

year. Where is the Association's \$35.00? Has it, too, like the honey crop, failed to materialize? Or has it been all absorbed by expenses like the supplies sent to the Indians in the North-West? Will somebody please solve this conundrum?

J. W. WHEALY.

Kintore, Sept. 15th, 1888.

For the CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL.

KEEP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD.

FRIEND Cullinan on page 413 makes some very unwise statements and then cooley says he does not wish to draw out any discussion. Well, that's about the size of it, we all want our own way and don't want to be cussed or discussed about it at all. But would it not be better to keep in the middle of the road. The very stigma which you claim is attached to extracted honey was in part due to people talking about it just as you are now talking about comb honey. If you like extracted honey, eat it, and encourage those who differ with you to eat comb honey. It's all honey is it not? If they don't like extracted and you denounce the comb they will eat sugar. A house divided against itself will fall, and so will business. Suppose those who favor extracted array themselves against comb and those who favor comb fight extracted, the world would look on, hold up its hands and say, "I guess we don't want any honey at all. As sugar is cheap and we don't hear any talk about it I guess we'll eat it. The honey men call each other dirty right before folks and they would not say it if it were not so. I saw in one of their own Journals a statement, made by one Cullinan, saying that we have been swallowing in large quantities that unpalatable and indigestible stuff called wax, which, by the way, is only a receptacle for the for the pure, clear and clean article. I don't want any more comb honey if that's what it is, and they ought to know; and as extracted honey comes from such receptacles as that I won't eat any of it. I am done buying honey, I believe the whole thing is a fraud. I like honey if I can get the pure article. There was a day when we could get it, but that day seems to be past. They may call us ignorant but I'm getting wiser. They also say the dealer cheats in buying and cheats in selling. A fellow has to look sharp what he buys now days. When a person comes right out and says in print that what he raises is stuff, that settles me. They will get no more of my money. I never did like extracted honey, the name of it and putting it in bottles don't look right, but I believed them when they said it was pure till they got to harping on comb

honey and calling it stuff. Now I won't take this any more."

The above is what you will hear in time if you don't quit harping about honey raised in a certain form, simply because that form don't happen to strike you as being your way of raising it. Now don't think I mean to scold.

It is wonderful to see what confidence people will place in you if you keep in the middle of the road. I have had a chance to hear a great many opinions expressed in selling goods. There was a time when those small sections of honey were looked at with suspicion, they were something new. When I was in the business of selling goods of course I could not raise honey, but I had raised it and knew these sections were pure honey, yet it took a long time to convince some that the bees could put honey in that shape; they thought the bees must have had help some way. But they believed me after I gave up my business and moved out in the country some of those people came to me to buy honey, willing to pay a high price, for they said they knew it was pure if they got it from me. I told them they would find my honey in town, just the same pure honey as I had at my apiary, and told them the places they would find it the year around. But no, they wanted my honey, and wanted it at my house. That settled it and they had it. I asked one woman why it was she thought the honey in town was not pure, what did she think was the matter with it. Imagine how hard it was for me to suppress a good hearty laugh when, with all candor, she told me she did not like the honey down town because she thought it was made of flowers. Of course I explained the subject to her properly, but that only made her have all the more faith in my honey for she thought I knew all about it, and especially as I said nothing against honey raised in any other form but praised all honey. The Bible don't call honey comb stuff. That woman was not a fool because she did not understand all the mysteries of a bee hive. She could, perhaps, make three dresses to my one, and perhaps would feel as much like laughing to see me try to make a dress as I did when she said she thought honey made from flowers was not good. The trouble is we think all people are unwise but ourselves. A little wisdom intoxicates the brain, while drinking deeper sobers it again. May we all be careful in what we write and say and do.

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