

But to return to my subject. My honey remains in the hives until it is ripe and has a flavor that my customers wish to taste the second time—yes, I am still selling to the same people that I sold to sixteen years ago. When I extract, the honey is run into barrels and large cans, and about September 1st I commence canvassing my territory. I early learned that the way to the pocketbook is through the mouth, so I devised a little wire basket with a convenient handle, which holds two pint Mason fruit jars. I use those made of white, clear glass. In one I put white honey and in the other dark. This sample case held up before a customer presents a very novel and attractive appearance which with a pleasant "Good morning" and a smile always gets the door open. That much accomplished I tell the lady of the house that if she will please get me two sauce plates and spoons I will give them some free samples of honey. This gets all to tasting, which delights the children, who call me the "honey man," and it don't take long to get the order.

On pleasant days I often take my horse and buggy with a load of honey, which I keep standing conveniently near while I canvass and deliver at same time, though I can do more business by taking orders for several days and then deliver. My delivery days are usually set for the first of the three following months and at pay day with factory and railroad people. Until last year I have always used the Mason fruit jar and had my customers educated to have an empty jar ready to exchange with me, same as they do with their milk bottles. Last year I used the 3, 5 and 10-lb friction top cans and pails and charge the people for them. This saves me time, and I shall use them again this season.

I seldom canvas afternoons. People

are either away from home or not in the best of mood to buy. So I spend the time melting, canning, labeling and doing other necessary work. I talk of the healthfulness of honey as compared to other sweets; it is natural to the system, being the same as is found in fruits, and is therefore readily assimilated, needing no digestion, while cane sugar has to be digested and changed to honey before the system can use it, thus placing upon it an unnecessary tax. I have known store syrup to eat the cork out of the jug, and it certainly would eat the stomach out. The popular notion that honey is a good cough cure sells many a jar, if you are wise.

Talk of its cheapness compared with butter, as it is claimed that it is equal to butter in food value, but costs only half as much. Butter will get stale, while honey improve with age; in fact, there is no end of things to say. But the wise salesman will not tire himself, saying only such things as are necessary to each particular customer or prospective buyer.

If we act as though our industry is second to none, and our product worth something, attend promptly to sales, deliveries and collections, and search out unoccupied territory in which to sell, the price of honey will go up to where it should be and stay there. And to those who do not wish to work as I do, there are many young men who would be glad to take your crop and go to some city or drive through the country and sell it for you on commission. I have sold many tons in this way, having never yet produced enough for my trade.—Rural Bee-keeper.

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Condemning the other fellow advertises his business and does not benefit your own.—Montreal Star.