

thing that will one work at with so much enthusiasm. No matter how tired I may have felt on leaving the store, I would feel quite as revived and refreshed as in the morning, provided I would go and do something with the bees. I wonder sometimes if this will ever die out, but it does not seem any nearer to it now than eighteen years ago. The forward look seems always bright, as one anticipates some short cut in the work, some new device to try and so much to learn. There is a scripture verse, Mr. Editor, that seems to fit our chosen pursuit so well, and which is "Ever learning yet never coming to a knowledge of the truth." I am sure it must be this in part at least that makes it so fascinating. I somehow think that to make this calling a success one must have a love for it. I suppose it is so with any calling, but it is especially so with this one.

One cannot travel far or visit many bee-keepers without being impressed with the fact that only a small percentage of them take a bee journal. On my returning home I was wishing I had done some missionary work in getting new subscribers for the C. B. J. It seems to me, that apart from the information one gets from its perusal, we Canadian beekeepers should subscribe to it as our own paper, as it ever stands ready to advocate our rights and assist in the general welfare of the pursuit in this country, and it would be a great loss should it cease to be published. One does not have to travel far before seeing that it means considerable loss to those who do not subscribe for one journal at least. They are of necessity away behind the times. If they all knew this it would be more pleasant for the caller, but when one can neither give nor receive information there is lacking that which tends to make a visit enjoyable; besides this

one is not nearly so much a stranger when meeting another who is a subscriber to some journal, many are so careful about "entertaining strangers" that I had sometimes to go hungry or seek a meal elsewhere.

I was amused with one lady bee-keeper—I stated my preference for well ripened honey, from combs that were partly capped at least—such a look of pity for my ignorance and hoped I would never teach such a doctrine as that, for said she, "you spoil the combs when you have to uncup them besides getting so much less honey". I suppose we all admit the truth of the last statement. She maintained however that the honey was better when not capped—I did not argue this point with her as this was ignorance personified—another beekeeper was uncapping L. frames with a butcher knife—I am free to confess he did some good work but of course intolerably slow,—I don't know what the Cogshalls or Dadants would say if they saw him—I find too that very few are possessors of a good bee veil, some inferior black netting for a small space in front and the rest of factory cotton. It pays to have a good bee veil, silk Brussels net for half at least and the other half should be as porous or open as one can get provided a bee cannot pass through. It may only look a thousand times better but being cooler is more comfortable as well.

(To be continued.)

The Exhibitions.

TORONTO.

The display of honey at the Industrial, though small in comparison with other years, was perhaps the finest in quality that has ever been exhibited here. There were only four entries, Mr. G. E. Saunder, Ag-

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