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in Ontario. Miss Newland, an English lady, has come over from the Old Land, and after one or two years' work with other bee-keepers, plans to start for herself. This is certainly enterprise. The Isle of Wight disease has been making such terrible inroads into the apiaries in England that she was afraid to start there.

A Start With Chickens

Since the combination of bees and chickens is receiving such attention these days, it may not be amiss to tell you of the beginning of our little experiment in chickens. When I say "our" I mean my sister and myself, she being the manager and I supplying the money to get it started. Now it might be more profitable for us to stick to the bees, but we like a little variety. This may be the proof of a certain instability in our make-up—a thing greatly to be deplored. Nevertheless, the unstable in the world have to be kept amused just as well as the stable. There were other reasons, too. You know this department stands for the belief that the girl who remains at home in the country ought to have the means of making a little income of her own. Bees and chickens are the two means nearest at hand for most girls, and knowing something about bees, we wanted to know something about chickens, too.

For years the hen has been a tolerated nuisance on most farms, being housed indifferently, without any definite account being kept of what she ate, and existing under the implication that she hardly paid her way. Still, eggs were needed for the house, and the chickens formed a very desirable adjunct to the meat supply in the fall, when the cured pork from the previous year was almost finished and the butcher had ceased to make his weekly round.

But a new era has dawned for the hen, and chicken is no longer the poor

man's meat, but has become a delectable morsel for the rich man's table, whilst eggs continue to soar aloft and are reaching unheard-of prices. Such being the case, the hen is promoted to a place of dignity, and in consequence the yet antiquated methods are likely to improve rapidly.

Hens, according to old-fashioned ways, we had always had; a few chance eggs in the winter, but not enough to be profitable. The work of caring for them had been ours, but it was not such as to increase our self-respect. If we were going to have winter eggs, this meant early chickens. But the farm biddies refused to set in sufficiently large numbers, whilst besides they were unreliable, having a way of leaving the nest at unexpected times. So we determined to buy an incubator. Although not recommended by the O.A.C., we finally decided on one of the small round ones, partly because it was cheap, partly because it did not take up too much room, but mainly because we knew some people who had been very successful with them. We had already determined on the variety of our chickens—Barred Rocks—and were able to get the eggs from a reliable person near by.

Oh! the troubles and worries of those three weeks of incubation! The thermometer would persist in running up too high in the day-time and down too low at night. However, we had been assured by others that they had had the same trouble and yet had secured a good hatch, so we lived in hope. It was a great relief when on the morning of the twenty-first day the chicks were heard chipping in the shell, and two or three hatched during the day. The next morning the excitement was at fever heat when, lifting off the cover, the machine was apparently full of the fluffy, downy, struggling black-and-white balls. Altogether we had forty chicks out of fifty-two eggs. One of