

March, 1911

I show that when to the grocer he of 19.7c. a pound smallest jar, 18.5c. jar, and 17c. in When the apiarist y he will generally selling all his pro- consumer at the full etting 5c. a pound

ly retails at 25c. a e grocer, 20c. The contains 14 czs. of eeper is getting at pound. This looks as got from extracted deduct cost of sec- a starter, and then rather close together. sider that it is gen- at a colony of bees nb honey only two- yield in extracted, in British Columbia the more profitable uction. We have al- on account of the s make a rather poor ing for comb honey.

statistics we learn ar 1909 there was im- ports of Vancouver ad total of 81,431 lbs. figures indicate a de- ce it will take a long keepers to supply.— 30, issued by B. C. riculture.

KEEPERS' EARLY RIENCES.

friend in the year '03 to keep bees." I re- ay rattlesnakes or any g." "Pooh, Pooh," he the matter dropped. son placed a hive of

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91

bees under a tree in my garden, removed the block at entrance and then stood like a statute, whilst the infuriated bees (tigers I called them) circled round his head. For a few days I kept to my own side of the quarter section, but as I noticed that they did not seem to be looking for me, after a time I ventured to approach within ten feet, hiding behind the trunk of the tree under whose friendly shade they rested. I discovered that bees did not "shoot on sight," as I had always imagined. It is needless to dwell on the spell that these little creatures cast over me from that hour, or the pleasure I have ever since derived from standing over a hive watching their industry. We gave them no super so they soon swarmed—of course on Sunday. What was I to do? I had never seen a swarm of bees before; life was sweet, besides I had a wife and family. I jumped into a buggy and fetched my friend and saw the first swarm of bees taken. How proud I was of those two colonies of bees that fall. My friend having left the neighborhood, with great fear and trembling I nailed a piece of netting over the entrance and put them in the cellar. Five months later I took them out—one dead—the other alive. A month later, my friend came to see me, and for the first time, I saw the inside of a hive. My bees were queenless he said; the parent colony had been suffocated and the old queen in the swarm had died. On the morrow I drove over to my friend's, who presented me with a nucleus. Oh, how those bees did work next day! A subsequent visit to an apiary of 150 colonies resulted in a bad attack of bee fever. I bought a small bee-book, subscribed for a bee journal and commenced the study of bee culture. My new queen soon filled the body with bees and brood. I gave them the other hive on top and they filled that. Two more supers were put on, but too late, for on August 5th she threw off an en-

ormous (to me), swarm, which I took, to my great surprise, without being injured. The swarm started out to make a record. Goldenrod was in full bloom, and on the 8th day they commenced work in the super after filling the body with honey and brood. That fall I extracted 28 half gallon Jem jars, leaving 4 full combs of hoeny as a reserve. I began now to figure how much honey I should have when I had 100 hives at the rate of 160-lbs. per hive. I invested in more bee books, subscribed to another bee journal, and started out to get that 100 hives as quickly as possible. That fall I did not put netting over the entrance, (experientia docet), but placed two very full and heavy hives in the cellar. During that winter I read bees, talked bees and dreamed bees. Bought six beautiful hives in K.D. condition from a Brantford firm, and began to put them together. This brought on a serious relapse of the fever. I must buy bees. It was too slow raising them by natural increase, and I wanted enough to keep me busy all summer, putting on supers and busy all winter putting them together. My dear partner (I have none now), suggested caution, so I decided to run for increase instead of honey. In the spring I took out two very strong colonies, and began to handle frames and call it manipulating. I paid a flying visit to my friend for the purpose of consulting him as to clipped queens, and the way to do it, and also finding out what he thought of shook swarms, but to my enquiries he replied, "Bosh." I quoted Doolittle, Miller and other immortals. I remembered he was getting a little old-fashioned in other things. I returned home determined to clip queens, "shook" swarms and purchase a breeding queen of the non-swarmling variety, from which I decided I could raise better queens than I had at present. Next morning, armed with scissors I sallied forth to clip those two queens. I sat with my

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