

The Apiary.

COMMUNICATED.

While at the Bee-Keepers Convention, held at Hamilton at the time of the Provincial Fair, the question came up, viz., the cause of the great mortality among bees last winter? Many opinions were given. Most of the members present had lost more or less bees, and accounts from far and near went to show that the loss was great some losing all; those keeping bees largely being the greatest losers in proportion. It would appear that those most experienced bee-keepers in some cases were the greatest losers. Mr. Thomas said he placed his bees in their winter quarters in good average condition, and about mid-winter he by chance observed them to be in a bad state, and eventually they all died. He could give no cause, but supposed it to be an epidemic. In this section of the country bees are kept mostly on their summer stands. The loss was about one-third or one-fourth of the whole. One lot of nine stocks which came under my notice about mid-winter were found to be in a very damp state, and some of them were dead with honey within reach. They were on low stands, about nine inches from the ground. They all died but one, and that failed to swarm. Those having the best success in this section are those who take the

least care of their bees, and let them stop in their summer stands in the open ground where the sun and wind had free access. Very few stocks perished standing out in the open air. I purchased a stock that was wintered beside the fence without care or attention, which swarmed twice and stored some top honey, and is now in good condition and standing on the summer stands. Stocks should be in good condition. Weak stocks require the best of care at all times, and stocks that swarm late are in danger as the young queen may fail to bring on a young brood to renew the constant falling off, which is always the case. We find by Italianizing that the old bees pass off in about two months if the queen is not prolific or no young bees in the hive to brood over the eggs which the queen may produce, failure is the result. Such stocks can be assisted by giving them a card of brood from another stock. The best position for weak stocks is on the south side of a building, and set near together with boards at the back and straw packed between them, a board set up at the front, which should be turned down on warm and sunny days. Feeding may be done if necessary. To feed affectionately you require to bring the feed to them by some contrivance called bee-feeders. The best bee feed is made of refined sugar into a syrup. A cheap feed is made of common sugar, two and a half pounds, made into

a syrup; one and a quarter pounds of corn starch boiled and made thin as syrup; one-fourth of an ounce of slippery elm, made thin by beating with warm water until as thin as syrup; add one-fourth of an ounce of gum arabic, and one half a teaspoonful of salt to the syrup, turn all together and strain through a linen cloth, and it is fit for use. Examine your bees, and if scant of honey lift out a back card and lay it down flat; then drip the feed over the card until filled; then replace it, putting the feed next to the bees. See that there is an opening in the cards in the centre of the hive for the bees to pass through. Some object to their bees coming out never to return. I like to see my bees coming out on bright days in winter. If the stock is strong there is many old bees come out never to return. If the stock is weak and mostly young bees there will be very few bees fall to the ground. It is absolutely necessary for bees to fly out in the open air to discharge their feces. If confined they smear the interior of the hive and boxes and the epidemic follows.

Coburg, Ont.

B. LOSER.

FOR BEGINNERS WITH BEES.

A writer to the *Mail* offers this trio of suggestions:—

1. Do not go headstrong into this or any

other branch of rural industry. Be content with small beginnings and take time to gather experience. Commence with one stock of bees; and before you buy even one, get some recent treatise on bee-keeping, and post yourself at least in regard to the outlines of apian science.

2. Begin with a movable frame hive of some sort. Bees have been kept advantageously, and may be still, in straw or common box hives; but to attain the best results, a movable frame hive is necessary. This kind of hive admits of access to the bees and control over them; and from one season's observation of such a hive, more may be learned about bees than by keeping them twenty years in a straw or box hive. A single stock, in such a hive, will cost \$10, inclusive of patent right, and surely this is not an investment, to begin with, that need frighten anybody.

3. Do not expect sudden and wonderful profits, nor be discouraged by reverses. There is no more speculation in bee-keeping, any more than in any other branch of rural economy. Here, as elsewhere, diligence, care, energy and perseverance, are essential to success.



GOOD COMPANY.

Good Company.

The above is the name of a very good family paper published in Toronto. The above cut is one of the illustrations for the Jan. No. It is the same size as the *Advocate*. It gives a page of music in each number. The reading matter is entertaining, instructive and amusing; politics and advertisements have no space in it.

We commend this paper to the notice of our readers as being one that they will be pleased with. We approve of the plan of specialties the journal will furnish—continued tales of thrilling interest, and of such a kind as not to be injurious.

It is our intention to offer this paper and the *Advocate* for \$1.75 per annum. Those who have already sent in their subscriptions to this paper may receive the same benefit; they can have it sent by us for 75c. The price of the paper is \$1 per annum. If any of our subscribers would wish to see a specimen number, we will send one free. You can address us on a postal card, that will only cost one cent. We introduce this journal to you, believing that we shall be introducing to you morality, music and entertainment in "Good Company."

"Arthur Bonnycastle," by J. G. Holland—an exceedingly interesting tale—commences in the Jan. No.

The Old Way and the New.

BY JOHN B. YATES.

I've just come in from the meadow, wife, where the grass is tall and green;
I hobbled out upon my cane to see John's new machine,
It made my old eyes snap again to see the mower mow,
And I heaved a sigh for the scythe I swung some twenty years ago.

Many and many's the day I've mowed, 'neath the rays of a scorching sun,
Till I thought my poor old back would break ere the toil for the day was done;
I often think of the days of toil, in the fields all over the farm,
Till I feel the sweat on my wrinkled brow, and the old pain come in my arm.

It was hard work, it was slow work, a swinging the old scythe then;
Unlike the mower that went through the grass like death through the ranks of men;
I stood and looked till my old eyes ached, amazed at its speed and power
The work that it took me a day to do, is done in one short hour.

John said that I hadn't seen half; when he puts it into his wheat,
I shall see it reap and rake it and put it into bunches neat;
Then, soon a Yankee will come along, and set to work to learn
To reap it, and thresh it, and bag it up, and send it into the barn.

John kinder laughed when he said it, but I said to the hired men:
I seen so much in my pilgrimage through my three score years and ten,
That I wouldn't be surprised to see a railroad in the air,
Or a Yankee in a flying ship, a goin' on at any where.

There's a difference in the work I did, and the work my boys now do,
In mowin' the grass the old way, and a mowin' it in the new;
But, sometimes I think there was happiness crowded into those toiling days,
That the fast young men of the present will not see till they change their ways.

To think that I should ever live to see work done in this wonderful way!
Old tools are of little service now, and farmin' is almost play;
The women have got their sewin' machines, their wringers and every sitch thing,
And now play croquet in the doo-yard, or sit in the parlor and sing.

'Twasn't you that had it so easy, wife, in the days so long gone by;
You riz up early, and sat up late, a toilin' for you and I.
There were cows to milk, there was butter to make, and many a day did you stand
A washin' my toil-stained garments and wringin' 'em out by hand.

Ah! wife, our children will never see the hard work we have seen,
For the heavy task and the long task is now done with a machine;
No longer the noise of a scythe I hear, the mower, there! hear it afar!
A rattlin' along through the tall, stout grass with the noise of a railroad car.

Well! the old tools are now shoved away; they stand a gatherin' rust,
Like many an old man I have seen put aside with only a crust;
When the eyes grow dim, when the step is weak, when the strength goes out of the arm,
The best thing a poor old man can do is to hold the deed of the farm.

There is one old way that they can't improve, altho' it has been tried
By men who have studied, and studied, and worried till they died;
It has shone, undimmed for ages, like gold refined from its dross,
It is the way to the kingdom of Heaven, by this simple way of the Cross.