

one of the few things of which "locality" has not necessitated the unlearning, being yet in almost daily use in my work.

Mr. Newton, "like a good boy," has remained at home, and during all the years has had the satisfaction of practicing the teachings of Mr. Hall in the county where the instructions were received, and as a result of his strict application to business in a field with which he was thoroughly acquainted, has achieved success, and prominence among bee-keepers of Ontario.

On the other hand, the writer has been allured by stories of the "joyous hum of bees in midwinter," dreams of "lands of eternal springtime," visions of "floral seas" and such notions, hither and yon, spending his energy to enrich railroad and steamship companies. While "John" has been, throughout "The Circle of the Year," regularly carrying his colonies from cellar and placing them upon the same old stand; watching for the skunk-cabbage and dandelion to "start the ball" in the spring; the apple blossom to come and go, year after year; building up for the great harvest annually anticipated to begin about June 10th, when the first white heads of clover peep through the fresh, green grass by the roadside; with eyes shaded from the morning sun, peering through the tops of the tall basswoods, as we used to do, to see what the indications are for a July flow, and going through the old routine of preparing the exhibit for the Provincial fair at London or the Toronto Industrial, and, finally, getting back into winter quarters, "Harry" might have been seen climbing the foothills of Allegheny range to see the bees poison themselves (?) with mountain laurel; chasing a runaway swarm among the sage bush, up and down the precipitous canyons of

California; viewing the broad acres of purple alfalfa bloom in the arid West; standing aghast at the oceans of mesquite which stretches away to meet the horizon of Arizona or Old Mexico; camped in some mangrove swamp of South Florida testing its producing capacity; or tangled in the bellflower vines of Cuba's south coast.

The following reflection may afford a fair specimen of those "terrible examples" often so highly prized by parents and Sunday school teachers, in their efforts to keep the boys at home and to impress upon them the adage, "a rolling stone gathers no moss." This is not saying that my friend Newton is a "moss-back," but serves to impress the advantages gained in sticking to the field with which we may be familiar in detail. With nearly twenty years of study and practice in bee-keeping in widely different locations, involving more than 25,000 miles of travel, I may be pardoned for assuming to advise that we must learn well our locality, its peculiarities and varying resources and conditions, before we can hope to take anything like the full advantage of its capabilities. It is not less important that we should be thoroughly familiar with these, than with the natural habits of bees themselves; and to acquire a practical knowledge of several different localities requires no small effort. It is accomplished only by perseverance and patience—the reward of which is knowledge, for the time being—not the circulating medium of exchange so necessary to many of us. The noticeable inclination upon the part of some writers to ridicule the "locality" idea is a clear evidence of limited experience. The young man who looks forward to apiculture as his life vocation would do well to receive his training in the country in which it is proposed to