The cocoons were obtained and handed to the savant. He took one, turned and turned it between his fingers; he examined it curiously, as one would a strange object from the other end of the world.

"Why, it makes a noise!" he said, quite surprised. "There's something inside!"

"Of course there is."

"What is it?"

"The chrysalis."

"How do you mean, the chrysalis?"

"I mean the sort of mummy into which the caterpillar changes before becoming a moth."

"And has every cocoon one of those things inside of it?"

"Obviously. It is to protect the chrysalis that the caterpillar spins."

"Really!"

Pasteur had come, as Fabre states, to regenerate the silk-worm, while knowing nothing about caterpillars, cocoons, chrysalises or metamorphoses. He was ignorant of what was known to the meanest school-boy of those parts. And he was about to revolutionize the hygiene of the silk-worm nurseries. In the same way he was to revolutionize medicine and general hygiene. Investigators of the present day owe much to Pasteur, and even our foul brood specialists who are apt sometimes to belittle the efforts of their predecessors would probably know but little of our friend bacillus larvae, b. alvei, and the rest, were it not that this great Frenchman approached the subject of the silk-worm plague in a candid open-minded manner, with but the habit and power of thought to aid him.

The ignorance of the trained thinker is very different from the ignorance of the vulgar mind, which is so often full of foolish fancies and prejudices—the weeds and brambles which choke the seedlings of more useful types.

The various journals of the day teem

with articles by writers who do not always appreciate the lesson taught by Fabre.

It is sufficient with some if an idea appears merely plausible, and, when clothed with a redundancy of statement is set a rolling-a snowball of error. Fabre himself whose magnificent work the "Life and Love of the Insect" the present writer has just read, is an example of the humble diligent seeker after truth. In some ten or a dozen volumes he has given to the world a series of studies of insect life that are absolutely unique in their manner of vividly and accurately protraying the habits of the humbler creation. His treatment of the bee, the wasp and the beetle, especially compels our deepest admiration.

It was not to Fabre's personality that we wished to draw attention so much as his simple love for the insect and his whole-hearted and sincere desire to ascertain the actualities of the insect life. And we draw the reader's attention to this trait principally in the hope that it will be widely recognized among beekeepers that a knowledge of bee-life is of great interest for its own sake-that it is possible for even the novice to make discoveries of the most interesting nature. Maeterlinck has cast a false glamour over the life of the bee. The bee-keeper knows this but too well, and it still remains for a faithful and accurate biography of the bee to be written. This is work for the observant beekeeper. Up and at it then.

INTERNATI

September, 13

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[&]quot;Morn on the mountain, like a summer

Lifts up her purple veil; and in the vales

The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer.

Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life

Within the solemn woods of ash deep crimsoned, And silver beech, and maple yellow

Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits down

By the wayside a-weary."