. There are very few of these hotels left, owing to the teaching of hygiene in the public schools, but whenever they are found they are always erected on a roller, which is pawed at gingerly by fastidious guests. Some states have stringent laws against the roller towel, but the law does not say anything about giving a man a room next to an all-night poker party or a bed alongside a steam radiator which can't be shut off by anybody except a licensed plumber. This teaches us that in some respects the law is a crude and ignominious failure.

All modern hotels which cater to the luxurious in man place one long, limber towel in each guest room, with the understanding that when this has been worn out another will be sent up if the telephone is working. It is a great disappointment to a neat and tasty guest to cover his face with hotel soap and then discover that there is nothing in the room that looks like a towel except the bedspread. Most travelling men carry an extra shirt in their grips in order to meet such emergencies as this.

In all hotels which charge $5 a day and up, mainly up, there has been introduced the greatest labor-saving device of the age, the paper towel. The man who invented the paper towel should be pensioned by a grateful government, instead of being forced to remain in hiding. This towel is made of a low grade of wood pulp and a circulation of air, and when thrust violently against a two-day beard is harder to pry loose than a mustard plaster. When a travelling man enters the dining-room accompanied by the clinging feet of a paper towel, the head waitress will refuse to recognize him until he has returned to the barber shop and been thoroughly shredded.

Hotel towels are more plentiful than they used to be, but we can't see that they die any younger.

HELPFUL HINTS FOR THE RIPENING OF TOMATOES

In a comparatively short growing season, the tomato usually produces a large crop of green fruit but only in favorable summers is there much ripe fruit produced unless special measures are taken to hasten ripening. At Brandon Experimental Farm considerable success has been attained in forcing early maturing of tomatoes and the methods which have proven most successful may be of general interest.

Choice of Variety.

Only the very earliest varieties should be used. The Earliana variety and strains developed from it, such as Alacrity and Sunnybrook, are the best to use. Earliness must be the one chief consideration other points must be made secondary to it.

Location.

Tomatoes should be grown in a well sheltered garden where the wind is prevented from beating them about. They should be in the open sunlight; shade is fatal to succes. If it is possible to make any choice in regard to soil, a sharp loam with a considerable proportion of sand is preferable to heavier soils.

Starting.

At Brandon the tomato seed is planted in seed boxes in a hotbed the first week of April. An earlier start can be made when seed is started in the house but more satisfactory results are attained in a hotbed. By starting at that time, it is possible to have plants in blossom by transplanting them. While in the hotbed the young plants are moved twice, first pricked out to single plants and then transplanted for more room as they grow larger.

Planting.

The tomatoes are planted in the open about June 10th. Earlier than that it is too risky for frost in Manitoba, and while that date is not entirely free from frost risk, later planting would have too short a remaining season for the development required. The tomato plants should be given plenty of room. Putting rows four feet apart and plants two feet apart in the row is about the right spacing.

Staking.

The tomato plants should be staked upright and should be pruned to reduce the foliage. These operations probably have a greater effect in inducing early maturity than anything else, with the possible exception of variety.

The object is to allow the sun to shine more directly on the stems and fruit and to check the production of excessive foliage and late blossoms. The plant should be trained to grow to one upright stem instead of numerous spreading branches. It should be fastened upright by driving a stake in beside it and tying to the stake. Or wires may be stretched along a row, though this method is not as satisfactory as staking. The growth should be prevented from becoming dense and bushy by pinching off the buds that appear in the axils of the branches. And in addition, part of the foliage may be pruned off. After a sufficient amount of fruit has been formed, later blossoms should be picked off so as to force the growth and maturity of the earlier fruit.

W. C. McKILLICAN,
Superintendent, Experimental Farm
Brandon, Man.

PREPARING BEES FOR WINTER MONTHS

The preparation of the bees for winter should begin in July.

Every colony should have a young laying queen before the end of this month. Year old queens should only be retained if they are in full vigor. This means the raising of a large number of bees in August and September, and thus the first essential of good wintering—abundance of young bees in each hive—is fulfilled. A colony containing a young queen will also breed more bees and produce more honey in the following season than one containing an old queen.

If the bees are to be wintered out-of-doors, July is none too early to see about getting the winter packing cases made, because the colonies should be placed in them in September. At the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, a case to hold four colonies in a block with space for three inches of planer shavings at the sides and beneath, and eight inches on top, with outside entrances three-eighths of an inch wide by one inch high, has produced very good results in a place surrounded with a high board fence to protect the bees from wind.

The third and last important factor in preparing bees for winter is an abundance of wholesome stores put away before cold weather. Clover honey, buckwheat honey and syrup made from refined sugar have been found wholesome for wintering, but dandelion honey and some kinds of honey gathered in the fall have proved unwholesome. Colonies that have less than thirty or forty pounds of wholesome honey should have the deficiency made up with syrup consisting of two parts of sugar to one of water. This feed should be given rapidly, not later than the middle or end of September, for the greater part of Canada. A 10-pound honey pail with a number of small holes punched in the lid makes a simple and efficient feeder for this purpose. It is placed upside down over the combs and covered with a super. Happily there are no restrictions controlling the sale of sugar this year, but it would be advisable to secure a sufficient supply in good time.

F. W. L. SLADEN, Apiarist,
Dom. Experimental Farms.

What shall I do to gain eternal life?
Discharge aright
The simple dues with which each day is rife?
Yea, with thy might.
E'er perfect scheme of action thou devise,
Will life be fled;
While he who ever acts as conscience cries
Shall live though dead.