

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

D. A. JONES.

IT was our intention immediately the exhibitions were over to continue the "Portrait gallery" which we commenced with the biography of Rev. Wm. F. Clarke, but owing to the many other pressing duties claiming our attention, it has been impossible to do as we had desired. Now, however, we again undertake the task. Lest it may be thought presumptuous that we should choose as our next subject the senior editor of this periodical we wish to explain our position. We desire to present our readers with short sketches

is completely innocent of the charge, and knows nothing whatever of our intentions. And now we shall pass on to the subject of our biography, first saying that to his brother are we indebted for his history up to the twenty-first year, and from that date, to Dr. W. N. White-side, of this place, who has been intimately acquainted with his life and circumstances:—

Mr. David A. Jones was born in the Township of Whitchurch, in the County of York, on the 9th. day of October A. D., 1836, and remained on the farm with his father until after he was twenty-one years old. The love of bees is a natural gift which we have traced back from his forefathers to the early part of the 17th. century. His great grandfather, Abel Jones, was a native



of our principal bee-keepers, together with their engravings, and first amongst these we choose at this particular time our Canadian commissioners to the Colonial, feeling that those who have read, weekly, accounts of what has been done to popularize the use, and extend the sale of Canadian honey, would like to see their portraits.

It would be more natural to bring first before your notice the chairman of the Board of Commissioners, but we feel sure that Mr. Pettit will excuse the liberty when we say that our object was to escape the charge of egotism on the part of the senior editor, were he returned before this appears. As it is he

of the State of Rhode Island where he married Ruth Greene the daughter of a quaker preacher and near relative of Brigadier General Greene, whose name is so familiarly associated with the American Revolution. Abel and his wife moved to the town of Petersburg, in the State of New York, where he took up a large tract of land and became an extensive bee-farmer, as well as a tiller of the soil. He spent a great deal of time in company with, and conversing with his bees and believed he understood their language. They would tell him the day before swarming and seldom failed to keep their promise good. He died on the shady side of ninety-four and attended to his bees till within a few weeks of his death. During the time the old man was confined to his room the bees frequently swarm-