

colonies, if fed much earlier than dates given, are apt to turn a lot of the feed into brood, to say nothing of the fact as referred to, that in such colonies there is (in our locality) a lot of hatching brood, and consequently the feed cannot go into the heart of the brood nest.

Permit me, Mr. Editor, to endorse what you say, page 22, relative to the value of Mr. Hand's articles for beginners. He has a style of writing peculiarly his own, and I know of no other writer on things apicultural, who can say so much in so few words. It is our privilege to know Mr. Hand as a personal friend, and one of our pleasant memories is the recollection of spending part of two days with him in the snug little town of Fenelon Falls. By the way, friend Hand is an ardent disciple of Izaak Walton, and part of our visit was taken up in rowing on Sturgeon Lake; as the writer is "green" as to boating, my friend did all the rowing, while your humble servant held the "strings;" needless to say, I had the best of the job. Of our catch, least said the better. However, I was assured there had been fish there; in fact, friend Hand had only a few days before landed a "lunge" weighing 18 lbs. Perhaps we talked "bees" so much that the finny tribe were shy for fear of getting stung; anyhow they didn't bite.

Bee-keeping with Mr. Hand is to a certain extent a side issue, as he edits the Fenelon Falls Gazette. His bees are right in the town and the fact that they do not cause the slightest trouble to neighbors, speaks volumes for his management. By adopting numerous short-cut methods, the apiary is handled even in the busy season with but little loss of swarms,

despite the fact that there is often no one in the yard from morning until evening. It goes without saying that he is thoroughly posted in bee culture, and although a splendid conversationalist, yet he is of a retiring disposition and, for this reason, is not often heard in conventions. Probably for the same reason he was, when I last heard from him, enjoying a life of single blessedness—but hold, where am I drifting to? It just occurs to me that the year 1908 is divisible by four, and for aught I know, perhaps this will cause trouble. As I have gone too far to retract, the best I can do is to make the Editor promise to see that no copy of the Feb. C.B.J. gets within 100 miles of Fenelon Falls.

Very sorry, Mr. Hurley, but it would be useless for me to try to give you any translations from that French paper that comes to your office, as mentioned on page 9, C.B.J. Also much regret that it is not in my power to delve into the mysteries of some of the German bee papers that come to my address occasionally. While at the Toronto Convention, our friend Jacob Haberer thought the writer somewhat of a paradox—a German unable to speak the German language; and while this seeming absurdity is explained by the fact of mother not speaking the German tongue, yet early surroundings were of such a nature, that with little effort on our part, the language might have been acquired. However, such is life, and while "regrets" will never make up for lost opportunities, yet the memory of past mistakes should serve as an incentive to help us take advantages of these opportunities as they present themselves to us in the present and future.