

now to learn the goodness and pleasantness of dwelling together as brethren. I know many of you as you scan these words will wish you could get a look in upon us. How much, think you, would we give to have a good look at you and your bees? The latter are safely housed in cellar, chaff bin and clamp, while ours are on the same stands as at midsummer. We have been getting the thermometer up and down during the past fortnight. Violent gales of wind, with and without rain. Hard ringing frosts (for us) with rime and fog. And between these a cold north-east wind with bright sunshine and bees flying. We on this side like a good long cold dry spell, it keeps the bees quiet and—mark this please—economizes their stores. Our experience is, that they eat more when active in mild weather than they do when closely clustered during a "cold spell."

But I commenced to write of bee-keepers and have wandered off about bees. On this side, the year now passing has been noted for the interest that has been taken in bee-keeping by our Royal family. We follow our leaders here. Those leaders having shown great interest in our pursuit, the upper ten will follow and Nobility will copy Nobility, to be in the fashion. For this we have waited long and this, like all else, has come "to him that waits." The immediate consequence will be that we—both British and Canadian—will sell more honey. As far as I can learn, this is what we both need and surpasses all our other wants as bee-keepers, combined. I see by perusing the C. B. J., you are extending the organization of the O. B. K. A. I know of nothing you can do to further the interests of bee-keeping so much, but will you take a word of advice in a friendly spirit from one who has labored greatly for the county associations here? Have as many conventions as you can, get together as often as circumstances permit, get lectures, speeches and papers *ad lib*, but direct all your energies to get your honey put on the market, both at home and here in England, in a uniform and methodical manner. Make your Association a great co-operation for collecting, putting up for market and disposing of your honey, and you will confer "the greatest possible good to the greatest possible number" in a way that nothing else can do. We have failed in this and our affiliated associations are fast going to decay. The centre and parent will go on I have not the shadow of a doubt, in increasing usefulness and vigor, because most of the best men in the local branches will join her and so swell her ranks, but, especially in those counties that have been vigorously worked for some years, the only claim the branch associations have on a

future existence is the measure of help they can give their members in disposing of their honey, and this as at present organized, they are incapable of giving, for reasons that would take too much space to enumerate in this present article.

We must both be prepared in the future to accept a low price, that I see has ruled with you for some time, and as you will in future send us large quantities you will bring ours down to your level. I am not going to argue with you on a question on which we shall certainly not agree, except to differ, but English honey of certain grades will always fetch its price and also will Scotch heather, amongst those who know those articles when they taste them, but with the masses who seldom, or never before, got a taste of honey, flavour will always be secondary to price. It is so with flour, and our millers are become experts at mixing foreign and home produce for flavor, and so make a good hand of it, and what looks like the "irony of Providence" many in England are on the verge of starvation through the cheapness of provisions.

The dying year has been a bad one for the hive makers. A year of swarms is their harvest, but swarms have been very scarce with us. Of new hives and increase of bee gear there is no end, and yet still they come. It is the unsuccessful as a rule that are best customers to inventors. I am not such a heretic as to say we do not profit by many of the new things brought out from time to time, but my experience is "happy is the man that has least to do with new ideas and gives good attention to the old ones that have been proved of solid worth."

But the big old clock "warns" 10 p.m., and groans as she "ticks" in a way that betokens a frost. The fire burns brightly, not your homely, sweet-scented log fire, but the more modern, artificial and grimy coal. The big pot containing the plum puddings is boiling steadily as it has since 10.30 this morning. The big turkey cock is trussed, the fat goose hangs by the jaw, the mince pies are baked, a goodly piece of prime ox beef hangs in the larder; the holly, ivy and mistletoe are each on their proper nail. The gude wife takes her well earned, but few, moments of quiet, wondering silently, what is being jotted down as sheet after sheet flies off on the accumulating pile, and I think of that morning when angels proclaimed "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will towards men." We have no better, nor do we desire a better, salutation to you than this. If the fast dying year has knit our hearts closer together as bee-keepers in the paths of peace and good will, surely we may thank the great Father of all that we have lived to see its end, and the year that is