

hive. He winged as many as he could into the hive, then shut it up, and carried it to the same stand as had been occupied by the old hive. His job was unfinished, but there was no help for it. The rest must be left until morning. Mr. Perley was vexed at himself for attempting the thing so late, yet he hoped it would all go right. He thought the queen was in the new hive and believed that the rest would find their way to her in the morning. At any rate it was dark, and he could only leave matters as they were until daylight. The next thing was to get rid of the bees that were on his own person. He pulled off his veil and shook it, drew off his gloves, and took off his coat, laying them on the grass while he went into the house and by the help of a light picked off the bees that yet remained on him. As he went toward the house he felt one getting down his neck, but taking it gently out with his thumb and finger, escaped being stung. When he had obtained a light, he found a number of bees yet crawling about him, which he gently brushed off at the outer door, after which he picked up his gloves, veil, and coat, gave them another good shaking, and suspended operations till daylight should appear. He felt very anxious however, not liking to make a failure of anything he took in hand. When he went to bed several questions troubled him. The weather had been thundery, and quite a severe hail-storm had lately visited that neighbourhood. What if another such storm should come during the night, and the hail cut the bees to pieces that were not yet hived? Had the queen bee got into the new hive? If not might not the whole colony go off to the woods? What if the queen-bee had fallen into the grass and got crushed to death. These and like questions perplexed him. However, he resolved to be up by peep of day, and take care that the bees did not decamp at any rate. But his sleep was very broken. He had queer dreams about bees. Now they were angrily buzzy about him, now they were crawling over him, and now they were actually stinging him. It was mosquito time, and the occasional whirr and sting of one of these little blood-suckers helped to lend reality to his dreams. He was glad when at length daylight came to his relief. Happily there had been neither rain nor hail. The bees were just as he had left them. There were a number got in the old hive, and some in the box he had used to transfer them with. Providing himself with smoke, he hastened to finish the job. He soon drove the rest of the bees out of the old hive into the transfer-box. He brought the new hive from its stand to the table again, and got the remainder of the bees in without difficulty. While they were going in he examined the grass all about, but saw no dead queen. Indeed there were very few bees in the grass dead or alive. He began to think he had done better than he feared. He could not put any more honey-comb into the body of the hive, but concluded to fill the honey-box and leave the bees to carry it down-stairs to the first floor of their house if they liked. After stocking the honey-box, he had considerable old honey left, and several clean bits of comb which he thought would be useful to fasten to frames in empty hives, to make new swarms more contented. By the time the family was moving all was done, the new hive was on its stand, and the bees had apparently betaken themselves to work. At the breakfast-table they had another family chat about the bees. What with the card of new comb, and the remaining honey in the old hive, there was quite a good supply for the table. Mr. Perley amused the family with the tale of his bee-dreams, and told them his resolution was fixed never again to undertake such a piece of work so late in the evening. Early morning he felt sure was the best time to operate among bees.

To be Continued.

The best toast of the season was, we think, given by a printer, viz:—"Woman—the fairest work in all creation. The edition is large, and no man should be without a copy."

How to make an Omelet.

A GENTLEMAN of letters, who has lived considerably abroad, at a recent visit to the Community, praised the French style of cooking, and remarking that he had himself a natural taste for gastronomic art, offered to show the ladies of the Community how to compound an omelet in the French manner. This was readily acceded to, and the party adjourning to the kitchen, the gentlemen took charge of the materials and the cooking, while the ladies looked on. The result was a breakfast-dish of so much that we think we shall do our readers a favour by describing it. Those who partook of it were unanimous in saying that they had never eaten a preparation of eggs and milk so palatable and wholesome. The following was his method of making an omelet: Beat up one dozen eggs with a small cupful of new milk; salt to your taste. Have ready on the stove a large frying-pan or drifter; let it be sufficiently hot to melt a small piece of butter, just enough to grease the pan so that the egg will not stick to it; pour in enough of the egg to cover the bottom of the pan very thin; move the pan gently, first raising it on one side and then on the other, so as to expose the egg evenly to the heat. In a moment or so the egg next to the pan is jellified; then peel it up from the pan with a spoon, and roll it lightly over and over till the whole comes off, and then it is sufficiently cooked, and may be put into a nappa and kept hot (not cooked any more,) till another portion of the egg is cooked in the same way as the first.

The important thing in this process is to cook the egg evenly, and so slightly that it does not pass from the jelly stage, which is delicious and wholesome, to the spongy stage, which is tough and indigestible.

The necessity of cooking a dozen eggs in three or four different portions, arises only from the smallness of ordinary frying-pans. A drifter exposing a larger surface to the heat could cook more at one time. An omelet for one person, composed of two eggs and a tablespoonful or two of milk could be cooked at once in a common frying-pan. The one we have described above of a dozen eggs would be enough for four or five persons.

"A parisian cook," said our visitor, "will serve you up an omelet cooked in this way that will stand two or three inches high, and quiver and shake like a mass of jelly. To please an epicure he will sprinkle in some sprigs of parsley chopped fine, or thin shavings of ham, some kidneys chopped—or garnish the dish with nice apple-sauce or jelly." But minus these appetizing additions, we can truly say that the omelet we tasted this morning, cooked by our guest's own hands, was altogether the best we ever ate.—The Circular.

DYSPEPSIA A DISEASE OF THE WHOLE BODY.—Dieting is a very good thing in dyspepsia—indeed it is a necessity. But we lay too much stress upon the stomach. The stomach is all. We are constantly working with this, when it is the whole system that is prostrated by inaction, the great source of disease. The grand cure here comes in: "Remove the cause." This, of course, may be aided by other means. Employ exercise, and you stir up the whole system—not the stomach only, as is the case with medicines and dieting. In dyspepsia, then, the stomach suffers only with the rest of the members. The grand cure is, removal of the cause, which generally is a lack of exercise. Exercise is enjoined upon man as a necessity to health. If we remit it, we suffer the penalty—the stomach only with the rest of the organs—more so than some of them, because more sensitive.

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TRIAL OF IMPLEMENTS.

A GENERAL TRIAL OF MACHINES AND AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, under the direction of the Board of Agriculture for Lower Canada, will take place in MONTREAL at the end of AUGUST and SEPT. Ten days notice will be given before the day appointed. Entries in the ditto rent series to be made before the 15th of each month. All other particulars and information to be had from the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture.

G. LECLERE,

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MR. GEORGE MORLEY will sell by public Auction, on Saturday, the 15th of August next, all the Farm Stock and Implements on the farm occupied by William Scott, 5 1/2 miles East of New Hamburg, in the County of Waterloo, consisting of the USDA Stock and Implements found on a well cultivated farm. The Stock are all grades, with the exception of one Yearling Short-horn Bull and Heifer, and one Cow of 4 Ram.

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v3-19-17